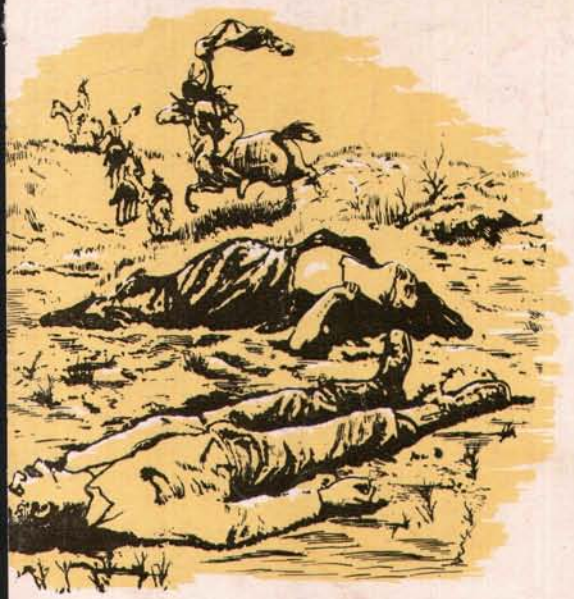
TREET OF A THOUSAND SINNERS

REAL WEST

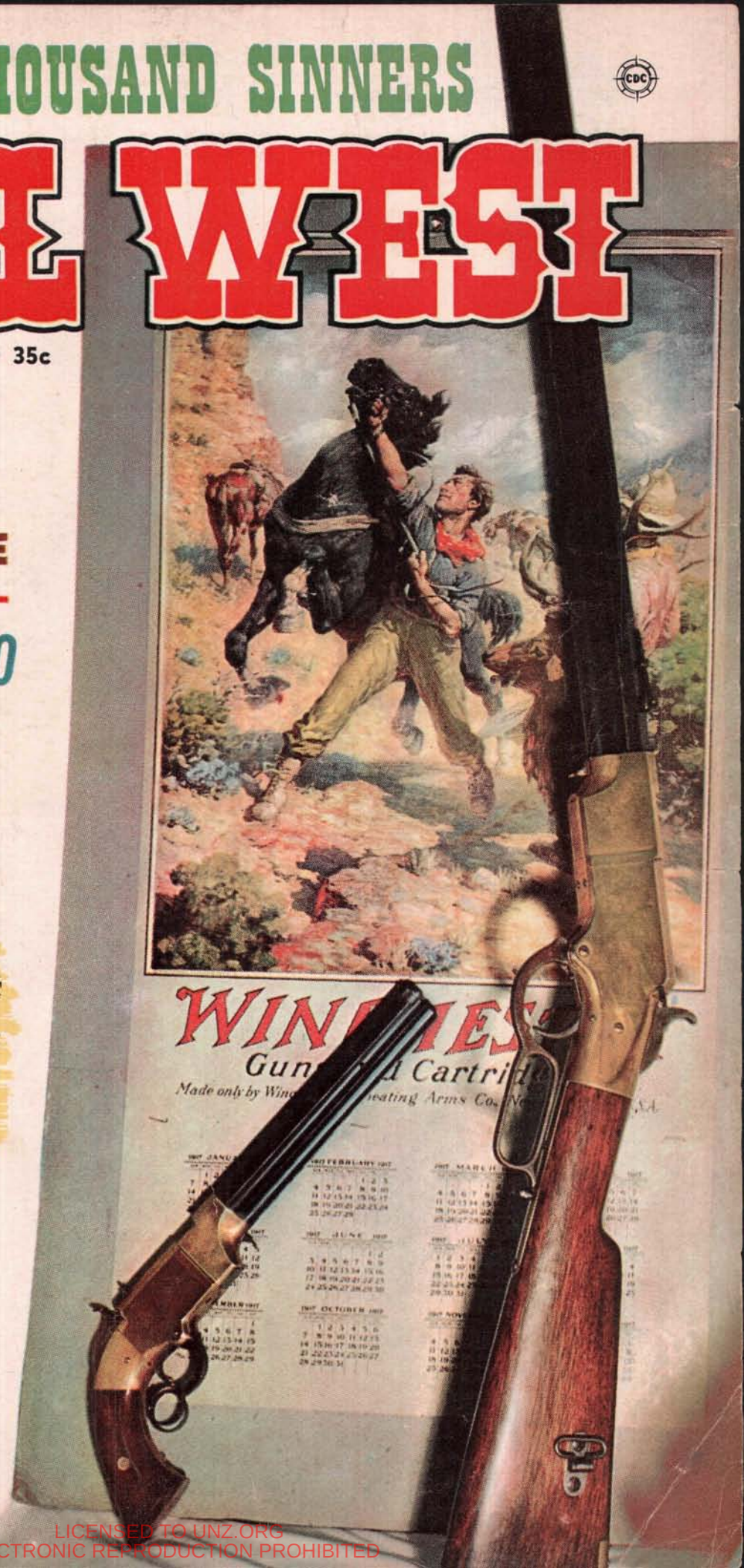
CHARLTON PUBLICATION September 35c

NELLIE CASHMAN'S SECRET MINE

WHEN HELL CAME TO RAWHIDE



BLOODY TRAGEDY of the GERMAINE FAMILY



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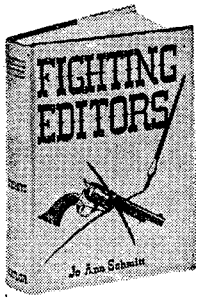

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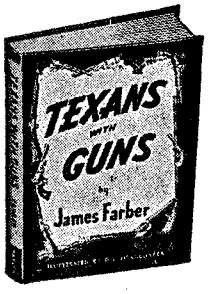

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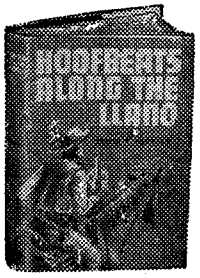

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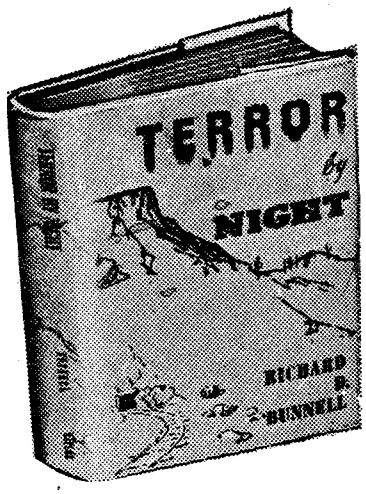

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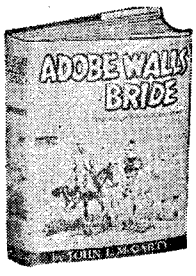

By John L. McCarty The true story of Billy Dixon, famous buffalo hunter, and his wife. He made the most famous rifle shot in the history of the Southwest! Barbaric battles and jet-like action! Illustrated by one of the West's greatest artists. Was $3.50

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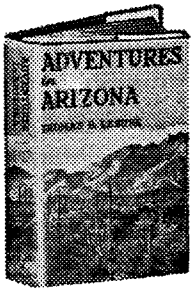

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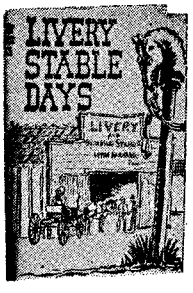

By Upton Barnard A highly readable account of the days when the livery stable was the hub of social activity in many American towns. Good nostalgic Americana. By the author of "Jake Bell, Range Rider." A book for everyone who loves horses. Was $3.95

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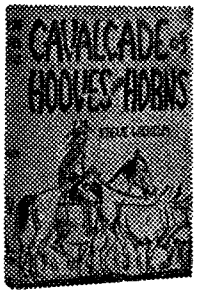

By Steve Wilhelm A documented story of the growth of the cattle industry. Rustlers, "Fence-Cutting Wars," the great "beef bonanza," oil-men-cattlemen feuds, violent action! Informal writing for entertaining reading. Illustrated by Tom Jones. Was $5.00

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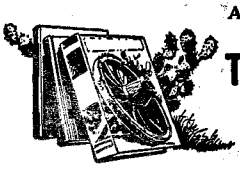

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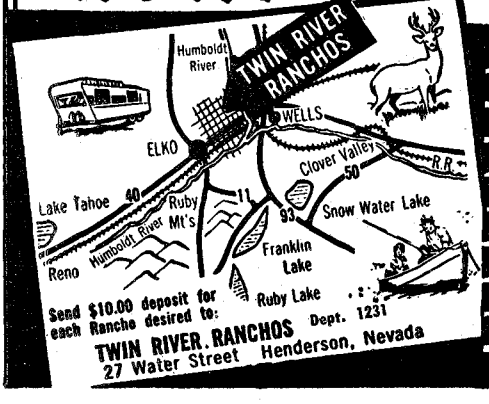

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Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

JOHN ALVIN MASON of 555 Lexington Avenue, New York City, writes that while he is a New Yorker, he is intensely interested in the old West and reads everything he can find on it. Being an ex-railroad man, he wants to know the facts about the railroads in the West, how they were run, were they comfortable for the passengers, and everything about them.

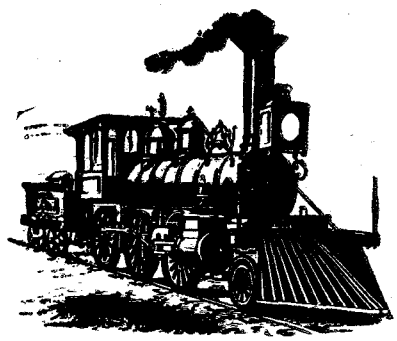
We can assure Mr. Mason that the modern railroad service he has known is a far cry from the passenger and freight of the old days of the West. Such things as steel rails and air brakes were unknown. At best the trains prior to 1860 — or even as late as 1880 — were crude affairs. The maximum speed of the passenger trains was eighteen miles an hour and all the fastest freights could make was nine miles an hour. The "link and pin" were the only couple for the passenger and freight trains.

Even at eighteen miles an hour, it wasn't all clear sailing for the passenger trains. On the prairies water was scarce as wells were dug by hand and never very deep, so the trains never knew when they would face a layover for days while the crew dug deeper for water. Coal had not been discovered in Colorado, and all coal had to be shipped from Fort Scott and fuel shortages would force layovers until coal arrived.

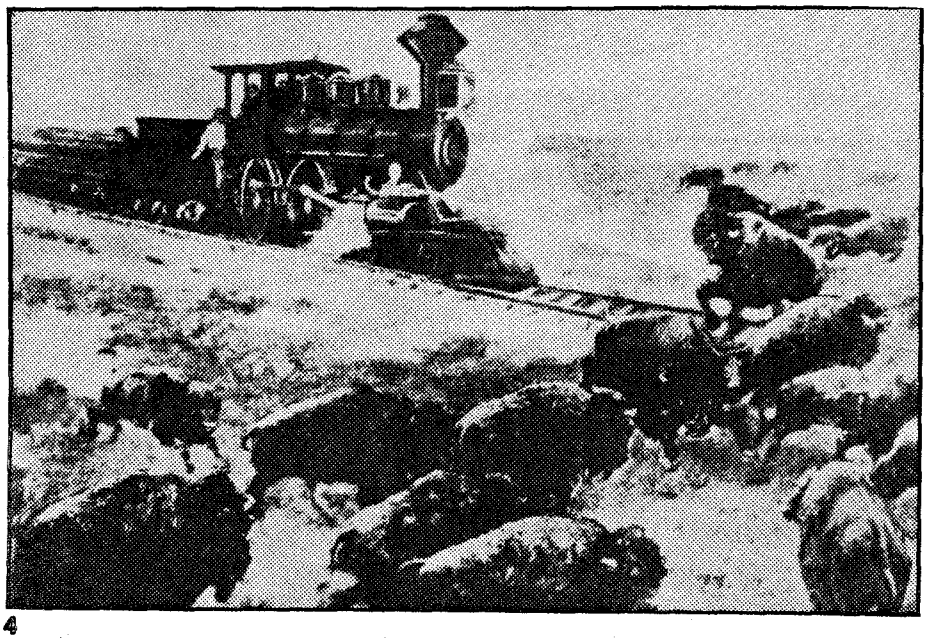
The food was terrible, but more terrifying to the passenger was the dreadful silence and monotony of going only eighteen miles an hour across prairies. The iron rails would buckle under the hot sun and riding was often like being on a bucking bronco. In the summer the heat was suffocating, and in the winter there was no protection against the northwest freezing winds. Add to all this swarms of flies, stale and stinking air, and only primitive toilet facilities. The monotony would sometimes be broken by herds of wild horses, elk, or buffalo crossing tracks. Some of the passengers carried rifles, but the average passenger wasn't out to kill elk or buffalo.

Contrary to the general belief, the railroads were not pushed west from the Missouri border in 1855 because of an idea the plains country would ever sustain a civilization. To the easterners this country was only a hopeless desert, and would always be that. It was the need to get supplies to forts that started the first railroad construction. Indians played such havoc with wagon trains that supplies became a serious problem. The roaring, snorting locomotive terrified Indians and they seldom attacked moving trains.

Railroad passage in the old West was only for the hardy and the strong, and the weak seldom rode any long trips.



Among the distractions for passengers were buffalo herds that delayed trains.



Q. As I understand it, a Mustanger was a cowboy who captured wild horses. He seems to be one of the neglected characters of the old West. Can you give some information about his work? John Holder, 115 Butler Ave., Providence, R.I.

A. The wild horse hunters, called Mustangers, were tough cowboys. They usually worked in groups. Catching wild horses was no easy trick. These wild horses, called mustangs, could run faster than any cow pony and were far smarter than longhorns. Mustangers tried to find a box canyon to trap the wild horses, but when one of these couldn't be found, they built a stout corral of poles. Fences were put up to form a funnel to drive the mustangs into the trap. "Walking" the wild horses was another way to capture them. This meant following a wild herd in relays, keeping them away from water, until they were so weak from exertion and thirst they could be lassoed. "Creasing" was often used. A bullet across the neck would stun them. This was fine if the bullet wasn't an inch too low. If it were, the wild horse was dead.

Q: I would like to know what happened to Frank James after he surrendered to Governor Crottenden. Jesse Cortist, 19565 Jurupa Ave., Bloomington, California.

A. After serving his time in prison, Frank James went to Kansas City where he engaged in several business ventures. He was most successful in the operation of the Frank James pool hall.

Q. I would appreciate any information you have on Tom Boles and Charlie Bogus. Robert Curry, Rt. 2, Box 137, Arlington, Texas.

A. Charley Bogus was a Modoc Indian, one of the ring leaders in the Modoc War in 1872-73 in the northwest. He served under the notorious Captain Jack

(Continued on Page 63)

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REAL WEST

The Brand Of Quality

Vol. 5, No. 25
Sept., 1962

Editor: Philip R. Rand
Managing Editor: Ernest H. Hart
Executive Editor: Pat Masulli

Assistant Editor: Dan Conti
Art Director: Robert Savigni
Art Editor: Dan Dziubina

IN THIS RW ISSUE

Our magazine this month is as loaded as a frontier marshal's .45. We bring you the last installments of two fine features, "The Dalton Brothers" and "The Winchester Story". In keeping with our policy of authenticity we have dug into the past and circumvented distortion to publish one of the most terrifying stories of the old West, "Bloody Tragedy of The Germaine Family", a tale of Indian massacre and the horror encountered by white girl captives of the savage Cheyenne.

The account of the last of the spectacular boom towns, "When Hell Came To Rawhide", is sure to be of interest to every red-blooded Western buff.

Raw and primitive emotion sparked a night of horror in Yreka in "The Four They Hanged!" a story of maddened lynch-mob rule and violence in early California. The story of "Nellie Cashman's Secret Mine" brings us a new insight into the character of the amazing and adventurous woman known to the West as "The Angel of Tombstone".

These and many other authentic articles of an adventurous and inimitable era in American history offers Real West reading at its exciting best.

STREET OF A THOUSAND SINNERS
REAL WEST
NELLIE CASHMAN'S SECRET MINE
WHEN HELL CAME TO RAWHIDE
BLOODY TRAGEDY of the GERMAINE FAMILY

THIS MONTH'S COVER

The Henry .44 caliber 16 shot rimfire repeating rifle (1860-1866), the Volcanic .38 caliber pistol (1856-1857) and the background, Winchester calendar, are all authentic pieces photographed by Vincent J. Coletta through the courtesy of Thomas E. Hall and the Winchester Gun Museum.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Well, hombres, here we are all decked out in our new headdress — the new name for this department, and we hope you approve. When we started REAL WEST, we figured because of the controversial nature of many phases of Western history we would be bombarded with letters condemning our material. So we decided to name this department, "TOSS YOUR BRICKBATS." We did get some brickbats tossed at us, but surprisingly not nearly as many as we had expected.

Reader reaction has convinced us that our readers are more interested in letters giving detailed information about events and characters of the old West — information of a personal nature not found in stories, than the brickbats tossed at us. So we have changed the heading to MAIL ROUNDUP, believing that this describes better the letters found in this department.

Typical of the brickbats tossed at us are the few letters we get regularly lambasting us because our magazine is published in New England, a fact that to some Westerners makes us totally ignorant of anything west of the Hudson River.

We recently received such a letter from W. H. Croner, P.O. Box 213, Fairfield, Idaho. It was well written and Mr. Croner's vitriolic fury against the east, REAL WEST, the editors and writers was delightful. We wish we could publish the letter, but Mr. Croner gave us a solemn warning of dire retaliation if we left out one word. As the letter was three and a half single spaced pages, it would have taken up most of our MAIL ROUNDUP space and we had to forego this pleasure.

However, we can inform Mr. Croner that the only part of REAL WEST connected with New England is the press it is printed on. The editor was born in the West, spends most of his time there. As a youth he knew such famous Western characters as Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Wyatt Earp, Chris Madsen, Heck Thomas, and many of the other Western characters who lived beyond the turn of the century. From them he learned the story of the West first hand. The editor has dug deep into the Historical Society records in all Western states, has read collected newspaper accounts of those old years, talked with countless eye witnesses of many of the stirring events. In short, he has tried to sift the wheat from the chaff and get to the truth of that famous era of our history.

Writers for REAL WEST live west of the Mississippi, and each is given his or her territory where information must be gotten from Historical Societies, old newspapers, and sources other than books written by authors who give only half truths. So you see that while the press for REAL WEST might be called an effete Easterner and a tenderfoot, the same can hardly apply to the editorial staff of the magazine.

SHOOTING OF BILL TILGHMAN

Gentlemen:

Hats off to your wonderful magazine. I enjoyed George Alton's "Unsung Heroes of Kansas" in the November issue.

I note that he mentions the greatest of them all, Big Bill Tilghman. As a teen age oil field worker in the boom town of Cromwell, Oklahoma, in the early summer of 1924 I saw Bill Tilghman many times and I happened to be standing in front of the Tulsa Hotel directly across the street and saw the shot fired that killed him. This was located on the northeast corner of Jenkins and Huggins intersection which was the center of Cromwell. About one year before this a studio in Hollywood made a short picture about Cromwell which ran over the country under the title "Cromwell, the wickedest city in the world." A man named Carroll whose nickname was "Heavy" owned the Tulsa Hotel and the Carroll's Cafe. He mentioned once when talking with him that sometime during the World War I days a road show went broke in Oklahoma and a young actor and worker with the show named Lon Chaney went to work for him as a waiter in order to get him and his family to the west coast where he intended to go into motion pictures. This turned out later to be the great Lon Chaney of silent picture days.

There were two dance hall queens in Cromwell, one named Billie and one named Mattie. Both halls were located on opposite sides of the intersection. Because of the numerous Creek and Seminole Indians in the area, prohibition laws were then very strictly enforced and it was a former prohibition officer who evidently set up Bill Tilghman for the kill.

It was said that he thought Tilghman was responsible for his discharge from his government job and another rumor was that he thought Tilghman was planning to close certain bootleg joints north of Cromwell. At the time that Wylie Lynn fired the shot that killed Tilghman, both were standing near the southeast corner of the intersection which appears in the background and this was also near the entrance to Mattie's dance hall.

Cromwell burned almost completely some time after this and only the block building known as the Tulsa Hotel and Carroll's Cafe were left standing. It was partially rebuilt. Bill Tilghman usually was in Carroll's Cafe during the noon hour and I always wanted to make a close inspection of his .45 Frontier single action Colt which he wore. If there was ever a man lived that was absolutely without fear it was Bill Tilghman. According to all records, there was never a man on either side of the law that ever would face him in a gunfight.

Perhaps you can tell me what happened to the deputy who was in Dodge City at the time of the cattle drive days. I am referring to that deputy who was known as Mysterious Dave Mathers.

Yours very truly,
Carl W. Mathers
901 North Ellison
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The last record of Dave Mathers, one time deputy at Dodge, was that he went North into Canada from Las Vegas and never returned to the West.

(Continued on Page 73)

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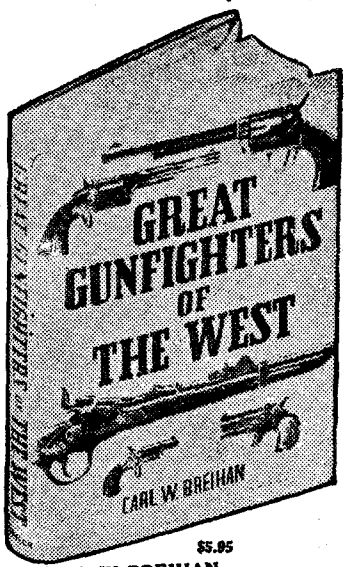

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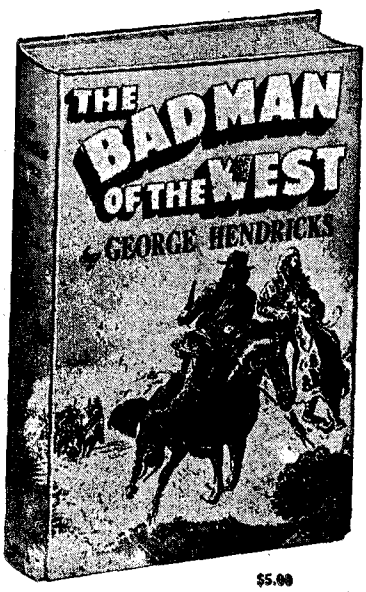

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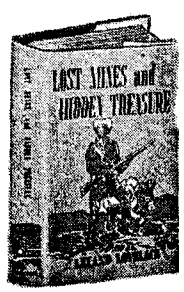

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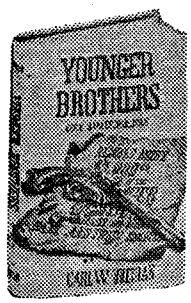

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Bloody Tragedy of the Germaine Family

The story of the Germaine girls, only survivors of massacre of family train, is one of the strangest and most fantastic stories of Indian captives in the history of the old West.

By Carelton Mays

Editor's note: What happened to the Germaine family, one of the most terrifying stories of the old West, has been distorted and fictionalized to such absurd lengths by irresponsible writers that we asked Carelton Mays to get the real facts. He went over the records in the Kansas State Historical Society, the army files, and the written accounts left by the four Germaine girls and here bring us the true story of that bloody tragedy.

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JOHN Germaine saw the herd of elk race across the trail some distance in front of his wagon, but he didn't see the shadowy figures on horses on the ridge to his right. The heavy mist of that dawn of September 11, 1870, over the Kansas prairies could have hidden them from his view. It is also possible John Germaine was too excited that morning to look very far in any direction instead of straight ahead.

He and his wife, Lydia, with their seven children — six girls and one boy, were within a day's ride of Fort Wallace, the end of the long and bitter journey of four years, and to them the promised land. It would have seemed impossible to John and Lydia Germaine that in those last few miles the grim hand of a terrifying death was awaiting them.

John Germaine had served in the Confederate Army, and when the war was over and he returned to his home in Georgia, he found the guerillas had looted about everything but a few chickens. Katherine, the oldest daughter, was in poor health, and John Germaine, seeing no future for him and his fast growing family in Georgia, decided to go West.

But they had to have money. So for five years the father, the son, Stephen, and the older sisters worked at whatever jobs they could get to amass enough money to buy a wagon and oxen. On April 10, 1870, with one yoke of oxen and a crudely built wagon constructed largely by themselves, they started West. They didn't get far on the first lap of their journey, only to Sparta, Tennessee. Here their money ran out and the father, brother, and older sisters had to work out to replenish the pocket book. The next spring they had gotten as far as Howell County, in Southwest Missouri.

The father took a homestead claim, but things didn't work out. There was a drought and crop failure. The oxen died. He and the son and older daughters had to work out again to get enough money to buy a new yoke of oxen to continue their trip West. It was a slow process. The girls were only paid 50 cents a week. At the end of the year by selling their claim, they were able to buy a yoke of oxen for their journey farther West.

IT was a hard and disappointing journey. They had to stop in Howard County, Kansas, to work for money to continue. It was the same as they got deeper into Kansas, but by 1874 they were sure they were on their way to the Promised Land. This was the country around the Smokey Hill Valley, north of Ellis, bottom land of deep black soil, being opened to settlers. When they got to Ellis, they were told to follow the old stage route along the Smokey Hill River, where they would find grass and water and where there had been no Indian raids for years.

On the night of September 10th Germaine camped near a sandy creek bed. There has been some dispute about the exact location of this camp. The adjutant general of Kansas placed it on the north fork of the Smokey Hill River, and this probably is the most accurate location. The spirits of the Germaine family had been

Katherine Germaine (above) was seventeen and Sophia Germaine was twelve when the Indians took them and their two baby sisters captive. While the four were separated, it was Katherine's courage that saved them.

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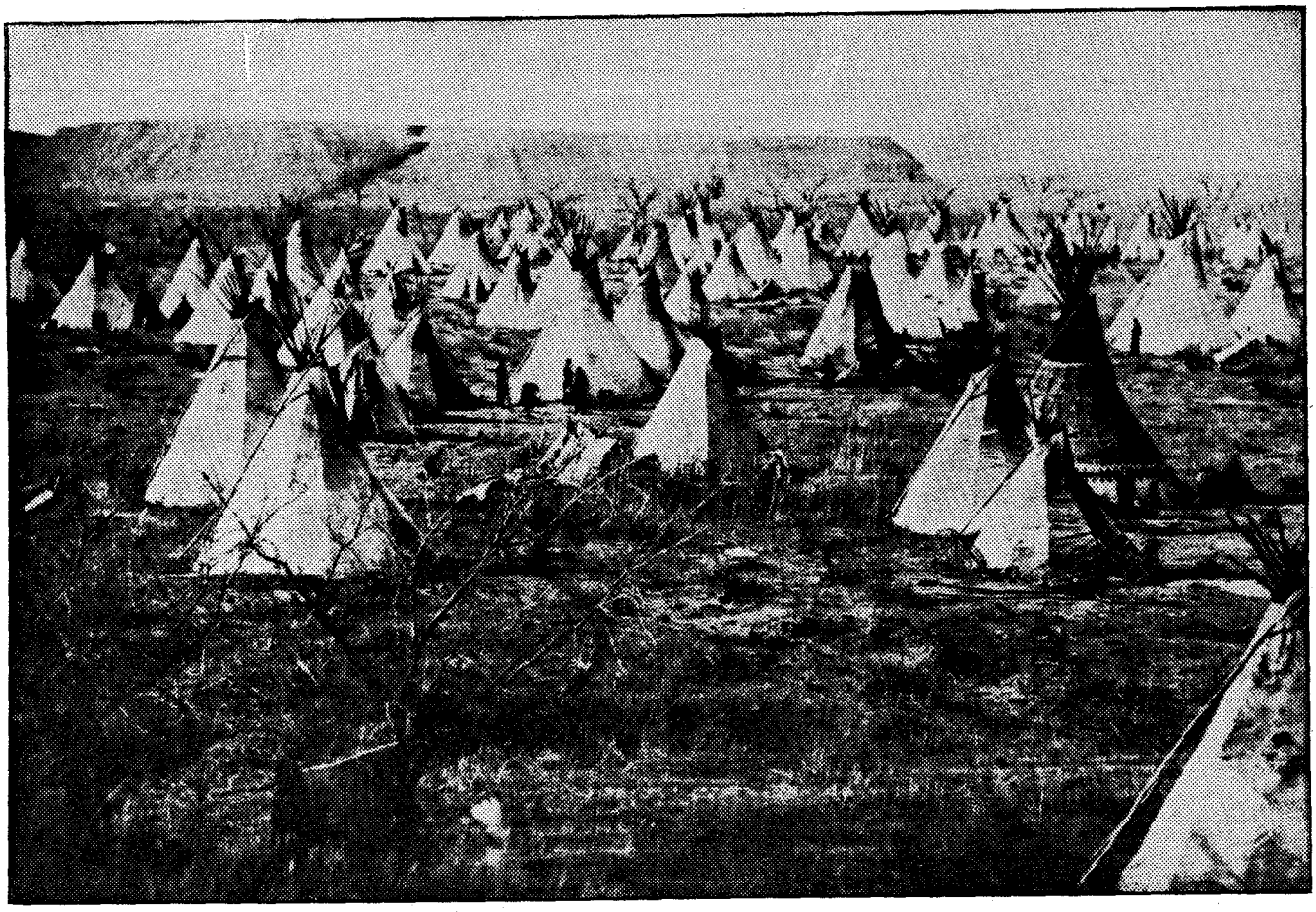

t was to this type of Cheyenne village that Katherine and Sophia were taken by their captors after the massacre.

raised the day before when two travelers going East had told them they were only one day's trek to Fort Wallace.

The family rose before dawn on September 11th, cooked their breakfast, and as daylight was breaking through the mist, the mother and five daughters got on the wagon. Stephen and Katherine went to get the two cows feeding in the ravine, and the father took his old fashioned rifle and walked to the front of the wagon.

It was then that he saw the herd of elk race across the trail, and he heard Stephen call out to him to kill one of the elk. None of the family had seen the Indians on horseback on the hill to the Southeast, and before the father could raise his rifle to fire at the elk, the silence of the morning was broken by the war cries of seventeen painted Cheyennes and two squaws, led by Kicking Horse, as they raced down the hill for the wagon.

What happened next was one of the bloodiest massacres in the old West. John Germaine never had a chance to raise his rifle. The Cheyennes were on him before he could turn around. His wife leaped from the wagon and ran for her husband. Three arrows in Germaine's chest sent him down. Tomahawks ended his life quickly. Mrs. Germaine got to him as he fell, and as she bent over his prone body, a tomahawk hit her in the back of the neck, almost severing her head and she fell dead over the body of her husband.

The son, Stephen, and Katherine were some distance from the wagon with the cows. They ran for a deep ravine. Three Cheyennes on their ponies caught up with them. A tomahawk crushed the skull of Stephen and he was dead when he hit the ground. An arrow hit Katherine in the hip. She screamed her pain. A tall Cheyenne, leaped from his horse, pulled the arrow out of her hip and lifted her on his pony.

Back at the wagon, the Indians had attacked. Jane had grabbed a hatchet and leaped at one of the Indians, bringing her hatchet down on his shoulder. A musket roared in the hands of a Cheyenne and the bullet tore most of the chest of the little girl away. Seven year old Julia and five year old Addie had hidden beneath a blanket under the wagon. Addie started to cry as the Indians dragged the two little girls from under the wagon.

The crying of Addie angered two of the Cheyenne bucks. One raised his tomahawk to silence her, but before the tomahawk came down on her little head, a squaw jumped in front of the angered buck and screamed something in Cheyenne. Apparently what she was screaming was that the two little girls belonged to her. The Cheyenne buck let the tomahawk down and the squaw pulled Addie away from him.

Other Cheyennes were yelling and dancing around the fifteen year old Joanna and seventeen year old Katherine. The long black hair of Joanna fascinated the crazed Indians. They tore the bonnet from her head and the hair fell in long curls over her shoulders.

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One tall Cheyenne grabbed the long black hair with his left hand. In his right hand was a scalping knife. A musket exploded near the terrified Joanna. She never knew the horror of what happened after that because she was dead. The tall Cheyenne, screaming and dancing, scalped the dead girl. Then he jumped up and down, waving the long black hair of the scalp of the dead Joanna in the air.

The four Germaine girls left alive—Katherine, Sophia, Julia and Addie—were stunned at the horrors they had witnessed. Later Julia wrote, "There just weren't tears to express our grief and we stood there with dry eyes." They remained that way while the Cheyennes scalped the dead father and mother, brother and two sisters. Then the Indians burned the wagon, killed the cows for meat, and arrangements were made to drive the yoke of oxen ahead of them.

The little squaw who had saved Addie's life claimed Addie and Julia as her property, and as her husband was a powerful Cheyenne, none of the Cheyennes disputed the claim. The two girls were placed on a horse and the little squaw near them, ready to fight any Indian trying to molest them.

Seventeen year old Katherine and twelve year old Sophia were claimed by other Cheyennes and placed on horses behind the Indians who chose them. The Cheyenne party rode back to where they had left their other squaws and equipment. They butchered the oxen, roasted the meat and ate and sang, celebrating the destruction of the wagon and the five whites. The four Germaine girls were offered roasted meat, but they were too heartsick and too terrified to eat.

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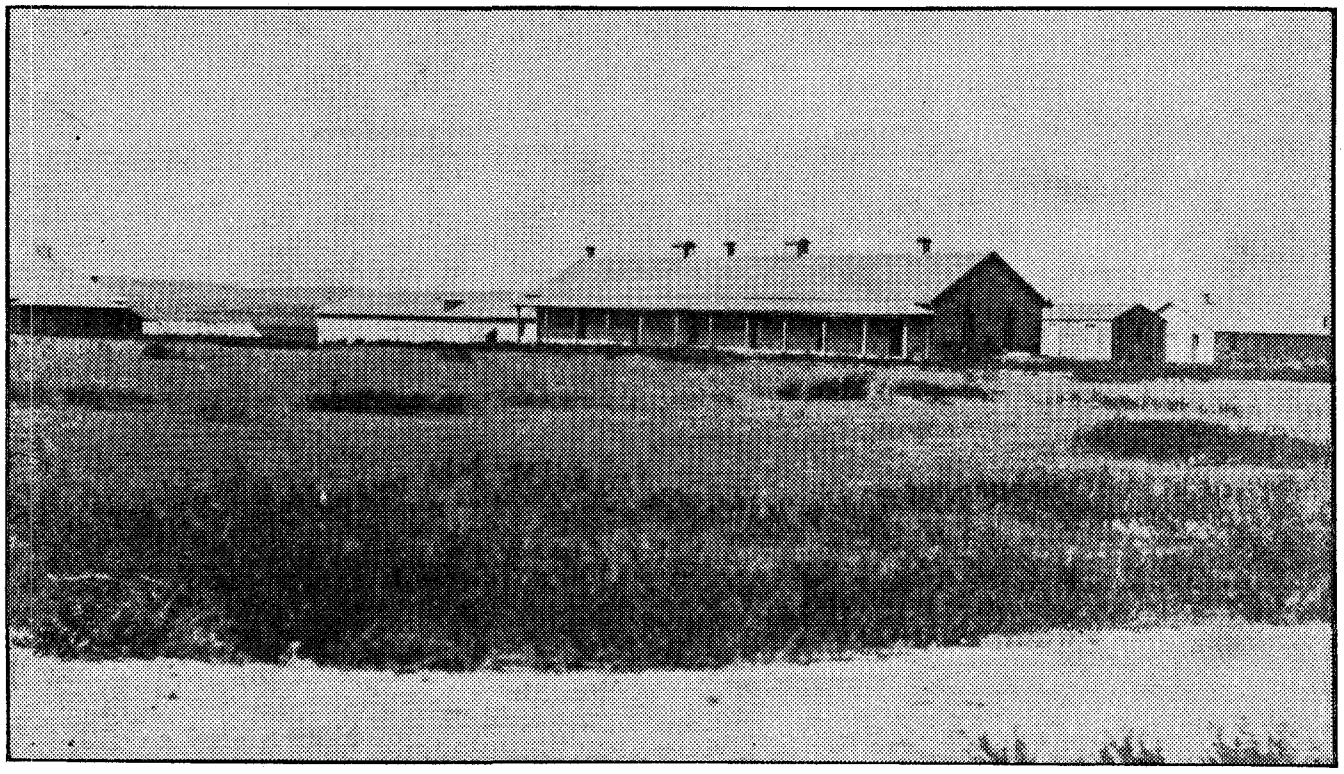
General Nelson Miles sent troops after the captured girls and was instrumental in securing their freedom.

Company of cavalry from Fort Wallace (below) discovered bodies of the victims of famous Germaine massacre.



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JIM RILEY'S STRANGE COURAGE

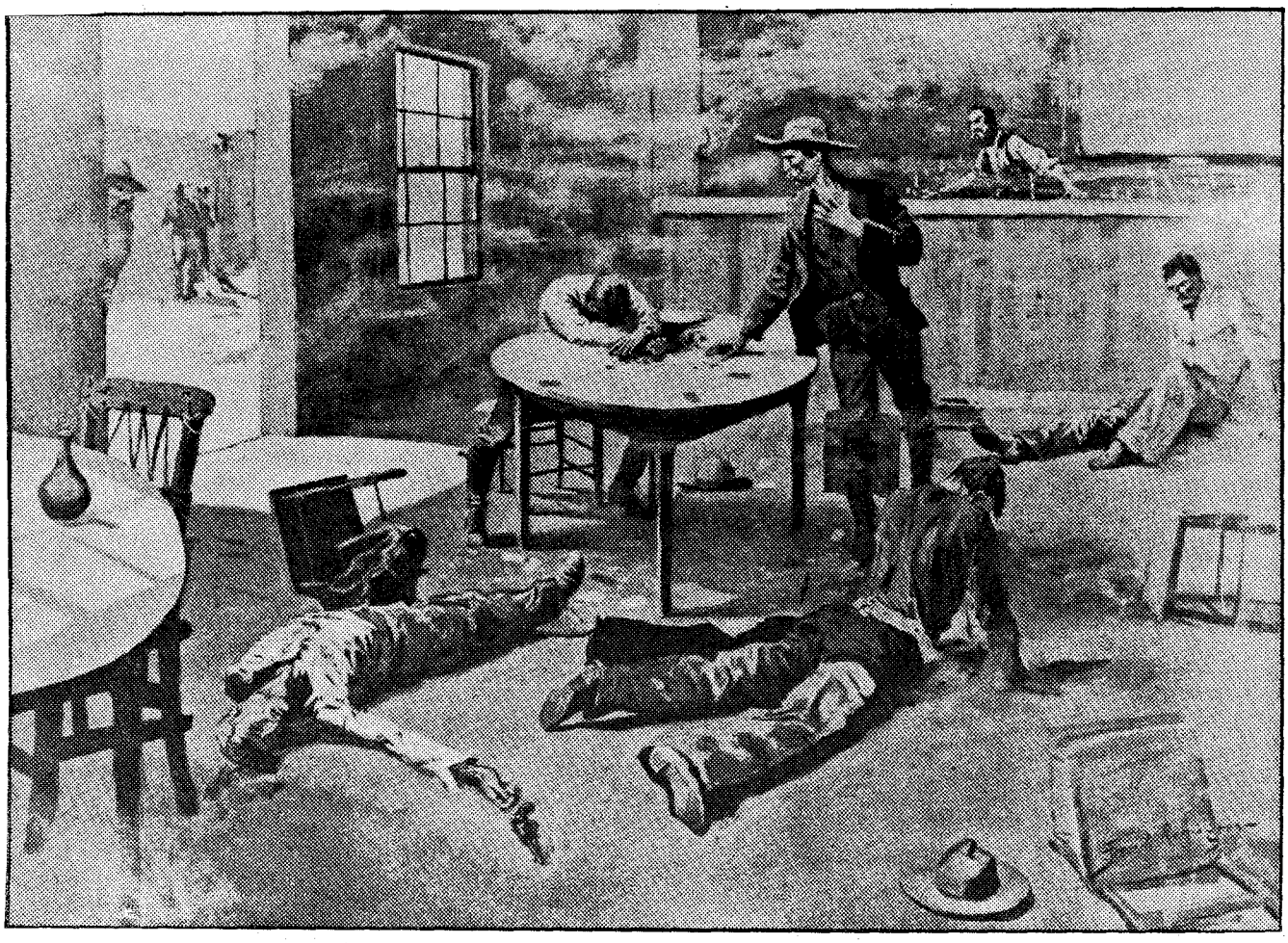
by Carter Price

He was a sickly little runt with a hacking cough, but he had a brand of courage that gave the cattle towns a big surprise.

JIM RILEY was one of the frontier West's tragic misfits — a scrawny, pathetic kid of eighteen, sick, broke and friendless. No, not quite friendless. Mike McCluskie, a rugged, hard-punching, straight-shooting policeman, was Jim's one friend. The hollow-chested youngster with the wistful lost-dog grin tapped some deep-hidden wellspring of human compassion in tough Mike and prompted the hardy Irish cop to protect and support him.

Mike practically dragged Jim to a doctor to have him treated — though fruitlessly — for the hacking cough and persistent low fever that ominously indicated the presence of tuberculosis in an advanced stage. He rented a comfortable room for him, dressed him in new clothes and grubstaked him at a restaurant. Mike even bought the kid a fancy ivory-handled sixgun and painstakingly taught him to shoot, though cautioning him to always carry the weapon concealed in a shoulder holster inside his jacket and never to draw it on a man except in actual defense of his own life.

In short, Mike McCluskie treated Jim Riley as if he were the son he'd always dreamed of and never had. And Jim — well, Jim worshipped big, rough Mike as if



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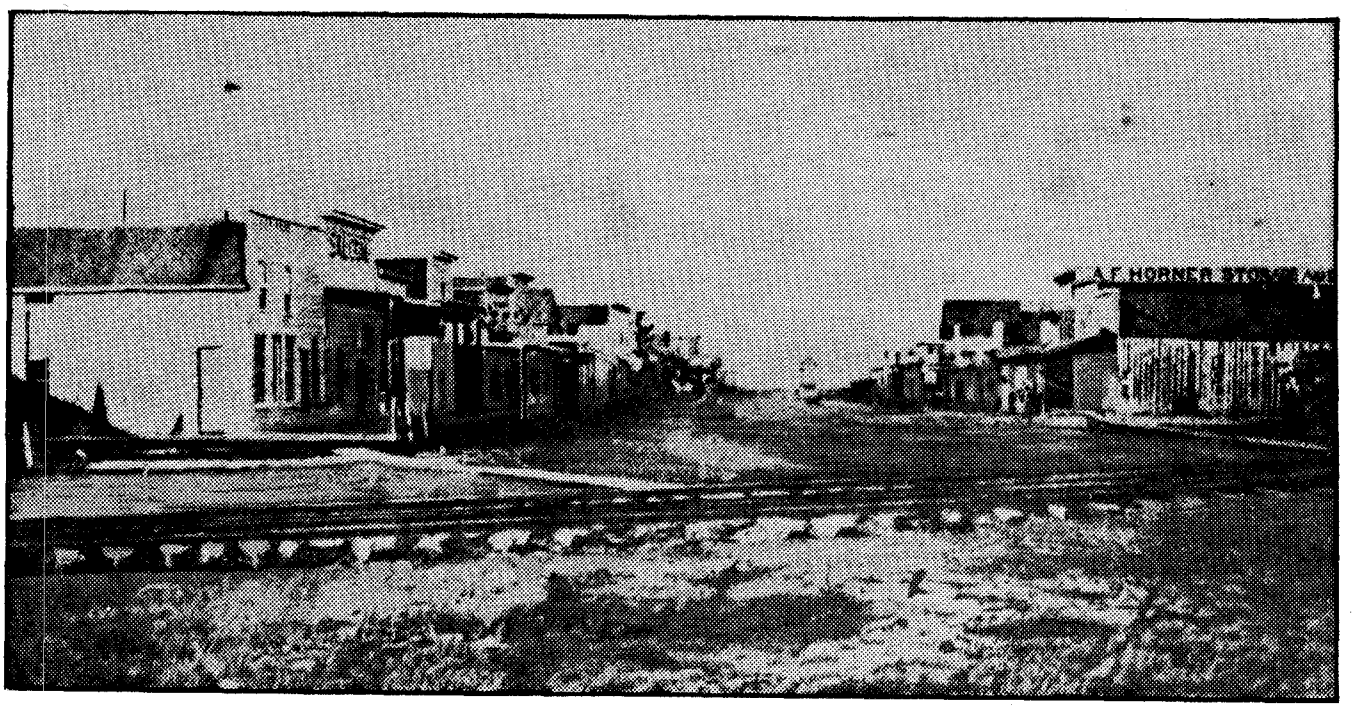

Newton, in that year when Jim Riley avenged his friend, was a rough cattle center on the Chisholm Trail.

he were the father he couldn't remember. He ran errands for Mike, lovingly cleaned his gun and polished his boots, talked eagerly to him when the gruff cop felt like talking and simply gazed at him in silent adoration when he did not.

NIGHTLY, Jim accompanied McCluskie on his rounds through the hectic main street of Newton, Kansas, when he might better have been asleep or resting in his room. Mike knew the fool kid was riding hard on the down-hill trail, but that's the way he wanted it and so that's the way it was.

Mike had plenty to occupy him professionally, for in that single season 1871 Newton was the wildest spot in the entire West. Directly succeeding Abilene as temporary "Cow Capital" of the flourishing trade in Texas cattle, Newton whooped and roared and prospered prodigiously four short months before the Santa Fe Railroad tracks pushed on to Wichita and left the town with only memories of its brief, lurid past.

Yet, in its fleeting inglorious heyday, Newton outstripped Dodge City, Abilene, Ellsworth and all the other hell-popping Kansas railhead towns shipping to Eastern markets the ever-increasing multitude of longhorn steers driving up the Chisholm Trail from Texas.

IN July of 1871 the railroad reached Newton, and saloons, dance halls and gambling joints mushroomed along Main Street; flimsy, false-front establishments bearing such grand-sounding names as "The Gold Room", "The Alamo" and "The Mint". Newton's sizzling red light district went by the graphically suggestive title of "Hide Park". Gun fights flared often in Hide Park over the greedy painted bawds, and such a sordid shooting scrape involved Mike McCluskie and Jim Riley on the night of August 11, 1871.

Earlier that day McCluskie had quarreled violently with Bill Bailey, a Texas gambler sporting a special policeman's badge, over a new and pretty dancehall girl favored by both men. That evening the two rivals clashed again in the Red Front saloon.

Bailey, drunk and ugly, demanded that McCluskie give up "his girl" and also set up the drinks to pledge his good faith. Mike laughed at him, and — when Bailey stubbornly reiterated his demand — belted the gambler hard across the mouth with the back of his hand. Staggered and insulted by the contemptuous slap, the jeers of the amused bar-flies ringing loud in his ears, Bailey reeled out of the saloon and waited across the street for McCluskie to emerge.

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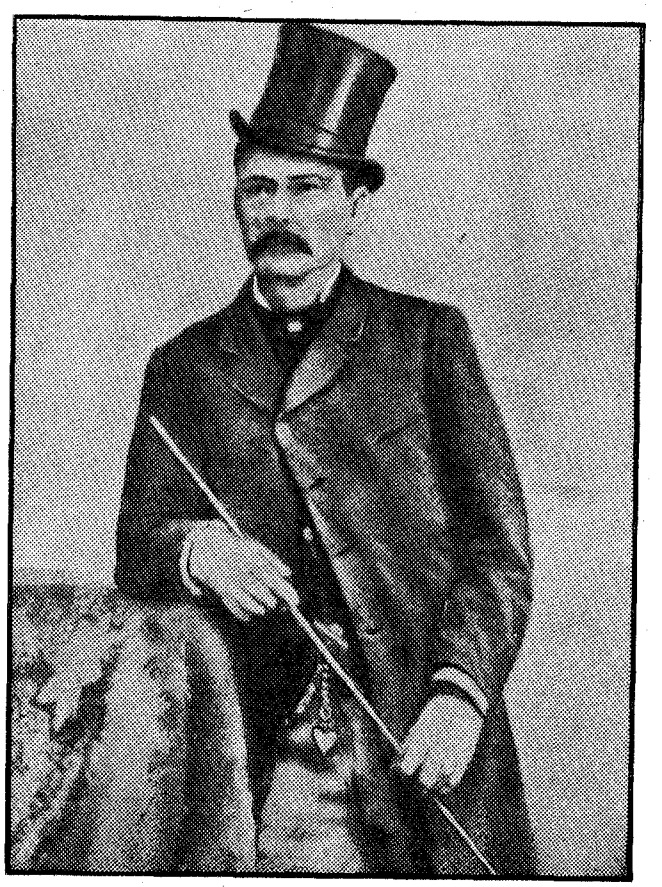
Ben Thompson was a frequent visitor to the town.



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When Hell Came to Rawhide

Hell was never very far from the wild town of Rawhide, and when it hit, the country got a picture of lawlessness and blatant sin not matched in any other tough town of the West.

By Jan Young

"IT'S all a joke."

Those were reported to be the last words of Riley Grannan, known as the "Napoleon of the Betting Ring," when he died after a nine day bout with black pneumonia in Rawhide, Nevada.

His funeral had all the flamboyant touches a gambler would have liked who lived in a boom camp where an empty chewing tobacco can with an appended ox tail served as a post office. For Rawhide was a state of mind as much as anything else.

But all the miners, too busy mucking out a living to be much concerned with lesser things, closed their coyote and glory holes to attend Grannan's last rites. Grimy miners, red-gartered girls, gamblers and promoters gathered at the service to hear a de-frocked preacher, W. H. Knickerbocker, deliver the eulogy.

Grannan himself was a spectacular gambler and wire-

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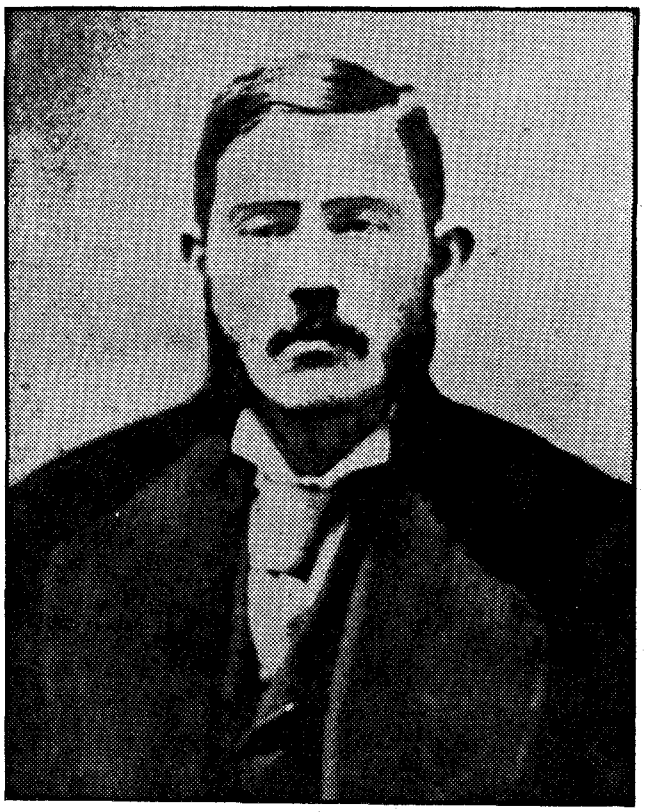
nerved plunger. He began his importable career as a bellboy in a Louisville hotel after a rich guest on a whim backed Grannan for a series of horse race bets. Before that year was over, Grannan had won more than $150,000 and he spent the rest of his life as a gambler.

Grannan seemed to have an intuitive sense for the performance of horses and devised the first charts with data based on past races and morning workouts of horses to run that day. With profound faith in his own judgment, Grannan never played a crooked hand and as a bookmaker stuck to the odds he made for any horse without shortening as the betting became heavy.

Somehow, however, he found himself short-chipped at Tanforan but reading about the wild strike at Rawhide, Grannan touched George Graham Rice for a loan and opened a gambling house where he caught the fatal disease.

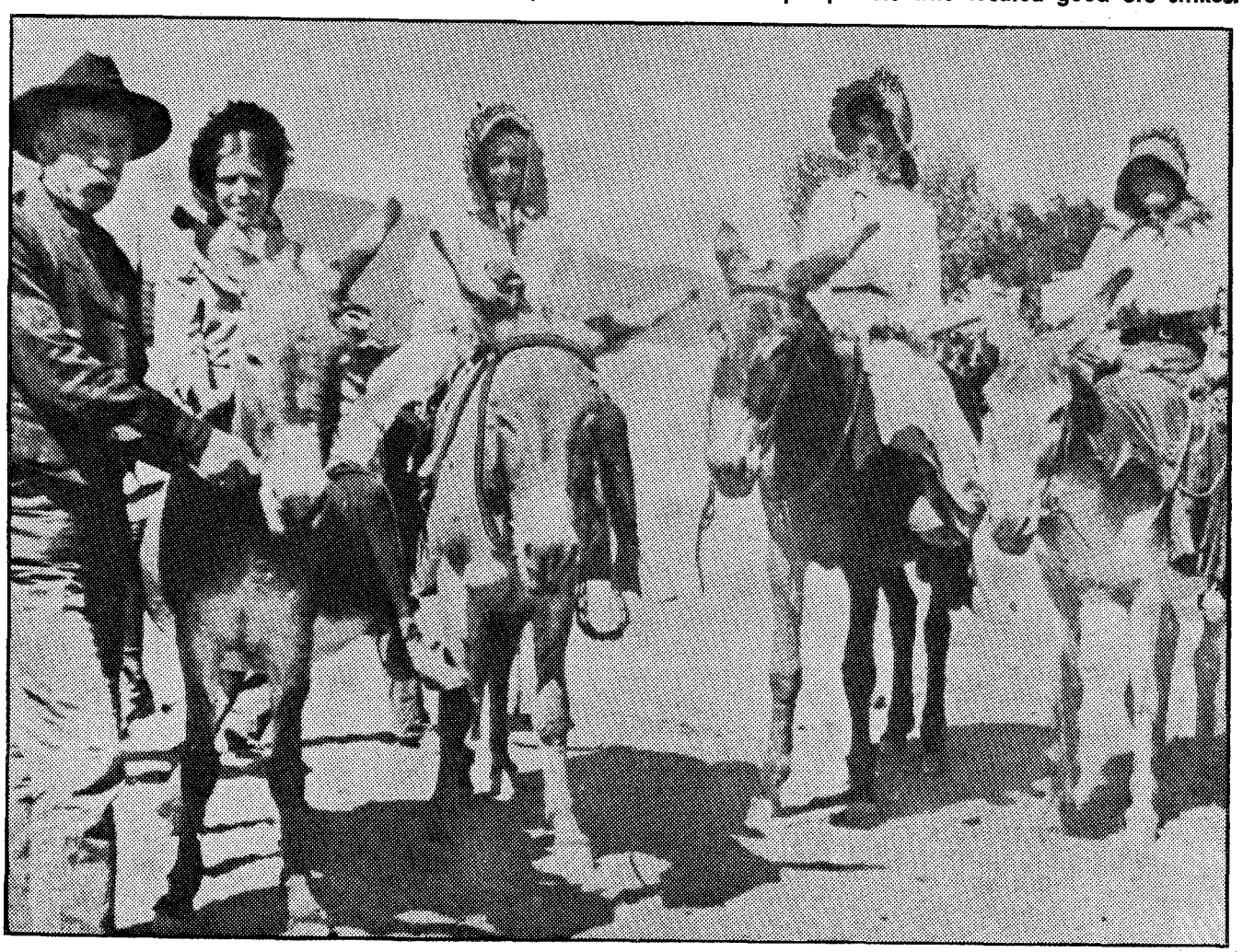
Knickerbocker was equal to the occasion, as was Nat Goodwin, a transient actor with larceny in his heart. Goodwin put up $1,800 for Grannan's funeral, seeing to it that a shorthand reporter was on hand to record every word that Knickerbocker uttered to prove to the world how well Rawhide treated its own, dead or alive. (The speech was issued in pamphlet form and is still available.)

Knickerbocker's speech was something dredged up from the classics — grandiloquent, mellifluous and onomatopoeic as he spoke grandly of a gambler he scarcely even knew. But Knickerbocker used every quotation to prove that Grannan was a dead game sport and was worthy of the remarks being made about him.



Jumpy Dan taught boys many new card playing tricks.

Rawhide boasted many unusual women. Here is picture of four women prospectors who located good ore strikes.



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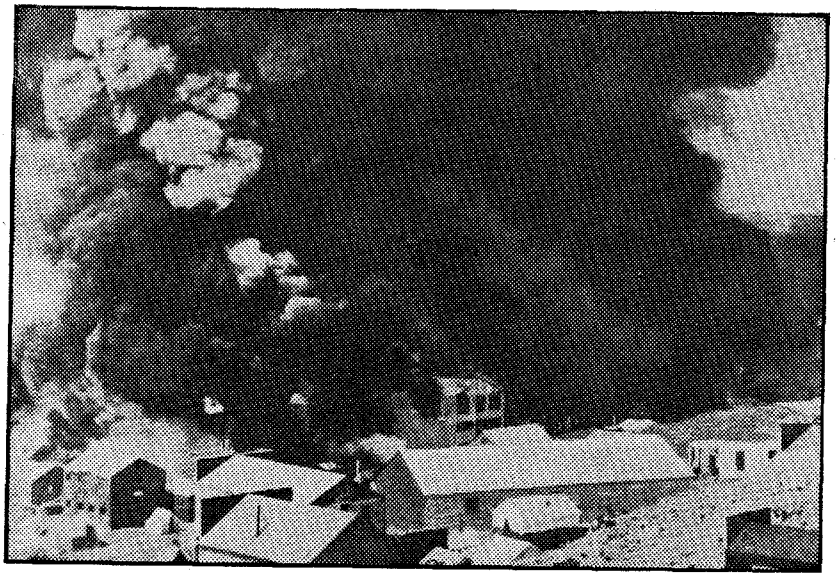
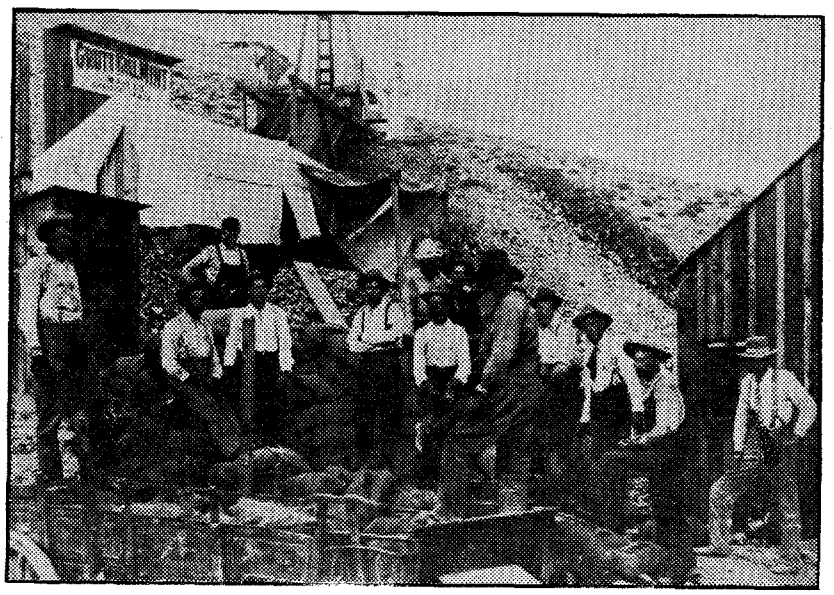
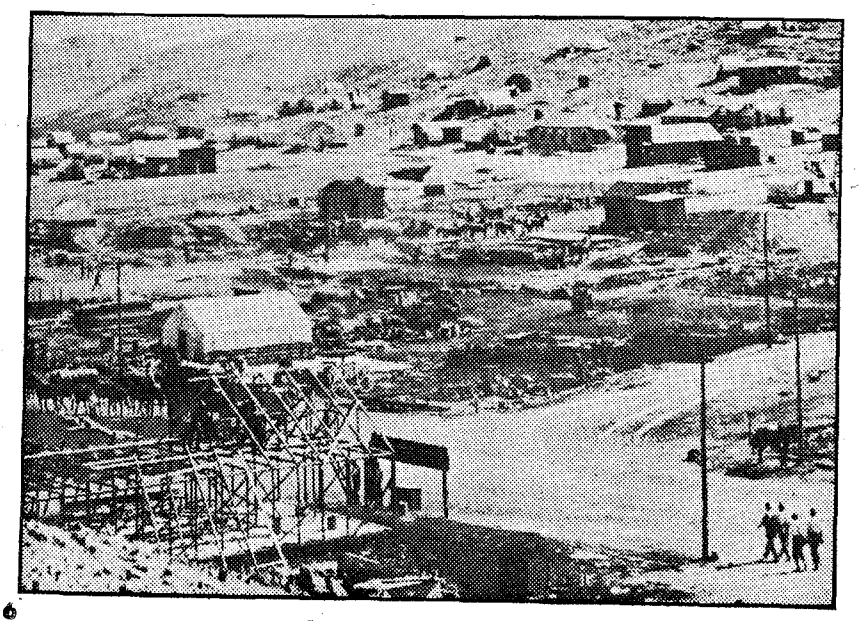


Fire was one of the terrors of towns in old West where buildings were made of wood. Above is dramatic photo of the Rawhide fire.



Men guarding sacks of high grade ore taken from Grutt Hill. Below is a picture of Rawhide when Tex Richards staged his famous prize fight and said he had confidence Rawhide could take care of any project.



While Rawhide was already decaying — few knew or realized it then — Riley Grannan's funeral was typical of a Rawhider's attitude toward life. Most cared more for form than substance. Nevertheless, Rawhide survived fire, flood and assorted failures to make a lasting mark on Nevada history, if not on the landscope itself. For there today are but a few buildings inhabited largely by kangaroo rats or lizards lazily doing push-ups on the sun-drenched porches which sag and sway at the slightest pressure.

For Rawhide was the last of the spectacular boom camps, promoted and developed by experts, inspired by the fantastic boom at Goldfield and made possible by the financial panic.

When word was flashed that the four Grutt brothers had struck real high grade ore about 100 miles northwest of Tonopah, those who had arrived too late for Tonopah or Goldfield strikes, decided that this time they'd be there when the claims were still available. Besides the nationwide financial panic had depressed the other camps, and this was a new chance for everyone. Among those to arrive at the same decision as Grannan and Nat Goodwin were George Graham Rice, fresh from the scandalous failure of his investment company, and Tex Richard whose successful promotion of the Nelson-Gans fight made him confident there was another fortune awaiting him in Rawhide. He immediately sold most of his Northern Saloon to Johnny May, then prepared to join the stampede. With a showman's intuition for publicity, Tex had a large sign lettered then hung it on an abandoned Goldfield church:

THIS CHURCH IS CLOSED. GOD HAS GONE TO RAWHIDE.

THE dusty roads leading into Rawhide crawled with wagons, mules and horseless carriages. Lumber was being teamed in from Schurz to start a town. Flamboyant Richard paid $8,000 for a lot on which he began a replica of his Northern Saloon in Goldfield, and it wasn't long before he was doling out the needful for the thirsty miners, percentage girls and swindlers, who were peddling Rawhide Con stock which was already selling for ten times its issue price, and E. W. King bought the Rawhide Coalition Company for a reported $500,000.

That was the kind of thing these men could understand. It was Tonopah, Goldfield and Virginia City all over again. Rawhide already boasted 5,000 residents and was growing at the rate of at least 100 newcomers a day. In a few days, newspapers of surrounding boom camps were breathlessly reporting more about the activities of Raw-

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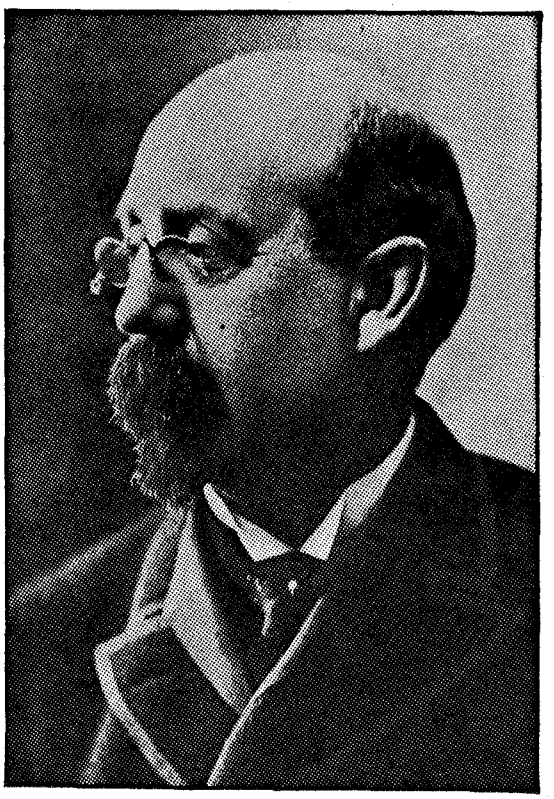
COLONEL BROADWATER AND THE ROAD AGENTS



By Lois Ryker

Charles Broadwater was a quiet and inoffensive man. How he outwitted the road agents is still a legend in the old West.

EVEN the outlaws in the old West had a code of honor, which was the reason Charles A. Broadwater lived to a ripe and prosperous old age.

He drove cattle from Deer Lodge to Bannack where they were butchered for food for the miners. The trip was not long as cattle drives go, but it was through a wilderness of scrub pine, rock ridges, narrow defiles and granite outcroppings. The miles stretched out between shacks where a man could feed his horse, or bed down himself for a night.

On this particular trip there had been rumors of activities of Plummer's gang. It wasn't known for certain that Plummer, who'd gotten himself elected sheriff, was behind the plot, but it was certain George Ives was.

Broadwater was not a man of fear but he had a healthy respect for road agents. He usually brought the gold dust back from Bannack in a money belt around his waist under his shirt. He suspected that even this fact was no longer secret. Bannack was a thriving mining camp and beef cattle were sorely needed for food. Broadwater had a good business, but he realized glumly that it might be terminated — as well as his life — at any moment.

Broadwater was a kindly man, a fact that was to give him unexpected help. The winter before, Jim Moore and a companion had fallen on the edge of Deer Lodge. When Broadwater found them they were nearly frozen and starved. He took them into his cabin and found that he had a sick man on his hands. Moore was in bad shape as pneumonia had taken hold of him. With patient care Broadwater nursed him back to life.

Moore was not a man with many friends. He had ridden with outlaws and had known small tendernesses or the kind of treatment that his benefactor had so freely given him. Moore was grateful to Broadwater. When he and his companion pulled out from the cabin after his convalescence he mentioned that perhaps he could do something for Broadwater some day.

The chance came on this drive of Broadwater's to Bannack. When Broadwater drove his into the corral, a man was sitting on the top pole. As Broadwater prepared to ride away, the man jumped down and stood close to his horse. Broadwater recognized him as Moore.

Before Broadwater could speak, Moore muttered the warning that Broadwater was going to be held up on the way back to Deer Lodge. Then Moore walked away as casually. Broadwater knew enough not to register surprise for the sake of any onlookers as he rode over to collect his pay.

He gave full credence to the warning. Moore had risked danger to himself to give it. To all appearances Moore was just a casual observer of a man bringing in beef, supposedly to report the count back to the gang of road agents.

Broadwater had planned to wait a few days as usual before traveling back to Deer Lodge, but apparently his

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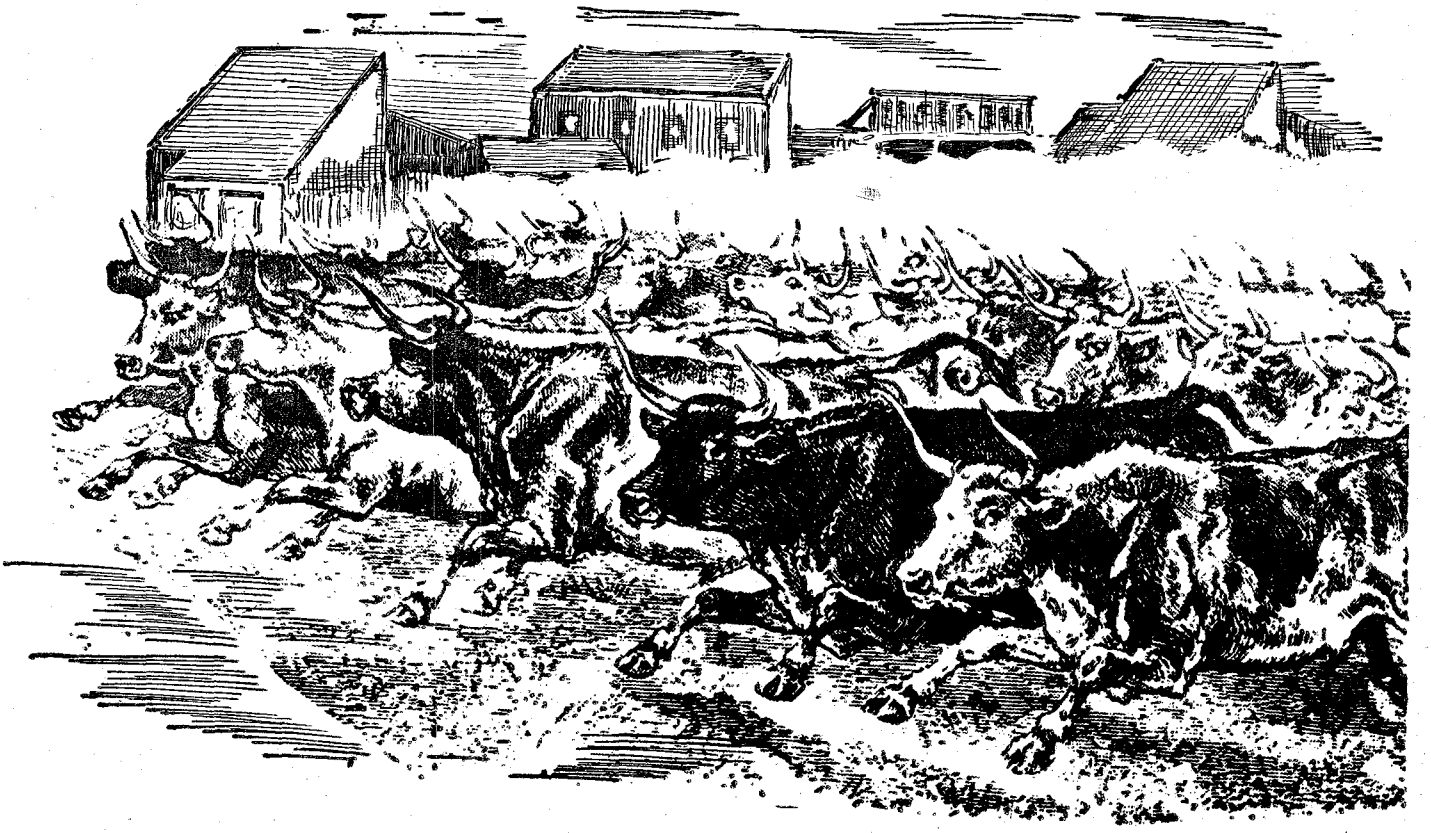

Abilene's Stampede of Death

Joe McCoy needed something drastic to attract attention to Abilene, but he didn't reckon with the startling results of his daring publicity stunt.

By Louise Cheney

IT came with the thunderous roar of a hurricane and in a rolling dense cloud of dust. This cloud burst on the small frontier town of Abilene and out of it came stampeding Texas longhorns. They crashed against a bandstand and it went down in splinters. Women screamed and men cursed as they ran for safety.

This was the first time in history that Texas longhorns were used in a publicity stunt, a stunt that came near mass tragedy. It is one phase of the opening of the great drive north from Texas that history has forgotten.

But it took a long time for the new town of Abilene to forget this terrifying event.

The story of how the cattle trade from Texas was started is pretty well known but some of it will have to be repeated to get the real meaning of this amazing stampede stunt and what effect it had on the herds that were to follow.

At the end of the Civil War the Texas cattle ranges were overflowing with great herds of Longhorns. Since markets in Texas were nonexistent and railways scarce, the cattlemen, seeking an outlet for their overabundance of beef on the hoof, drove the Longhorns in huge, winding trail herds over the trackless miles of wild terrrain to Missouri and eastern Kansas from which points the

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cattle were shipped to northern markets via the "iron horse."

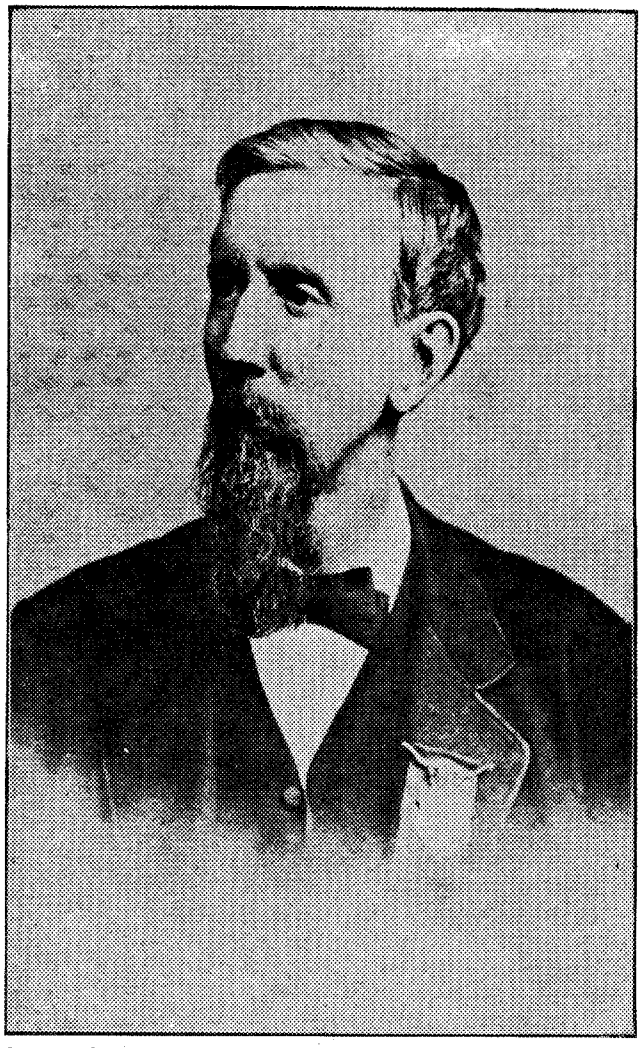
However, the Texans ran into trouble with livestock owners along the trail since the Longhorns carried ticks which infected the farm and ranch cattle enroute with what came to be called Texas fever. The Longhorns themselves were immune to the disease but dispensed it freely through the ticks.

JOSEPH McCOY of Springfield, Illinois, an enterprising young man of just twenty-nine years who was possessed of bold and unfettered vision and who was already a successful live stock dealer and promoter par excellence, heard of the trouble and resolved to do something about it. He conceived the idea of establishing at some approachable point a market to which the Texans might drive their cattle without trouble and meet the northern buyers. After much investigation he finally decided on the small trading post of Abilene, Kansas, situated on the Union Pacific Railroad.

McCoy purchased a tract of two hundred and fifty acres at the northeast edge of the town for use as cattle yards and loading pens. He started construction on his project in July 1867 and completed the job in September of that year. McCoy then staked a straight trail through Kansas from Abilene to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). He blazed the trail by spading up blocks of prairie sod and stacking them in monuments six feet high to serve as guide posts for the drovers. He then set out for Texas via Indian Territory.

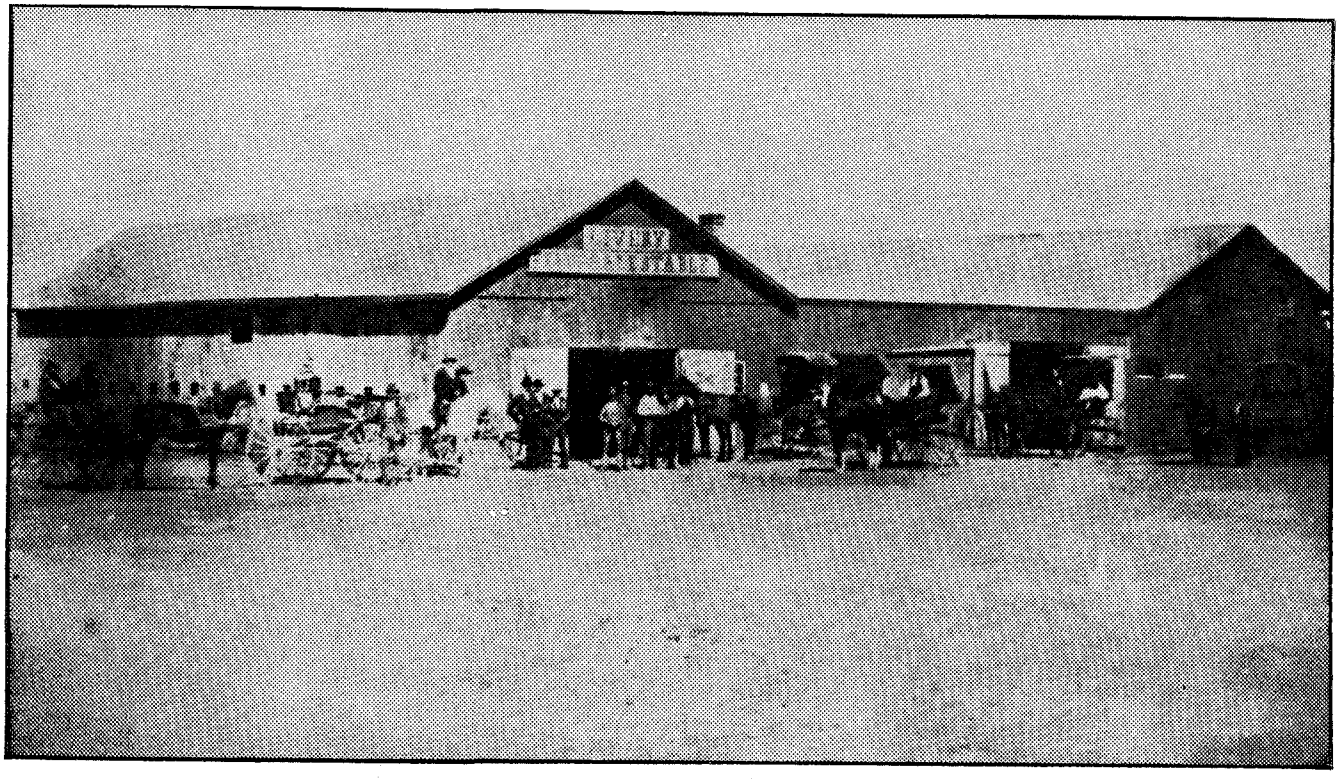
Enroute McCoy ran into a plainly outlined trail which ran from Wichita, Kansas, to the northern boundary of Texas on the Red River. Jesse Chisholm, half Scotch and half Indian trapper and freighter had defined the tracts by driving his ox-drawn, fur laden wagons over the route. Thus the trail, some years later, came to bear the trapper's name, the Chisholm Trail. McCoy realized that he could use the way as a continuation of the route he had marked through Kansas.

(Continued on Page 67)



Joe McCoy was a cattleman, a trader, a smart promoter, and he was willing to risk all for cattle scheme.

Livery stable in Abilene where crowd ran to escape the fury of mad cattle stampede down main street.



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It was only three blocks long, but those three blocks housed more sin per square foot than any in West.

Street of A Thousand Sinners

By John Ferdom

IT was only four blocks long, Holladay street in Denver, but these four blocks held more prostitute flesh, saw more wickedness, more sin than any four other blocks in the old West. It was dubbed "The Street of a Thousand Sinners."

It hadn't always had that sinister reputation. It started its career as McGaa Street, named after the first white child born in Texas. Then it was a street of highly respected homes, but as the years passed and the fame of this child grew less and less, the friends of Ben Holladay, that amazing character who organized the Overland Stage Coach company, started agitation to have the street named after him.

In the late 1860's the red light district of Denver was a cluster of log cabins on the south bank of Cherry Creek, West of Laramie street. Then as gold began to flow into Denver in the early 1870's, making the citizens of Holladay Street rich, they moved to more fashionable quarters and the red light district jumped across the creek to establish itself in deserted mansions on Holladay Street.

IN the early years of these four blocks as the red light district of Denver there was plenty of sin but not much glamour. The brick houses formerly occupied by respected citizens were turned into crib houses. The cribs were only wide enough for a single bed, a chair and a cheap looking bureau. The rent for them ranged from ten to twenty dollars a week. The landlords took no chances about the rent. They collected it daily, and any girl unable to meet the rent was tossed out. The white

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crib girls charged a dollar, and in the black belt, it was "two bits".

Life for the crib girls was far from luxurious or happy. The madam of the crib house took one half their earnings, and often it was a crisis to meet the daily rent. The crib houses were not at all modest in advertising their wares. Large placards outside the houses described in shrieking language the joys that could be found inside for only a dollar.

There were a few called "Parlor Houses". These had a semblance of decorum and good taste, but even these houses had to solicit for trade. This was done by a girl, wearing a knee skirt, black stockings and a bulgy waist, standing at a doorway and calling out to the passing males "Come in, Dearie . . . the best fun in bed in the town."

The girls in the "Parlor Houses" didn't fare much better than the crib girls. These houses were only a step above the crib houses, badly furnished, poorly ventilated, and the madams were always on hand to grab their one half the fees. In the better Parlor Houses the girls got two dollars for entertaining, but many got only one dollar. These girls had an advantage over the crib girls. There were windows in the rear of the houses, and they were able to sneak their customers in and keep all the fees until the Madams caught on to the trick and had all rear windows boarded up.

There were other ways for the girls in the Parlor and Crib houses to pick up a few extra dollars. All were experts at "rolling" their customers. A wig factory on Laramie street did a land office business with the girls. Each had several different wigs, and when some irate customer rushed up to a policeman and shouted he had been robbed by a black haired bitch, the police would take him back to the house. By the time he got there the girl would be a red head, having changed wigs, and the poor customer got no help from the police.

It was on this street that the "biters" developed, a unique system of robbing a customer. The customer, never bothering to discard his front shirts before being clasped in the arms of one of the girls, would suddenly realize when his moment of joy was over that the gold studs from his shirt front or diamond pins would be missing.

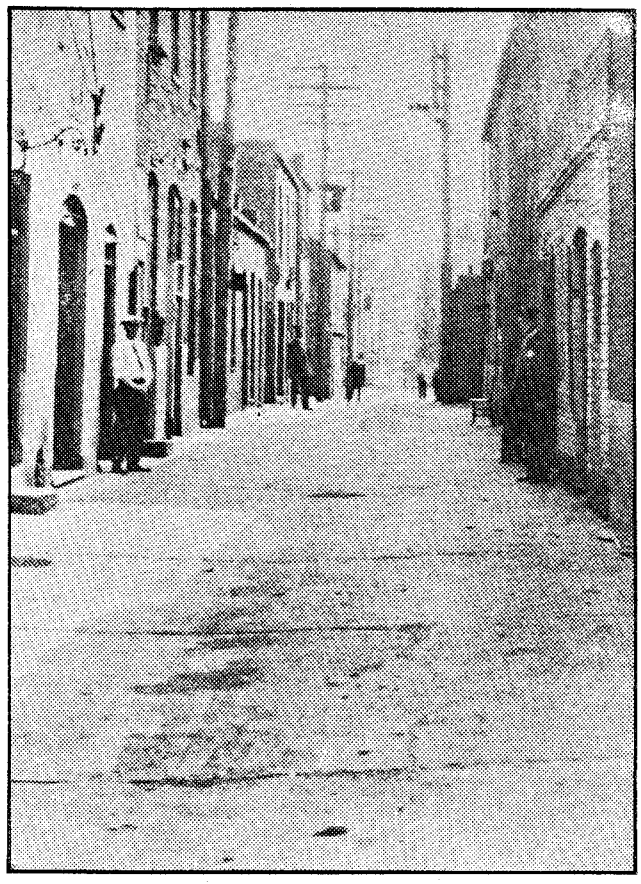
This was easy for the girls. They simply bit them off during the wild embrace. John Felow, a Denver dentist, invented a set of steel biters which could be attached to the girl's teeth. These steel teeth made the biting much easier. John Felow not only gained great fame among the girls but made a nice sized fortune from his invention.

IN the spring of 1876 a short plump, fancy faced woman in her early thirties walked down these four blocks of sin, and it came to be said that these four blocks were never the same again. This woman was Mattie Silks, Queen of all the Madams in the West. Mattie first started her career in Springfield, Illinois, in 1865 when she was only eighteen. She opened what was called a "Boarding House for Young Women." This was the polite name for a brothel in those years.

Little is known about Mattie, except that her name was not Silks. It was said she picked that name because of her deep love for beautiful garments. A number of names have been given to her, nobody knows for sure if they are correct.

When the Civil War was over, and the Union Army was mustered out, the business of prostitution fell off badly in Springfield and Mattie Silks journeyed West to

Mattie Silks (above) when she first appeared on the street. Below is section of Denver Chinatown, which was just around the corner from Street of Sinners



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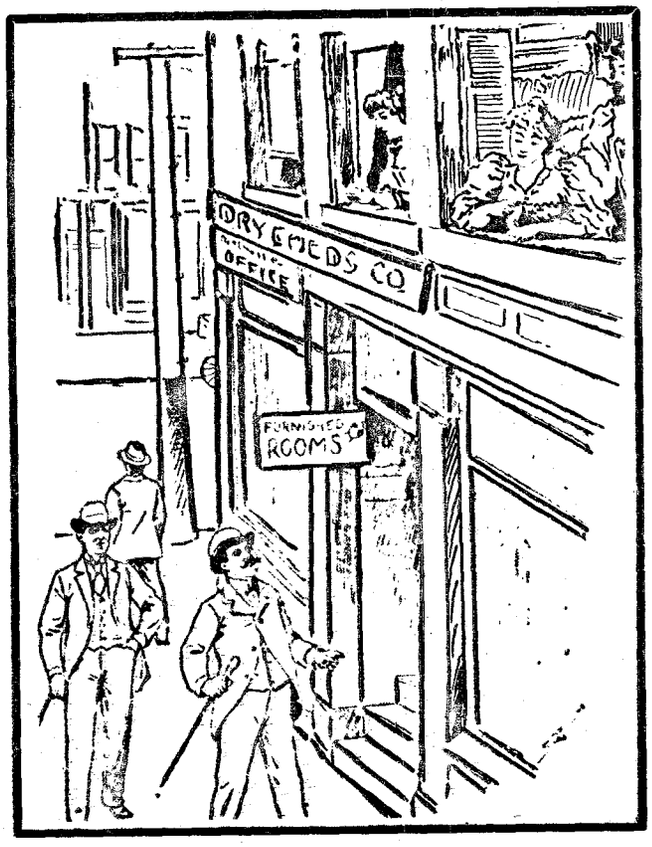

The Street of a Thousand Sinners was so famous newspapers carried cartoons about it, as seen by rather brazen drawing published in Denver Republican in 1880.

Olathe, Kansas, where she operated a successful boarding house for girls. There is some mystery why she left Olathe. It has been claimed she was run out of town. This is possible but the more logical answer is that she was lured to the cattle towns of Abilene, Ellsworth, and then Dodge City where cowboys with pockets filled with gold wanted women.

Mattie Silks waxed rich and a little plumper on the cowboys, but by 1875 the cattle trade had died out, and she headed for the gold and silver fields of Colorado, stopping first at Georgetown. She remained there only a year. Mattie had keen sense for business. The gold dust days were over in Colorado and gold and silver dollars were the currency of exchange.

Denver was blossoming out as the center of this trade and Mattie deduced that there was the place to grab the gold and silver dollars she craved deeply. Her first view of Holladay Street wasn't encouraging. The dirty crib houses and the cheap looking women in the doorways soliciting trade shocked but didn't deter her.

She knew what Holladay Street needed and she went about changing it. She first purchased a house on Holladay Street, near the corner of F Street. It had once been a mansion for a wealthy family, but it was now used for cribs. Mattie had the cribs torn out, and when she had finished remodeling the old mansion, it could be compared favorably with the Palace of Glass in Paris.

Mattie knew the value of good competition. She bought other houses, remodeled them with dazzling luxury and rented them to other Madams who had her approval. Within a year Holladay Street had undergone a complete change. What cribs were left were on the side street, some in Hop Alley, a Chinese quarter that bordered on Holladay Street.

Mattie Silks was a lover of race horses. Here is her picture at age 83, just a few months before her sudden death.

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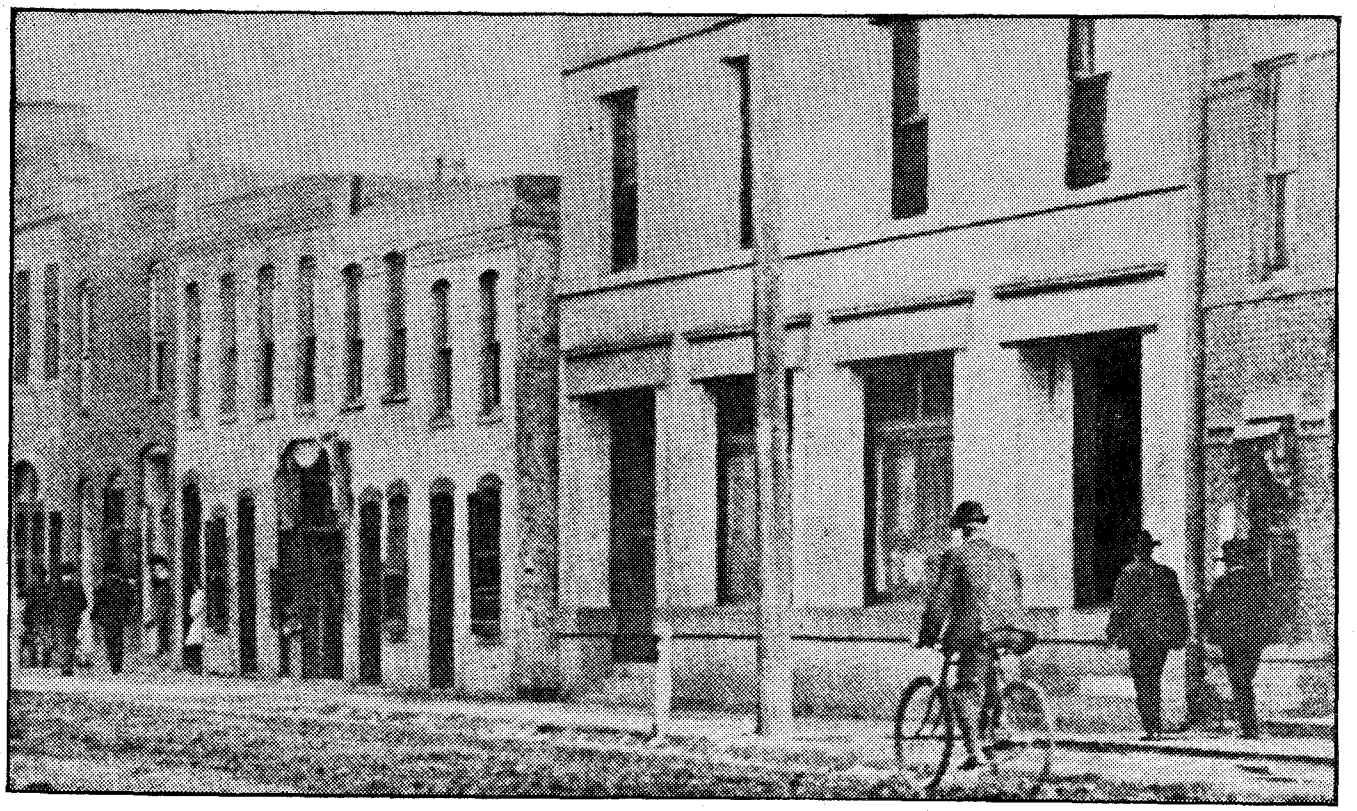

These houses on the Street of Sinners had parlors in rear and small cribs in the front of house for the girls.

Denver and all Colorado were undergoing a boom. A new smelter at Blackhawk made recovery of gold from the quartz easier and quicker and the old time mining practices were given up. This boom brought such famous western Madams as Jennie Cayler, Belle Morton, Sally Gertz and others to Holladay Street where Mattie Silks either rented them a house or helped them.

Mattie Silks and the other Madams brought in a different class of girls. They were young, attractive and well dressed. They pushed the hard bitten old prostitutes off the street and into the alley along Hop Row. But all was not a bed of roses for these new girls. Mattie Silks and the other madams insisted they be well dressed. They were allowed, even ordered, to buy their clothes from merchants where the madams had credit.

THE merchants always added 20 percent on the prices. The girls protested by screams but there wasn't much they could do. The clothes kept them in debt to their Madams. With all the glamorous sin, Holladay Street hadn't changed much in the tactics the girls used to get extra dollars. They weren't as crude in the art of "rolling" their guests as the old crib girls, but they did it far more effectively and with much more profit.

The madams didn't look with favor on "biters" among the girls. This was a black mark on the houses and caused good customers to stay away, but sometimes the girls, if while in the love clasp they looked up at a large diamond, could not resist the temptation and many diamonds went into their mouths on such occasions.

Mattie Silks was the Queen of Holladay Street, the arbiter of all rules and decisions. The other Madams recognized her ability and didn't protest. Mattie was unique among the Madams. She claimed, and it was probably true, that she had never been a prostitute.

"I was never a prostitute," she boasted. "I never sold myself. Since I was eighteen I have been a Madam. I let my girls make money for me. I can't say it is a completely desirable way of life, being a Madam, but it is the life I chose and I have made a business of it and a successful one."

Mattie had one human frailty. She was a sucker for love. In her early life most of her love was given to one Cort Thomson, a tall, handsome con man, pimp and

(Continued on Page 57)

Fat Gertie was well known figure on Street of Sinners.

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The Dalton Brothers, Part II

This is considered by all authorities to be the most accurate and detailed account of the famous Dalton raid on Coffeyville.

By Eyewitness

Synopsis of Part One

In the first installment the writer gave the background of the Dalton family — the indolent father, the mother who had the blood of the Youngers in her veins, the two respectable brothers, Ben and Frank, and the wildness of Bob, Grat, Bill, and Emmet. Frank was the youngest Deputy U.S. Marshal in the history of the Southwest and was killed and Bob took his place. But work and honesty were not a part of Bob's makeup, and he led Grat and Emmett into the outlaw trail.

The writer took them through the Wharton, Adair, and other robberies, giving an interesting background of the lawlessness of that period and why youths like Dalton took to crime. He traced their activities up to plans for the famous Coffeyville raid and why the raid was proposed.

Chapter XI

IT is universally admitted that the bold attack on the two banks of Coffeyville, Kansas, on Wednesday morning the 5th of October, 1892, was the most amazing story of the border. Such a chapter of western life had not been written since the romance went out of the rough riding, bank robbing, train wrecking career of the James boys and the Youngers in that disastrous raid of the Minnesota village of Northfield.

Probably the easily gotten wealth obtained from the express car of the northbound train of the M., K. & T. R. R., on the 14th of July, took swift wings; probably the delights of easy moving circles of Denison and Fort Smith, where it is said the members of the hunted Dalton gang disported themselves even under the federal eye, were expensive.

Two weeks before, Emmet Dalton was working on a ranch twenty miles south of Tulsa. He received a letter sent by his brother Bob from his safe point of hiding in the nation. Bob wrote that he had found a plan of profitable action quite distinct from those which had heretofore engaged his professional attention. Would Emmet join him?

Emmet answered the letter in person. Where that place of rendezvous may have been he refused to tell. His statement spoke of a fortuitous meeting between him and Bob, but denied all regular, preconcerted appointment.

With Bob Dalton were the men who aided him in the train robbery on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas at Adair. There was Grat Dalton, whose life sat so lightly upon his consciousness. There was Dick Broadwell, whose father lived in Hutchinson, Kan., and who had become so experienced a desperado in so astonishingly short a time that men thought "Texas Jack" was with the gang. Finally there was Bill Powers, of the Three D Ranch, the equal in daring of Tom Hedde whom Coffeyville took him to be.

Bob Dalton's plan, when unfolded to his youthful brother from the Tulsa ranch, was the robbing of the Coffeyville banks, both at the same time, an exploit amazing enough to throw in the shade the most famed raids of Jesse James, the Youngers and their imitators.

The Daltons had lived in Coffeyville. In the Daltons' lot in the cemetery, lay buried the father, a man of gruff disposition, but whose laziness and love of ease smothered a viciousness which lacked determination to become assertive. There, too, was buried Frank Dalton, a brother, who died a U. S. deputy Marshal in 1889 when across the Arkansas from Fort Smith he pumped

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his Winchester valiantly to the last, fighting criminals against great odds. Every by-path and road in the country hereabout the surviving Dalton brothers knew minutely, every place of concealment, every avenue of escape.

Bob Dalton formed the plan, and the others accepted it without question. Later, when interrogated, Emmet Dalton, lying on a bed he probably thought his deathbed, made a long rambling statement which contains the following lines, easily explained when one remembers that the wounded brigand thought himself about to be lynched by the infuriated population:

"When Bob explained his plans to me, saying that he could discount the James boys and rob two banks in a day, and adding that they were going to do it, right here in Coffeyville, I tried to prevail on the boys not to come up, for the people here had done us no harm; but finally I had to join for love of my brothers and because I had no money to get out of the country on, and was sure to be chased just as hard whether I joined or not."

Whether the protest of Emmet against the proposed raid was entered or not, nobody shall ever know. He fell in line, this is sure, and the same night camped with the boys not far from the Davis farm, in the Onion Creek bottoms. The next morning, Wednesday the fifth, the gang rode to the conquest of the Coffeyville banks.

The horses, it appears, all belonged to Bob, evidently the treasurer as well as the president of this unholy association, and several had been bought on purpose for this raid.

Between 9:30 and 10 o'clock on that Wednesday morning, as Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollingsworth were driving west on what is known as Eighth Street, they met six mounted men at a point two hundred yards east of the old cheese factory, and less than half a mile from the western limits of the city.

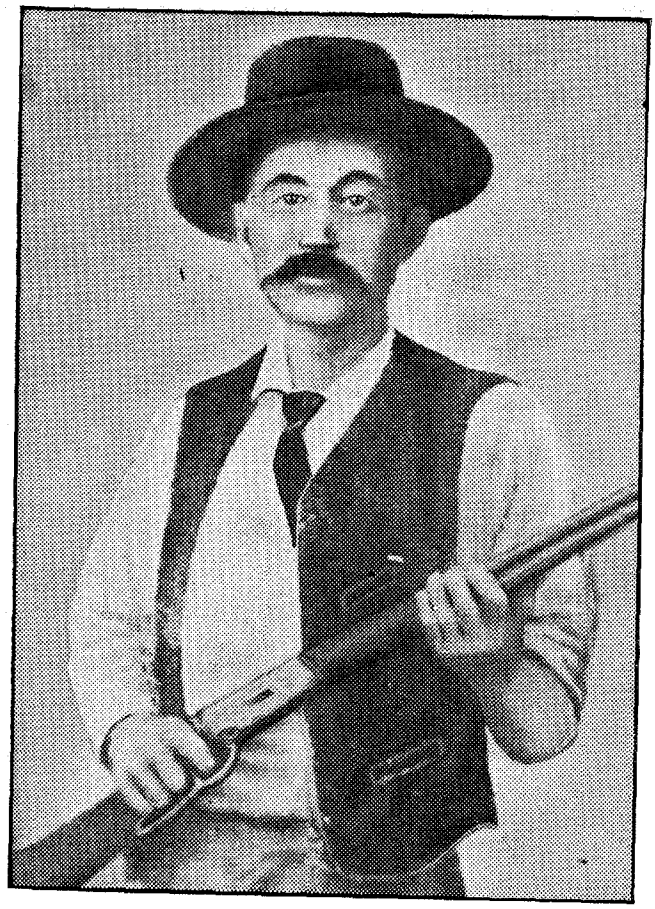
They were both attracted to the men by the peculiar appearance of the party, and the fact that they were all heavily armed. They agreed that there were six men and six horses in the party.

Within a hundred yards east of where they passed Mr. and Mrs. Hollingsworth, the same party was met by Messrs. J. M. and J. L. Seldomridge, who were driving west on the same road. They, too, were attracted by the appearance of the riders, and were led to remark that the men were undoubtedly on some strange mission, as they were armed to the teeth and apparently disguised. These gentlemen are also firm in their declarations that the crowd consisted of six persons and the same number of horses.

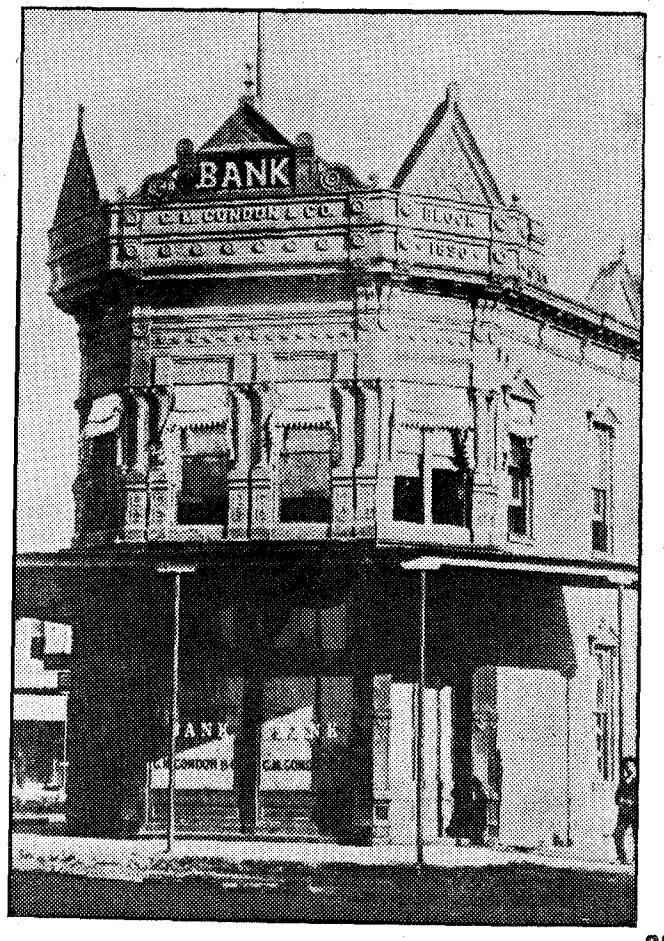
Persons residing on Eighth Street, east of what is known as the Hickman property, saw the party pass their residences. Of the large number of other people who observed this troop of horsemen, every one asserts that there were only five riders in the party when they passed over that thoroughfare. They were seen by parties all along the street up to where Maple Street crosses Eighth, and no one counted more than five horsemen.

It is presumed that one of the party either backed out as they were about to enter town, or else diverged his course into a cross street and made a circuit through the southwestern portion of the city, in order to reach the citizens from that point in case of an attack. Anyhow, he was never seen since met by the Hollingsworths and Seldomridges.

(Editors note: This writer does not place Bill Doolin with the Daltons on this raid as most writers did. Neither is there any reference to the legend that Bill Doolin's horse threw a shoe and that was the reason he did not ride into Coffeyville with the others. However, it can be assumed that the sixth mysterious



John J. Kloher (above) is credited with killing one or more of the outlaws, and Condon Bank (below) was one of two banks the Dalton Brothers tried to rob.



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Bill Dalton, older brother, wasn't on Coffeyville raid.

rider mentioned here could have been Bill Doolin.)

The five men rode boldly and at a swinging trot, raising a cloud of dust which literally enveloped them as they passed down Eighth Street. They turned into Maple Street and passed alongside of the Long-Bell Company's office and entered the alley that runs from Walnut Street, at Slosson's drug store, to Maple Street and thence to the western boundary of the city.

There were a number of persons in the alley at the time and several teams were hitched in the rear of Davis' blacksmith shop. An oil tank of the Consolidated Company, with two horses attached thereto, was standing near McKenna & Adamson's stables, almost in the center of the alley.

The party hitched their horses to the fence in the rear of Police Judge Munn's lot, and within a few feet of his residence which he is at present occupying. A stone-cutter, who was examining some rock lying near the city jail, observed them riding into the alley and dismounting.

All of the robbers were cleanly shaven except Powers, who retained his heavy, dark brown mustache; Emmet, who could not sacrifice the down upon his young lip; and Grat, who kept his scraggly little mustache.

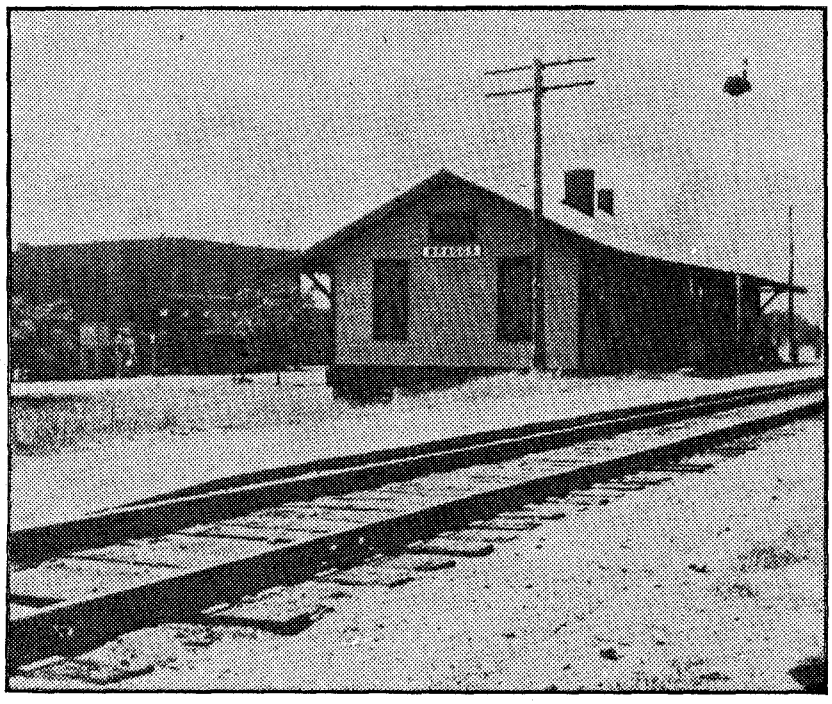
Dismounting from their horses, Bob and Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell ineffectually disguised themselves with black beards. Meanwhile the town rested unconscious of their coming and unprepared for the attack. There had been some talk of the possibility of a raid, as there had been in all the towns along the border, but such unconcerted preparation as may then have been made to meet such an emergency had been quite forgotten.

The desperadoes quickly formed into a sort of military line, three in front and two in the rear, and walked closely together. The stone-cutter mentioned above walked closely in the rear of the crowd as they passed from their horses through the alley, until they reached the street, when he turned north to his work at the other end of the block.

The alley opens upon the public square about which is clustered the whole business of the thriving town directly in line with Condon's Bank and almost directly across the street from the First National Bank. The robbers came out on the street in a close bunch at a dog trot, their Winchesters hanging in their arms ready for use. Alex McKenna stood on the steps of his store at the alley's mouth.

"There goes the Daltons," he said, in alarm. Black beards hid no identities from McKenna's eyes, but there was no wish in McKenna at that moment to make himself conspicuous. After passing Alex McKenna's store the men quickened their pace and three of them went into C. M. Condon & Co.'s Bank at the southwest door, while the two in the rear ran directly across the street to the First National Bank, and entered the front door of that institution. The next thing that greeted Mr. McKenna's eyes was a Winchester in the hands of one of the men, and pointed toward the cashier's counter in the bank. He realized the situation at once, and called out to those in the store, that "the bank was being robbed."

Town of Braggs, in the Cookson Hills, was a favorite Dalton hideout.



The cry was taken up by others who had seen the men as they entered the bank, and quickly passed from lip to lip all around the square. Persons in the south part of the plaza, the open space between Walnut Street and Union Street, could plainly see the men as they moved around through the bank.

The two men who entered the First National Bank were observed by a number of parties, but their presence did not attract any particular attention at first. *(Continued on Page 42)*

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THE DEVIL'S JAW

Somewhere deep in Devil's Jaw, that weird ocean formation, lies a fabulous buried treasure for anybody who can solve the strange and bizarre tale of the ocean's puzzling mystery.

By Bob Young

WHISTLES from the trim sidewheeler YANKEE BLADE grunted a hoarse goodbye to well-wishers standing on the San Francisco pier when Captain Henry Randall gave the departure signal. The huge paddles slapped the bay into a white froth as the YANKEE BLADE headed toward the Golden Gate on September 30, 1854.

It seemed to be a gala, happy affair but the YANKEE BLADE was chuffing toward a rendezvous with destiny which would include one of the worst tragedies ever to occur along the California coast, combined with one of the boldest robberies of all time, and pose several questions which still remain unanswered.

Captain Randall considered it a routine voyage. The overloaded 2,500 ton ship carried 800 passengers who were departing for Panama and eastern states. Some passengers were carrying back nothing more substantial than tales of disappointment and frustration to wrest a golden fortune. Others were literally loaded with nuggets. Stored in the ship's huge vault was a large gold shipment being made by Page, Bacon & Company. Judged by present standards of $35 per gold ounce, there were several millions aboard that doughty little ship which tea-kettled down the coast of California.

These things were known. But apparently only a few furtive, desperate characters knew there were also cutthroats aboard who had no intention of permitting the YANKEE BLADE'S treasure to reach Panama.

Captain Randall was increasingly concerned about the safety of his vessel because of the enfolding fog. The YANKEE BLADE was nearing the "Devil's Jaw," an elbow of California coast which pokes out into the sea toward the Channel Islands 60 miles north of Santa Barbara. Randall hadn't been able to sight land nor take a celestial fix, yet he knew his ship was nearing the hazardous "windy corner," a corridor which assured disaster for a helmsman with an uncertain hand.

Randall was still peering from the pilothouse when 8 bells were struck, marking the beginning of the first Dog Watch at 4 p.m. He was suddenly slammed against the binnacle as the YANKEE BLADE shuddered, then crunched on some submerged obstacle. Despite the chilling noise, he could hear the unmistakable roar of the surf. Randall realized his ship had been skewered on rocks and ripped open like a cleaned sea bass. The YANKEE BLADE began to founder immediately.

Randall's orders to save his passengers were thwarted by furtive ruffians led by a man called "Dutch Charley." They swarmed on deck, armed and threatening. Gloatingly their leader boasted that the heavily guarded stage coach shipments might be beyond reach but the YANKEE BLADE'S gold wasn't. *(Continued on Page 55)*

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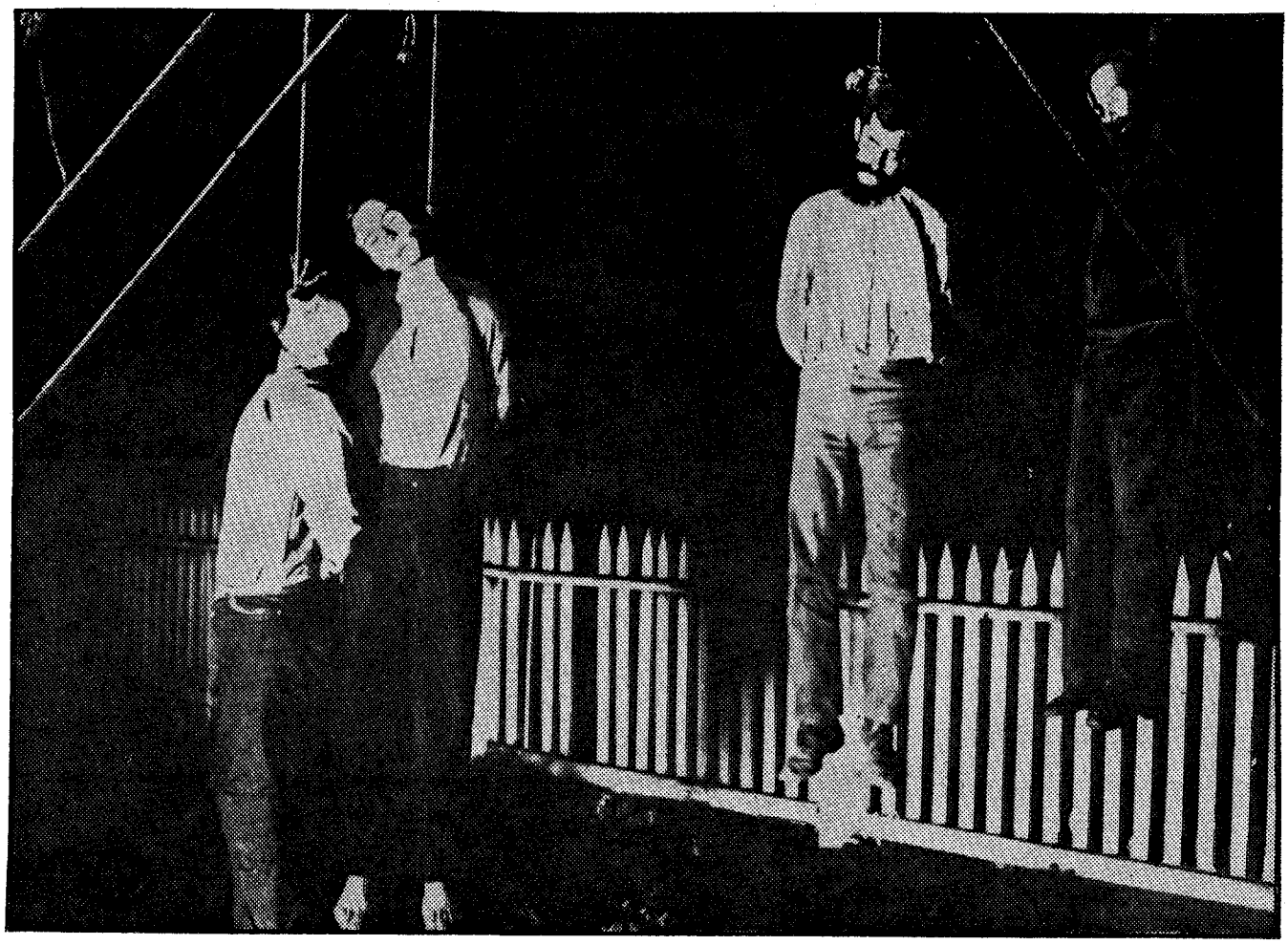

THE 4 THEY HANGED!

The mad fury that put these four men at the ends of ropes illustrates the brutal injustice of the West.

By A. Fitzgerald

THERE wasn't a cloud in the sky that night over Yreka, California, the quiet little mining and ranch town that nestled peacefully in the southern foothills of the Siskiyou Mountains. But there was a restless feeling in the air that made a man uneasy, the way he feels when there's a bad storm brewing.

It was Monday, August 26, 1895. At a little after midnight, a man drove into Martin's stables on the outskirts of town, and asked the night hostler to put up his team.

"I'll be back for my rig in an hour," he said.

The hostler sensed that something wasn't quite right, but he couldn't put his finger on it. It seemed strange for a man to come driving into town at that time of night asking for accommodations.

"Is there someone sick out at your place?" he asked.

"There's a man who's damned sick at Pokegama," the man replied. "I've come to get a doctor for him."

The hostler had never heard of Pokegama. But the man's expression and attitude convinced him that such

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a place must indeed exist. He accepted the dubious explanation without further questioning and went about his business of caring for the man's team and conveyance.

The man left the stable and it is assumed that he joined the mob gathered at the courthouse square. Almost everybody coming into Yreka that night came to join the lynching party. What was behind the wild uncontrollable mob-lynch fury that swept almost every locality in the old West? Emotions were raw and primitive and the instinct of self preservation may have had something to do with it.

But not all, as this night of horror in Yreka demonstrated. In Virginia City and other Western communities where killers and gunmen took over the whole life of the town, it is possible to understand why citizens took the law in their own hands since there was no other law. Even hanging a horse thief could be explained. Horses in the old West were the life blood of settlers and cattlemen and stealing a horse was like stealing the life blood, and the West responded by hanging every suspected horse thief with little or no attempt at justice.

But these reasons were not always the cause of mob lynching. Every community had a certain number of self appointed vigilantes. These characters, in the majority of cases, were homicidal maniacs who found mob rule gave them a cover-up to satisfy this craving for killing. The thing that must puzzle psychologists is the way these few psychotic cases were able to generate such fury and bring many otherwise normal and sensible men into the murder club.

Probably a psychologist would offer the depressing answer that all of us, to a limited degree, have homocidal impulses, and once these impulses are awakened we go a little crazy. Nothing else could explain what happened on the night of August 26, 1895. There were four men in jail charged with murder, but all the murders were isolated crimes and in no way connected with the mob. One man had stabbed his wife to death in a domestic quarrel. Another had killed a man in a gun fight over a business transaction. The other two were charged with the killing of a man in an unimportant argument.

YREKA was not a lawless community in that year. Sheriff Bill Hobbs kept crime down, and Marshal Jim Oaks didn't let bums or undesirables remain in town. The citizens enjoyed peace and women walked down streets at night without fear.

Nobody seemed to know who had riled up the members of the mob or who the leaders were. There were rumors about identities but nobody ever knew for sure. The leaders, whoever they were, were able to keep hidden in the wild confusion of that night. It was nine o'clock when the first mob came riding in from all corners of Siskiyou County. They came under the cover of darkness, secretly, sticking to the side streets and shadows once they hit town.

Seventy-five men came from Scott Valley and Shasta Valley to the southwest. They rode into town along Fourth Street. Still others came from the north, following Hawkinsville and Little Shasta roads into the quiet little city. Another bunch came riding in from the east and southeast, some of them coming along the Yreka Railroad track. One group from that direction arrived aboard a railroad handcar. Others stuck to the wagon road that connected Yreka to Montague, a railroad town a few miles due east as the crow flies.

But, however they arrived, or whatever direction they came from, they rode, to a man, with one deadly purpose in mind. Rope justice for the four men who slept the sleep of the damned in the county jail. Yet none knew these men in person or why they wanted to lynch them.

(Continued on Page 69)

This newspaper story of the insane fury of the lynching mob gives us some idea of the wild and uncontrolled emotions that could lead to tragedy

YREKA JOURNAL EXTRA.

YREKA, SISKIYOU COUNTY, CAL., MONDAY MORNING, 10 O'CLOCK, AUGUST 26, 1895.

Judge Lynch's Ghastly Work in Yreka

Four Accused Murderers Lynched.

Johnson, Null, Moreno and Semler Hanged in Court House Park.

The Gallows a Railway Rail Placed Between Trees.

Locks of the Cells Broken Open on Refusal of the Deputy Sheriff to Surrender Keys.

next broke into the cell of William Null, who shot Henry Hayten at Callahans, on April 21st in a dispute over some mining property. Null desired to make a statement, but time was too valuable to permit of any such preliminaries, and he was soon hanging alongside of Johnson. Louis Moreno, who was charged with having killed George Sears on the 5th of this month, was then taken from his cell and was soon swinging with Johnson and Null. The last and youngest of the four murderers to pay the penalty of his crime, was Garland Semler, aged about 19, who in company with Moreno was charged with having killed Casper Meiernaus at Bailey Hill, on the 5th of this month.

A rope was placed around Semler's neck and he was led from the jail in his bare feet, and in a few moments joined his companions. About this time Sher-

Jim Cowley tried to calm the wild fury of the mob and let the law take its course, but he was pushed aside as were other citizens who didn't lose their heads. The miracle of the lynching is that more people were not killed trying to stop this brutal miscarriage of justice.

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Reward for Juan Espinosa's Head

Who beheaded Juan Espinosa has long been a mystery. This article, by a well-known writer, clears up some details.

By Kit Carson

THE shadowy figure moved swiftly and silently through the semidarkness of that master bedroom in the luxurious ranch house of a *hacienda* in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in New Mexico. A bright moon sent rays of bluish haze through the windows.

In the great bed an American was sleeping, oblivious to the shadowy figure moving in the room. This figure stopped at the chair where the sleeping man's jacket lay. The figure picked up the jacket. . .

And then. . .

The sleeping American's eyes snapped open. He saw the figure and with a wild leap he was out of the bed. The figure took two steps backward. A knife in his hand gleamed in the moon's rays. The American dived for him. The right hand of the shadowy figure came with a quick movement. The knife was plunged in the chest of the American and from his throat came the piercing scream of death.

The death cry resounded throughout the great house. People came running down the hall. The door to the master bedroom opened and within a minute, guests, servants, and members of the family were in that room. A servant had brought candles. The American lay on the floor, blood gushing from the wound near his heart. In a few gurgling words he told what had happened and how the tall, aristocratic Spaniard — the shadowy figure — had stabbed him. Then the American shuddered, let out a gurgling groan and lay still in death.

IT was the night of July 3, 1853, a date long remembered in the West as the beginning of a strange and bloody trail of death. The shadowy figure that wielded the knife was Don Juan Espinosa, a lordly Spanish gentleman, owner of one of the largest *haciendas* in New Mexico and up to this night was known as a highly respected citizen, one of the wealthiest in the state.

Don Juan boasted that he was a direct descendent of a lieutenant in Cortez's army. This proved to be one of the causes of his troubles. Being something of an egomaniac, he tried to live up to this proud heritage. His *hacienda* on the Conejos River had all the splendor and luxury of the old country.

Prior to the Mexican War Espinosa had ruled over his domain with the power of a feudal lord. His herds of cattle spread over many miles and more than a hundred peons were his slaves. It wasn't easy to hold this vast estate on the frontier as there were always those trying to seize it. So Don Juan Espinosa learned early how to fight back, often with the brutality necessary for a man to live and prosper in that wild country.

But it wasn't these enemies that caused Espinosa's kingdom to totter. It was his unlimited entertainments, often rivaling all the splendor and glory and expense of the royal family of Spain. Despite his vast holdings, Espinosa didn't have the resources of the royal family.

His great ranch was always open to any friends or so-called friends. They came in droves, lived off him,

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drank his wine and ate his mutton and won his money at gambling games not always honest. His guests increased with the coming of the Americans after the Mexican War. These Americans were always ready with get rich schemes, which left Don Juan Espinosa's bank account lower.

Finally to continue his wild entertainments, he was forced to mortgage his vast holdings. Things went from bad to worse, and by 1853 he was faced with bankruptcy and the loss of all the prestige and glory he had had enjoyed. About this time John Frederick Holton, an American adventurer appeared at Don Juan's *hacienda.* Holton was rich and carried large sums on his person. He liked Don Juan Espinosa and stayed at the *hacienda.*

His bond with Espinosa grew stronger when Holton met Donna Espinosa, sister of the cattle baron. Donna was a beautiful 18 year old Spanish girl who was at once attracted to the handsome and rich American. Their romance blossomed quickly into a violent love affair. Holton was shrewd enough to see that Don Juan Espinosa was in serious financial trouble and offered to help him.

The proud Don Juan Espinosa refused such help angrily, saying that he, the descendant of Cortez's officer, would never accept help from the lover of his sister. But Don Juan Espinosa couldn't get the picture of the fortune in the money belt of the rich American out of his mind, and the more he thought about this fortune, the more he became attracted to it.

ACCEPTING it as a loan was out of the question, but getting it in other ways was a different matter. So on the night of July 3, 1853, Don Juan Espinosa proceeded to get this money and save his ranch and his honor by sneaking into Holton's bedroom to relieve him of his money belt. All might have been well had not Holton awakened at the critical moment to die from the knife wound.

A murderer, a fugitive from the law, the proud and aristocratic Don Juan Espinosa fled into the rugged mountains of the Sangre de Cristo Range to start his bloody career as the West's greatest outlaw.

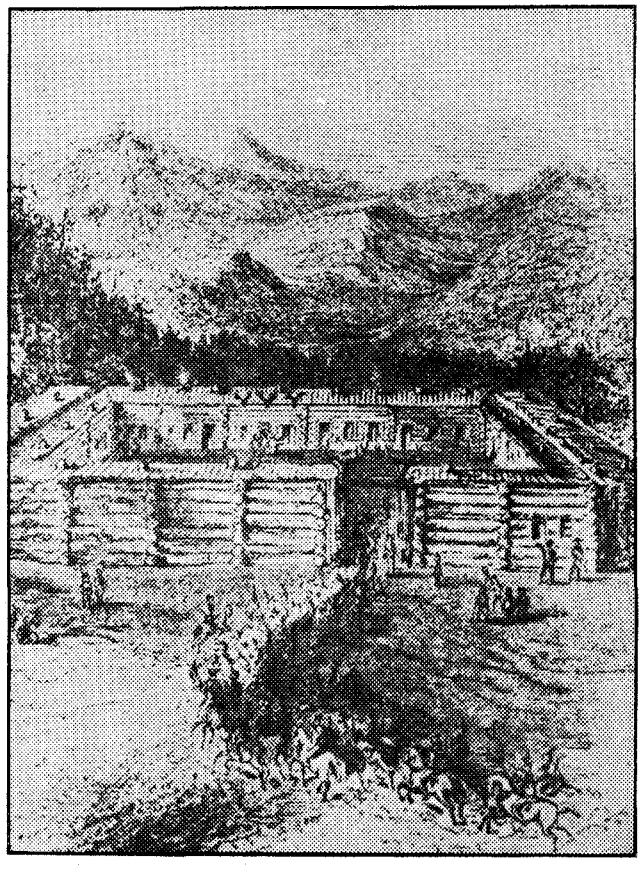
The Santa Fe Trail at that time was at the zenith of its activity. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in merchandise and cash flowed over the hazardous route to Santa Fe. Equally valuable cargos made up the loads of tha caravans that returned to Missouri and the East.

A heavy infiltration of traders and settlers and frontierspeople of all sorts and professions made their way into the region around Santa Fe. The entire country had become, in a short time, a hustle and bustle of activity, with all sorts of characters playing their roles in the advancement and development of the raw West. Money flowed freely. Prospecting was an activity. Traders became rich and carried large sums of ready cash about in their personal belongings, grips, and what-have-you.

Many settlers came to the frontier with cold cash, a grubstake to tide them over until they became permanently rooted on their homesteads. Never a more prospective area presented itself for outlawry than did the Santa Fe region! All of the rugged territory of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado offered the best of hide-outs for the bands of ruffians, outlaws and robbers.

Espinosa remained in hide-out in the Sangre de Cristo Range for some time getting his bearings. He organized his band of ruffians, few at first, and then many. He gradually came to life with his devious activities, and the entire country, far and wide, began to suffer from

Tom Tobin (above) is given credit by most authorities for the capture of Juan Espinosa. He worked out of Fort Massachusetts (below) located in the Espinosa area.



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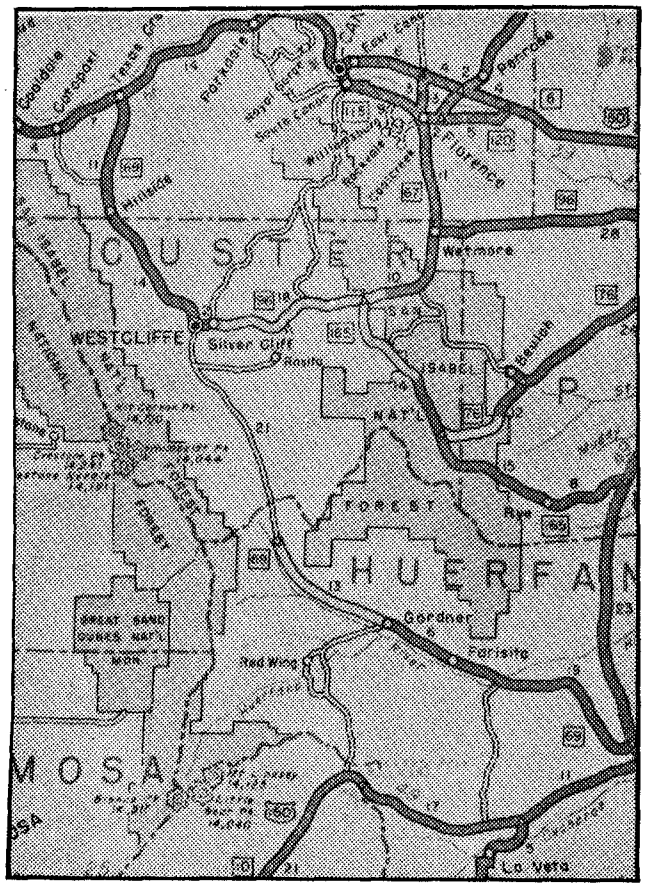
Uncle Dick Wooten, mountain man, aided in the search.

his raids.

He passed up nothing. He robbed the ranchers and settlers in every direction. He preyed upon the overland coaches. The endless, long-winding freight caravans that laboriously crept over the Santa Fe Trail became his greatest prey.

Map of country where Espinosa carried out his crimes.



His robbery on the trail soon came to the attention of the federal forces which kept attachments of soldiers and cavalrymen stationed at Fort Union and Fort Massachusetts (later changed to the name of Fort Granland) for no other purpose than to fight Indians and keep outlaws, such as Espinosa, fought off the enormous freighting trade which poured over the nationally famous trail. But the crafty Spaniard was always able to out-fox them.

Over a 10-year-period of rampage of deviltry in the Sangre de Cristo Range and up and down the Santa Fe Trail he gained recognition as one of the most slippery, sought-after deperadoes to ever infect the region. He is declared to have killed 70 or 80 people. He raided the poor, unprotected settlers outlandishly, and rustled the livestock of the ranchers.

He slaughtered and plundered straggling wagon trains which sought the unprotected routes into the frontier region. He even stooped so low as to haul the young Spanish girls of the region into his hide-out in the mountains to be held for ransom or else for his own selfish purpose of debauchery.

Law officers were unable to obstruct his vicious acts. Posse after posse took up his trail but returned empty-handed. Authorities set a price of $1500 on his head — dead or alive. But nobody even tried to collect this reward.

IN 1863 a band of hell-bent men organized to hunt down the notorious outlaw. The territorial law seemed unable to cope with the broad scope of the outlawry Espinosa had showered down upon the Santa Fe region. A few of the indomitable frontiersmen of the region decided to take the law in their own hands. They commenced to organize and make preparations for his capture. Such a varied group of characters had never before been known to organize for such a purpose. They assembled in the frontier and formulated plans with a determination that their aim must not fail.

L.S. Jenks headed the band. He had come into the Territory in 1849 as clerk for Cyrus P. Waldo who, in those days, had the contract for hauling all the government freight in the West and Southwest. He selected Tom Tobin as his second-in-command. Tobin was a mountain man and trapper who operated in and around Toas. He was a man of few words and very aggressive in his determinations. He was careful to map his plans and dogged in carrying them out. He, too, was sensitive to his surroundings and capable of making sudden decisions.

The few others who joined in with the band were ranchers of the country, trappers, some homesteaders and mountain men of the Sangre de Cristo Range who knew the layout of the unmapped region.

At this stage of the narrative, it clarifies the subject somewhat to introduce Uncle Dick (Richard Lacy) Wooten even though he did not figure in the initial organization. He was a frontiersman at Raton Pass, north of Santa Fe, who had gained frontier attention in more ways than one since he left the cotton fields of Mississippi in 1833 for Independence, Missouri, to follow the Santa Fe Trail to its end.

He built his own road over the Raton Pass, considered the most treacherous section of the Route, and charged toll for passage there of the many emigrants and wagon trains which were forced by topographical reasons to travel his road. It was normally his business to assist wagon trains and the caravans in trouble as they traveled through the territory.

(Continued on Page 51)

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An Indian Fandango

The Indians danced the Fandango for many different reasons.

By J. M. Hutchins

TO the casual observer, a fandango, or Indian ball, is a wild, careless, free-and-easy dancing and feasting party, and nothing more. To the Indians it is a friendly gathering of the remnants of their race, for the purpose of cementing and perpetuating the bonds of family and tribal union more closely; and at the same time to orally transmit to posterity the noble deeds and valorous actions of their ancestors.

Any particular tribe wishing to give a fandango sends messengers to all the chiefs of the surrounding tribes to whom they wish to give the invitation, accompanied by a bundle of reeds or sticks, which indicate the number of days before it takes place; but sometimes notches are cut in a twig, or knots are tied in a string, for that purpose.

Extensive preparations are immediately entered upon for a grand feast, and everything within the limit of Indian purveyance is pressed into service. Nor is it to be supposed that those giving the invitation are the only contributors, by any means, inasmuch as every attendant takes something to make up the general variety, and to add to that valuable quality in an Indian's estimation — quantity. At such times, too, presents of blankets and other valuables are brought and exchanged.

At these festive seasons, both males and females dress themselves according to their most extravagant notion of paint and features. Several weeks are frequently consumed in making headdresses, and other ornaments, of shells, beads, top-knots of quails, and the heads and wings of redheaded woodpeckers. When the day of the feast arrives, groups of Indians may be seen wending their hilarious way to the festive scene; and, as many have to travel fifteen or twenty miles, the whole first day is consumed in assembling together, and gossiping over family matters.

(Continued on Page 56)

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The Winchester Story

By Thomas E. Hall
Curator, Winchester Gun Museum

With this article we end our interesting series, "The Winchester Story". After the Model 1873, Winchester weapons entered a more modern era beyond that vital period to which "Real West" is dedicated. But beyond these pages the Winchester story continues for all those who admire fine, modern sporting arms.

"THE GUN THAT WON THE WEST" — THE MODEL 1873

With the commercially successful establishment of Winchester in the early 1870's (a firm business foothold having been gained in the late 1860's), it was proved that a repeating rifle could be made that possessed all the requisites of a good all around multi-shot firearm that could be discharged from the shoulder.

Such a rifle had to sell at a price within the financial means of most shooters; it had to be accurate and powerful enough to bring down game the size of a buffalo at from 50 to 100 yards; it had to be rugged enough to remain operative in all kinds and extremes of weather, wet or dry, hot or cold, or in a country where a considerable amount of dust might get into the mechanism. The rifle also had to be light enough to be carried on a long journey without undue fatigue, and it had to be quick handling, yet heavy enough to handle a medium-power cartridge without excessive recoil.

The first Winchester, the Model 1866 with its .44 caliber rim fire cartridge, and to an even greater extent the second Winchester, the Model 1873 with its .44-40 center fire cartridge, possessed all of these characteristics.

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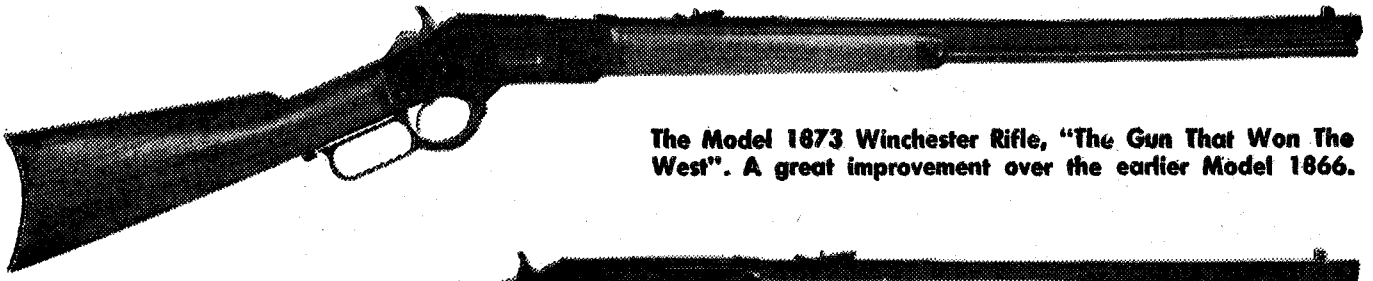
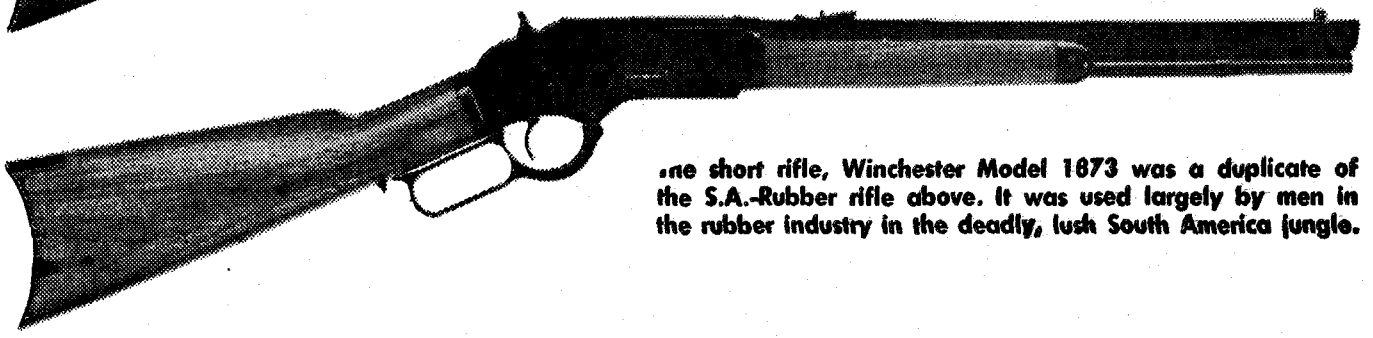


The Model 1873 Winchester Rifle, "The Gun That Won The West". A great improvement over the earlier Model 1866.



One short rifle, Winchester Model 1873 was a duplicate of the S.A.-Rubber rifle above. It was used largely by men in the rubber industry in the deadly, lush South America jungle.

The Model 73 was largely the creation of T. G. Bennett, Oliver Winchester's son-in-law. In 1871 Mr. Bennett became secretary of the company and later served as vice president, remaining in that position until his election as president in 1890.

The Winchester Model 1873 was a great improvement over the Model 1866, although built along the same general lines. Principal changes involved strengthening of the mechanism and the adapting of parts to handle the heavier center fire cartridges. A sliding lid, or mortise cover, was added to close the ejection port in the top of the frame in order to keep water and dirt out of the action. The brass frame and brass butt plates were discontinued in favor of forged iron which was changed to steel in 1881. The wood forestock was lengthened considerably on the musket. The barrel used on the musket was increased from 27 to 30 inches, and half octagon barrel for the sporting rifle was added.

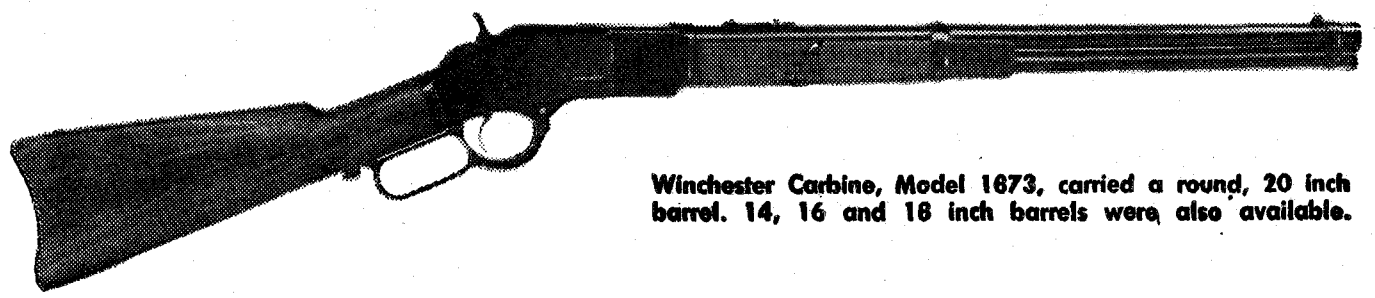
The most accurate barrels were reserved for special orders, as shown by the following quotation appearing in the catalogs of 1875 and 1876:

"The barrel of every sporting rifle we make will be proved and shot at a target and the target will be numbered to correspond with the barrel and be attached to it. All of these barrels that are found to make targets of extra merit will be made up into guns with set triggers and extra finish and marked as a designating name, "one of a thousand," and sold at $100.00. The next grade of barrels, not quite so fine, will be marked "one of a hundred" and set up to order in any style at $20.00 advance over the list price of the corresponding style of gun."

Factory records show the first delivery of Model 1873 rifles to warehouse stock was made on Sept. 26, 1873.

Like the Model 66, the Winchester 73 was a lever action repeating rifle, with a visible hammer and tubular magazine below the barrel. It was made in solid frame, with the exception of the first few thousand which were chambered for .22 caliber in 1884-85. These early models were made in take-down form by having a taper pin which could be drawn out, thus separating the barrel, forearm and magazine from the frame.

The 73 was made in sporting rifle, special sporting rifle, carbine and musket styles, with the muskets made to take either an angular or sabre bayonet. Round, octagonal or half octagonal barrels were available in 20 or 24 inches for the sporting rifle, 20 inches round for the carbine and 30 inches round for the musket.



Winchester Carbine, Model 1873, carried a round, 20 inch barrel. 14, 16 and 18 inch barrels were also available.

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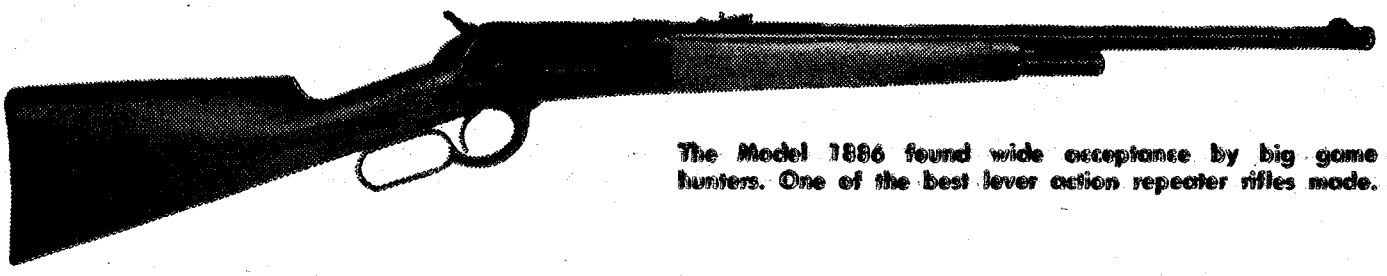
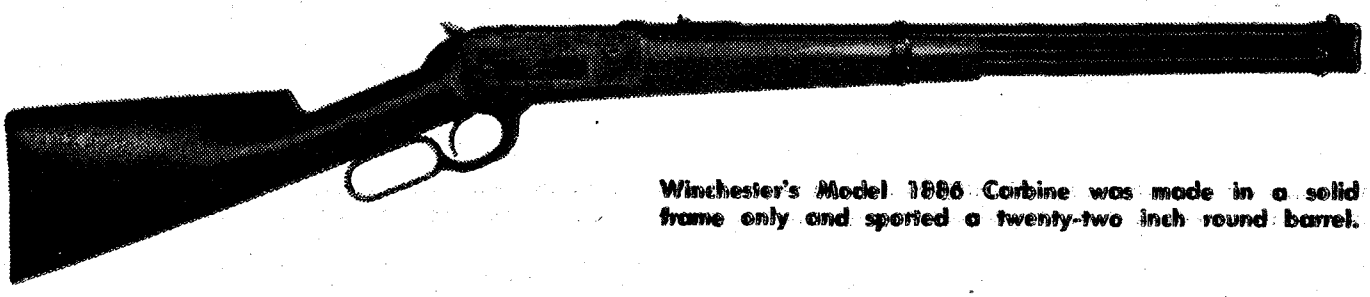
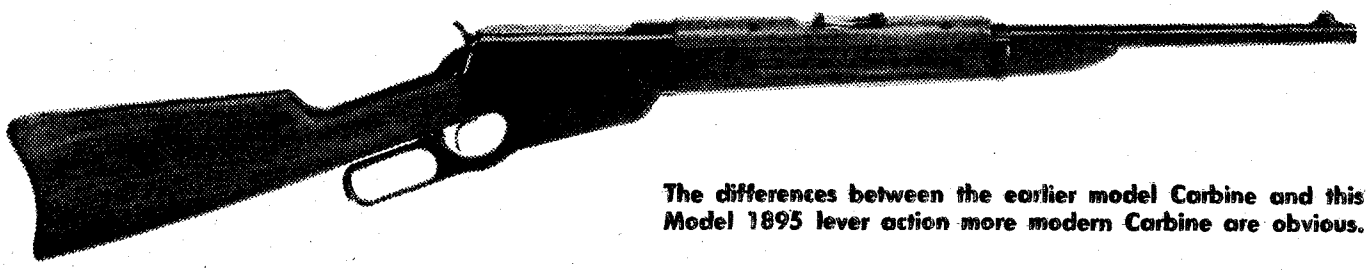


The Model 1886 found wide acceptance by big game hunters. One of the best lever action repeater rifles made.



Winchester's Model 1886 Carbine was made in a solid frame only and sported a twenty-two inch round barrel.



The differences between the earlier model Carbine and this Model 1895 lever action more modern Carbine are obvious.

Shorter barrels, round and octagon, 20, 18, 16 and 14 inches in length, were also furnished on rifle and carbines. These shorter barrels were used largely by the rubber industry in the crowded jungles of South America.

Extra length barrels and magazines and extra heavy barrels, round or octagon, were furnished at extra cost.

The magazine capacity for the sporting rifle was 15 cartridges; sporting rifle with short magazine, six cartridges; carbine, 12 cartridges; and musket, 17 cartridges. The calibers were .44-40 (1873), .38-40 (1879), .32-20 (1882) and .22 rim fire (1884). Shotgun buttstocks were listed as a special in 1879.

It is generally conceded that the Winchester Model 1873 was the first repeating rifle made in this country that was chambered for .22 caliber rim fire cartridges. It was a satisfactory firearm, although its sale was considerably restricted by the general preference for the larger and more powerful calibers then in common use.

The Model 1873 accounted for the following "firsts" for Winchester.

Their first center fire firearm.
" " firearm chambered for .22 caliber rim fire cartridges.
" " set trigger as a special.
" " shotgun butt type stock as a special (1879).
" " selected barrels as a special.
" " center fire cartridge, the .44 WCF (.44-40 Winchester).

In 1878 the Colt Patent Firearms Company chambered its single action "Frontier" revolver for .44-40 cartridges used in the Winchester Model 73. These two famous firearms, of course, played a prominent role in the romance and history connected with the winning of the West.

The manufacture of the Model 1873 was discontinued in 1919, the last one being sold new from the factory in 1924. A total of 720,610 were manufactured.

— THE END —

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FACE OF FORTUNE

By Jan Bob

McGee learned, in a strange way, that a hideous face is no bar to true love.

■ Whatever Jonathan McGee's dreams had been of home, a family and peaceful security with his fiancee Albeth Anderson, all seemed ended when a premature blast of a powder charge disfigured his face beyond all repair.

It seemed a useless waste of gold dust to pay doctors to repair the face that could now only be considered partially human. The grim set of his mouth, which was now no more than a thin, whitened line, thinned even more as he thought of the beautiful girl he had left back in Boston. Albeth and he had agreed that their prospects of marriage would be greatly enhanced if he took his chances in the California gold fields, rather than try to eke out a living for both of them with his clerking job in a small grocery store. It was a chance, of course, but there were fortunes to be made and Jonathan meant to make one of them.

With no more knowledge of mining than a novice in a nunnery, Jonathan washed out gravels frequently standing in the icy Sierran streams from dawn to dusk. What gold he washed out was carefully stashed away, and Jonathan didn't fritter his gold dust away on drink or gambling in nearby Sonora. Each day he was putting away more than he could have earned as a grocery clerk in a month. Finally he hefted his pouches of dust and estimated their worth. There was enough, he knew, to pay for Albeth's safe passage around the Horn on one of the best ships. He bought an express order and enclosed it with the letter asking that she take the next available ship. Then he turned back to mining, to put even more away.

A friend showed Jonathan a piece of strata which contained pieces of jewelry gold stuck in the rock like raisins in a pudding. Their first attempts were successful in prying out the nuggets of almost pure gold. But a few days later when one of the charges didn't explode as expected, Jonathan went back to find the cause of the trouble. A faulty fuse finally touched off the charge, leaving Jonathan a broken, bleeding wreck. When he finally saw his face he knew that no girl would want to be married to such a monster. As soon as he was able, Jonathan wrote a frantic heartbroken letter to Albeth telling her that he had changed his mind, and didn't want her to come after all.

But he knew it was futile; his first letter would have arrived weeks before and Albeth would be on her way. What could he do? Jonathan couldn't, wouldn't leave Albeth to fend for herself in a strange California. He finally decided to return to work and gather as much gold as he could for her return home, let her see him, then live a life of loneliness as a bachelor. He was still uncertain what he would do when there was a knock on the cabin door. Instantly he recognized the voice.

It was Albeth, who had docked two days early on the UNION STAR and taken the stage directly to Sonora.

It was too late now. He couldn't run. Jonathan decided he might just as well shock Albeth with a full-faced greeting, though it would certainly be enough to drive her back home. With that Jonathan flung open the cabin door and looked into the lovely face of Albeth.

She rushed to him, arms oustretched. Her soft lips pressed against his. Her expression betrayed not one line of disgust or horror even after looking at his face!

Jonathan McGee looked just as handsome as ever to Albeth. During the long ship voyage from Boston, a flash fire in her stateroom had blinded her permanently. Kind friends had guided her immediately to the man who could care for her. To Albeth, her husband would always look as handsome as the day he left Boston to win his fortune. **RW**

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NELLIE CASHMAN'S SECRET MINE

By J. S. Qualey

Nellie Cashman's kindness had long been a legend in the old West. But few knew the strange story of her mystery mine, and nobody today knows where it was or what happened to it.

AUGUST 24, 1884, was a day of unusual excitement for the town of Tombstone. Three men and a woman were getting on the stage in front of the Palace Hotel and a good part of the town was out in the street, cheering them on with laughter and jokes.

The Tombstone *Epitaph,* that cantankerous newspaper, dubbed this "The day of silly hop." Most of the crowd agreed and the three men and the woman weren't sure but the newspaper was right. Three days before, a Mexican who gave his name as Pedro Gomez appeared in Tombstone and dumped some solid gold nuggets on the bar at the Palace and made some vague remarks about finding them in Lower California, near the town of Mulege, sometimes spelled Mulega.

By 1884 the Gold Nugget Con Man was a familiar sight in the West, and by that year only tenderfeet or pure suckers would fall for his game. It always followed a pattern. The Gold Nugget Con Man would ride into a Western town, preferably in or near a gold mining area, dump some gold nuggets on the bar, let the men at the bar get a good look, and then he would go into his selling game.

THERE would be vague hints of fantastic pure gold nuggets lying on the ground or in shallow water ready to be picked up. His description of the location was always too vague to mean anything. Then if anybody showed the proper sucker interest, the con man would talk about a map. This map could have been left by a Spanish priest, an ancient prospector, or an Indian.

An important part of the con man's game was a bad cough. He would admit that he had only a short time to live and because he had to get back to England or some distant shore he was willing to sell the map. Gullible as this all sounded, these Gold Nugget Con Men reaped a harvest in the first days of the game. In many places they started a mad rush by all able bodied men in the town for this fictitous gold field.

However, within a short time the West got onto the game. Gold men knew that nuggets, no matter how big, found in streams or on the ground never presented any fabulous wealth. It was the discovery of the mother lode in ore that made millionaires overnight. Then, too, news of the suckers getting caught in the game spread rapidly, and by 1884 it was a pretty hard game to play and a con man who managed to entice one or two suckers for a small amount was lucky.

So when Pedro Gomez walked in to the Palace and dumped the nuggets on the bar, he got only a belly laugh from the men around him. Tombstone was hardly the town for any gold play. It was strictly a silver town, and where silver could be dug in a man's back yard at paying quantities, the lure of gold wasn't too strong.

Yet Pedro Gomez was a little different from the usual Gold Nugget Con Operator. He never mentioned any-

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thing about a map or wanting money. He gave a good hint where the gold had been found and then he disappeared as quickly as he had appeared.

Tombstone gave his pay a sneering smile. That is, all but three men and one woman. These three men and one woman were impressed with what he had shown and what he had said. These men and the woman were more or less experts on gold mining and they had heard rumors of gold finds in Lower California. Added to this, all had a spirit of adventure and the idea of finding gold nuggets lying on the ground fascinated them.

The three men were Kirk Troy, Bill Perkins and John Hall. They are not important in the story. The woman is. She was the famed Nellie Cashman, probably the most remarkable female to come out of the old West. To many she is known as "The Angel of Tombstone" (REAL WEST, March, 1960). This was only one phase of her amazing and versatile life.

Nellie Cashman was born in Ireland and in looks was a typical Irish colleen, hair was raven black, eyes a deep blue, complexion pink and white, Celtic features exquisitely attractive. In 1868 when she was eighteen, her family migrated to the United States, the father and mother and two brothers remaining in Boston. Nellie craved excitement and found the life of an Irish colleen in Boston not too pleasant. So she and her sister, Kate, two years older, made the trip to San Francisco in one of the first transcontinental trains, an event requiring sturdy courage and ability to suffer hardships.

In San Francisco Kate married Philip Cunningham and settled down to having babies. Nellie wanted none of this. Adventure was the bone, and the marrow of the bone, to her. She followed gold strikes, went into the north country — anywhere and everywhere she might find adventure. She had a gracious dramatic quality that attracted attention wherever she went and to whatever she did. She had a deep and abiding warmth toward her fellow man, and if sickness struck, she was always there. If some poor miner was without a grubstake, Nellie got it for him. With her warmth and love of humanity went her faith in the Catholic church, the religion of her childhood.

SHE made fortunes in gold fields and promptly gave these fortunes to those less fortunate. In 1880 tragedy struck the family of her sister. The sister and husband died, leaving five small children. Nellie journeyed to San Francisco, took the five little ones under her wing. Tombstone was booming and she went there with the five orphans and started a restaurant to feed those five hungry little mouths. She was mother to them and she was a mother to every cowpoke down on his luck, every hungry prospector — anybody in need. She was truly named "The Angel of Tombstone".

Picture of Nellie Cashman taken just before her death

The type of stage Nellie Cashman and the men used to reach mine

But after four years Nellie's feet itched for far away places and adventures, and when Pedro Gomez came along with his cock and bull story about gold nuggets being found on the ground in Lower California, Nellie couldn't resist the temptation to join Kirk Troy, Bill Perkins and John Hall in the search for these gold nuggets. There was another reason for Nellie's decision. She knew more about gold than most men, and one thing about those nuggets of Pedro Gomez intrigued her.

Nuggets taken from a river are usually round. The ones Pedro Gomez had were both round and flat. The flat nugget was usually found in a river bed where there had been no water for years or under the surface of what was once a lava bed.

This convinced Nellie Cashman that Pedro Gomez's nuggets weren't ones that had been used for a con game.

(Continued on Page 68)

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ONE LAST GAMBLE

He had gambled fortunes and had won and lost, but this gamble, he intuitively sensed, would have to be the last.

By Jan Bob

AMONG those who went West were men who lived without work and women who lived without shame. And there was only a wavering, undefined line which decided who was bad and who was good.

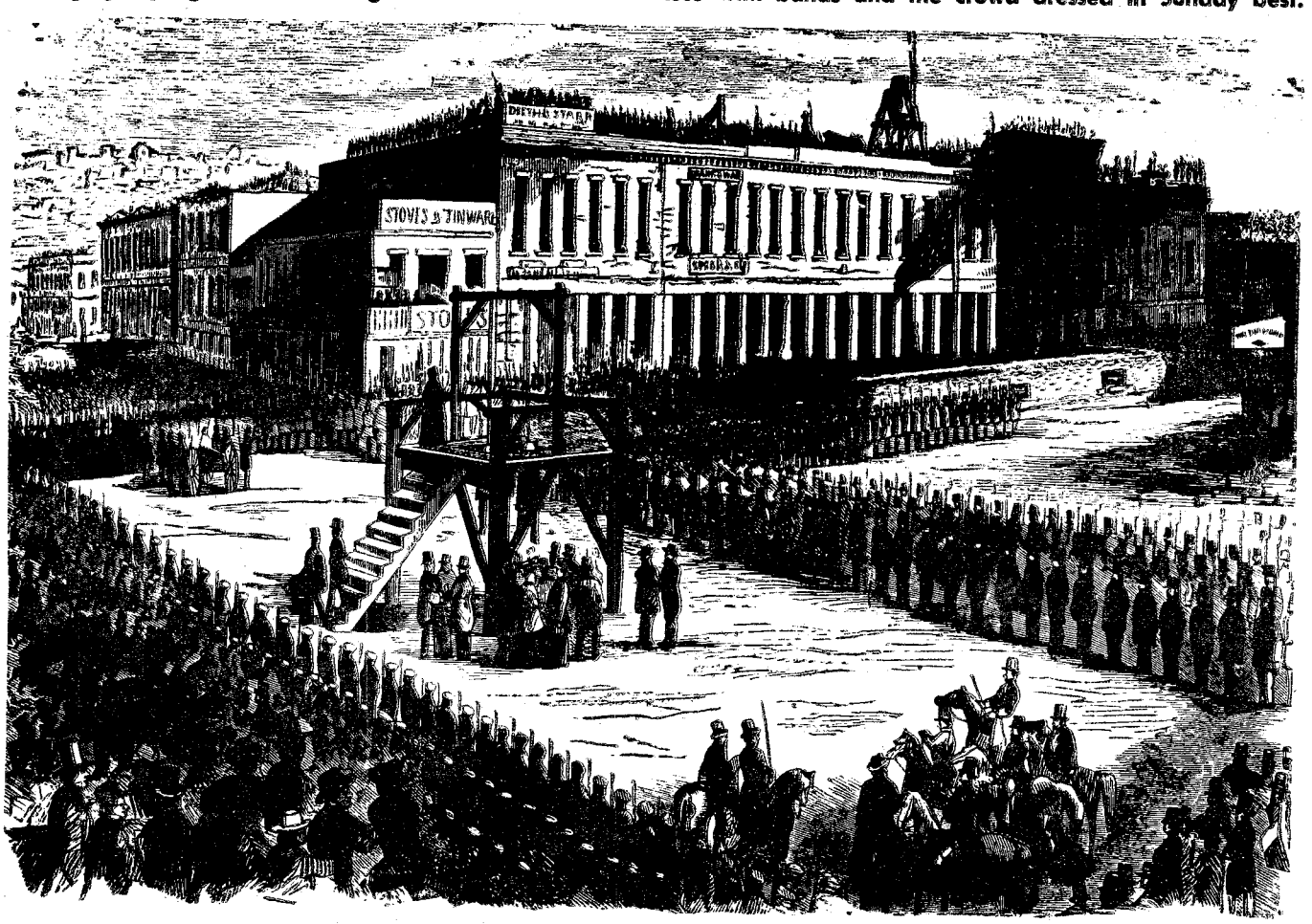
A saloon keeper or a gambler could be, and many times was, the leading citizen in a town. But a man who couldn't hold his liquor was a bum. A man could shoot another human almost without fear of punishment or retribution, but a man who stole a horse was usually hanged without a trial.

With women the decision was a trifle easier to make. They either walked the primrose path, or they didn't. And there was no middle road.

Into this atmosphere rode Charles Cora and his consort Bella, making the beginning of a controversy which still rages to this day. Cora was an honest, skilled professional gambler who murdered a man and received a cruel fate which many consider unjust. Others don't. But there is room for argument.

IT all began with a beautiful young woman, Arabella Ryan, the handsome young daughter of a Baltimore clergyman. She was seventeen, of slight, seductive build, crowned with long blonde hair and a delicately featured face punctuated with gray eyes that were as alluring and lethal as seeds from the poppy. With all of her charm, Arabella didn't lack for suitors. One betrayed her. When her secret became known, her father insisted she leave home.

Hangings by vigilantes were a gala occasion in San Francisco with bands and the crowd dressed in Sunday best.



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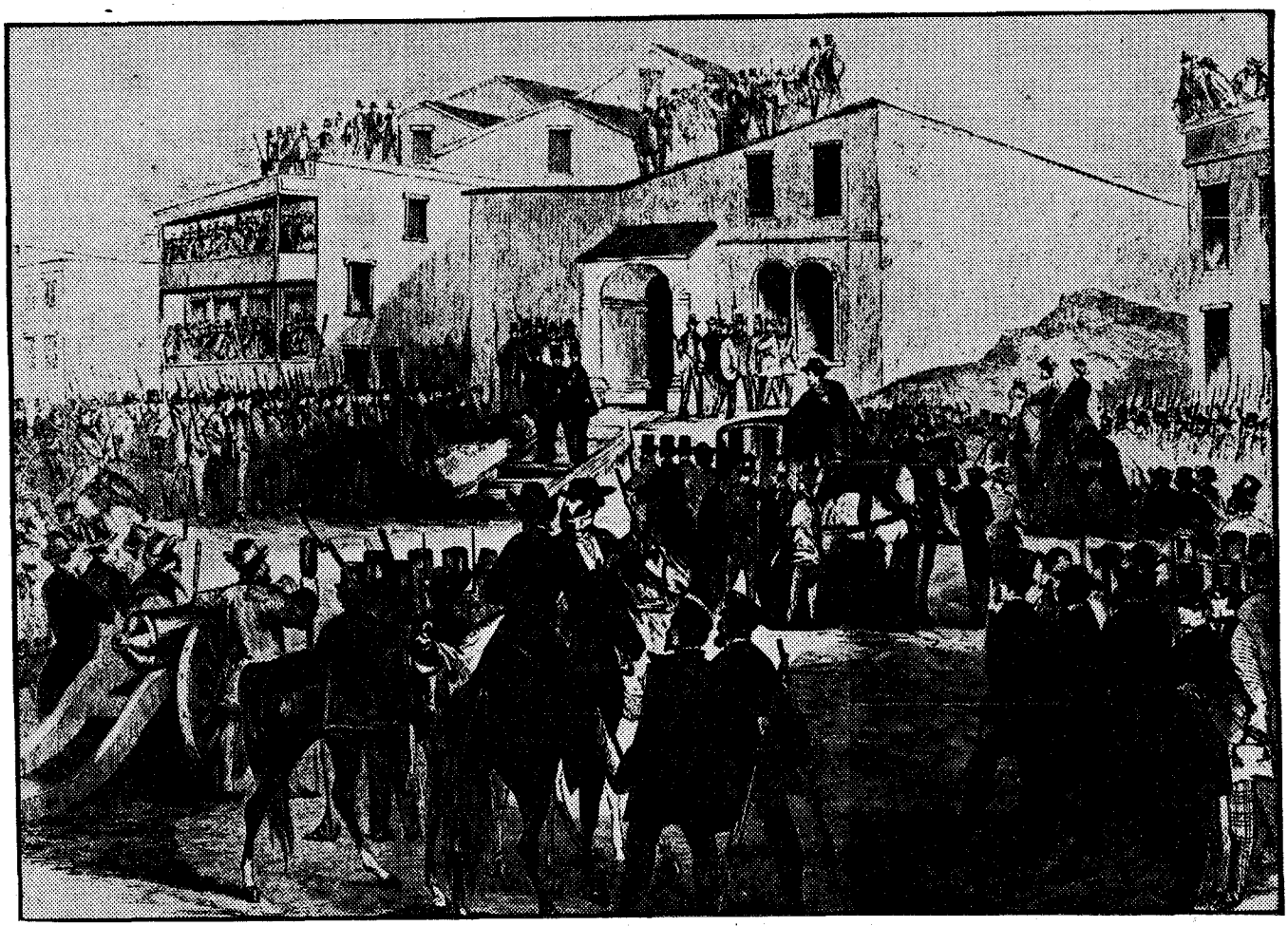

Cora and Casey being arrested in front of the jail with all the fanfare of an army going into a bloody battle.

Not knowing anywhere else to go, Arabella headed for New Orleans where her baby was born, dead. In despair, she went to St. Mary's Market in Tchoupitoulas Street hard by the Mississippi. It was there she met a woman who offered to care for her, then later lead her into the oldest profession.

It was there in St. Mary's Market, too, that she met a handsome gambler named Charles Cora. He was of medium height, slim, with an olive skin and a whisker-thin mustache. Cora was dressed to the nines in a white suit, Panama hat and fine patent leather boots.

He had been a foundling and was reared by a brothel housekeeper at Natchez-under-the-Hill, where he learned to count by adding the spots on dice and to read by identifying playing cards. Some say his first word was "ace."

CORA seemed to have been born lucky. (He was, except once). He had an uncanny knack of being able to guess whether a faro bank (which was his favorite game) was being manipulated against him. He then turned the advantage to himself. By the time he was sixteen Cora was a professional gambler in the best sense and a gambler who won in one six month streak of luck $85,000 from the faro bank in the New Orleans and Vicksburg areas. Cora said that he had won at least $300,000 during his gambling career.

It was during one of these lucky streaks, during 1834 when he was about 18, that Cora met the wily, rapacious Colonel J. J. Bryant. Cora had been skirmishing against the faro banks and had made a $50,000 foray from the banks mostly controlled by Bryant.

Now Bryant was the type of man who never let anyone have a cent he could get away with by trick or deceit, and he never had an intention of discharging an honest debt of any kind. It naturally irked him that Cora, a callow youth, be allowed to strut the city with $50,000 in his pockets, most of it the courtly colonel's. Bryant thought up a complicated scheme to reduce Cora to a pauper.

WHATEVER else he was Bryant did have a grand manner. He began paying a great deal of attention to Cora, entertaining him at dinner and publicly congratulating him on his consistent victories over the faro banks. Cora was, of course, highly flattered with all of this attention and was a soft touch for a $10,000 loan which the Colonel requested for a few days. Bryant slipped the money to a confederate who immediately opened a no-limit faro bank. The Colonel then roped Cora into playing the faro bank, unknowingly against his own money!

The Colonel about busted his galluses when Cora walked away from the table a few hours later with all of the $10,000.

Next day, the Colonel got another $10,000 loan, opened another faro bank, roped Cora into playing against it. Cora won that $10,000 too!

The Colonel was apopletic with the turn of affairs, but he was equal to the occasion. Within a week, he had fenagled another $15,000 from Cora, which the youngster quickly won back. Colonel Bryant now owed Cora $35,000 which he had no intention of repaying and when Cora was tipped off to Bryant's scheme, the Colonel simply hired a thug to scare Cora out of town. It was some time after this that Cora met Bella.

(Continued on Page 52)

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Practical Jokers Of Palisade

It was a full fledged conspiracy between the residents of Palisade, Nevada, and the train crews of the Central Pacific Railroads. For all the outside world knew, this little town was the toughest in the West and westbound travelers would be the first to swear to it.

Every day during the early 1870's the trains chuffed into Palisade for a water and fuel stop. The Easterners usually took advantage of the opportunity to get out and stretch their legs. A few of the more timid would get back on the train when they saw the group of loungers, all heavily armed, scowling at each other and the train passengers. And the train was suddenly full again when a gun fight suddenly erupted. The men would fire at each other at close range, and the horrified spectators would see the men drop, huge pools of blood seeping into the ground!

Women fainted and the men turned white as the bullets whistled about the station and the train. It was surely a miracle that none of the passengers or crew members were ever hit. An alert observer might also have seen that the dead and dying were carried into a nearby saloon where they received treatment for their horrendous wounds then returned to the battle.

But before things got better, they got worse.

Just as the train was about to pull out a band of war-painted savages rode into Palisade and immediately set upon the gun fighters, stabbing and scalping their helpless victims in typical Indian fashion.

It was a thankful group of train passengers that finally left the scene of death and destruction behind them at Palisade. Many immediately sat down and wrote letters back home telling of the pitched battle they had just witnessed.

Of course the slaughter at Palisade was a palpable, egregious fraud but it was born of some idle jokester's mind who fretted at the time on his hands. As the joke caught on, the town and the friendly nearby Shoshones decided to take a hand in the game. As the imaginations ran rampant, buckets of blood were brought down from the slaughterhouse just before the arrival of the daily overland limited.

But there were even more far-reaching results. Palisade, Nevada, though one of the smallest boom camps, became perhaps the best known in the entire West. There were informal groups of travelers who boasted of having lived through the "gun battles at Palisade" and to their own credit re-tell and embellish the dangers they had experienced even while moving west. And there were always plenty of wide-eyed listeners to hear the stories, which few questioned.

Luckily there was no statistically-minded listener as the number of casualties recounted day-by-day and month after month would have been staggering. No cemetery in the world could have held them all; and the West instead of experiencing a vast influx of population would have been completely depopulated.

But no one ever thought to dissect the joke, and the laughs went on even long after Palisade itself had been depopulated — but not from the deaths attributable to its gun fights.

JAN YOUNG

THE DALTON BROTHERS, PART II

(Continued from Page 26)

The scenes that took place in the two banks must be described in detail in order to be understood.

Chapter XII

THE five robbers now reached the door of the Condon Bank. Emmet and Bob stood outside for a minute or so. The others went within. There behind the counters, with interposing panels of glass and wickets of brass, were Charles Ball, the cashier, and Charles Carpenter, one of the proprietors of the bank.

In the safe in the vault was $18,000.

Grat Dalton addressed himself at once to business. Broadwell took his stand at one door and Powers at the other. With oaths and threats they demanded that the cashier place all the bank's money in a two-bushel wheat sack, which was produced, and fingers trifled with triggers with menacing carelessness.

"The time-lock doesn't go off until 9:45 o'clock," said the cashier, blandly conscious that the safe stood unlocked.

As he spoke, fat, gray-bearded John D. Levan, the money loaner, was across the street. There was no one in sight as he crossed from the west. He had heard that the Daltons were coming, and he meant to warn the bankers. He opened the door, and as he did so his arm was grasped by a muscular hand, and he was jerked within, a prisoner.

"The time-lock doesn't go off until 9:45 o'clock?" said Grat Dalton. "Well, time'll be up in three minutes. We'll wait."

Those three minutes cost the members of the Dalton gang their lives and treasure. The men of the town awoke in that time to action. The delay was fatal, and it was the lie of the quick-witted cashier which occasioned it.

Dry goods clerk James leisurely crossed the street. He had a draft to be cashed, and his mind was on ribbons, not robbers. Like Levan, he, too, opened the bank door, and he, too, was grasped as he entered and held prisoner at the Winchester's muzzle, but the robbers did not fail to improve the three minutes' wait to the utmost. They compelled cashier Ball to put in the bag all the currency in the drawer. Some three thousand dollars in silver they rejected as weighty and useless.

"How much cash did the books show to be on hand the night before at the close of business?" Grat Dalton asked.

"Four thousand dollars," said the cashier. "The money for the day's

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business will come later by express."

Luther Perkins, the capitalist, who owns the bank building, hearing the noise below and seeing from his window armed men enter the First National Bank across the street, took a pistol in each hand and went down the back stairway. There he opened the rear door of the Condon Bank and Broadwell had his Winchester upon him before he could move a step. Mr. Perkins shutting the door hastily, retreated with his pistols up the stairway to his office.

There was hurrying about of men from store to store in search of arms and confused preparations for attack on all sides of the square, and before the expiration of that three minute wait it was learned that the Dalton gang was to work in both banks.

On the east side iceman Cyrus Lee spread the alarm. He was on his wagon in front of the First National Bank when Emmet and Bob Dalton passed before him and entered the money changer's house. Despite a false beard he knew Bob at once. He jumped from his wagon and rushed into Isham's hardware store, next door to the bank.

"The Daltons are robbing the bank!" he cried, and cattle dealer J. H. Wilcox called out from his office above the Condon Bank. Folks in the stores laughed at Lee, but, nevertheless, he ran with his warning to every store on the east side of the square.

Just as he reached the south end of the block, harness maker Miller opened fire on the robbers in the Condon Bank with his Winchester.

(Editor's note: Failure here to give Charley Grump, the drayman, credit for yelling the alarm is another variation between this version of the raid and most of the articles written about it. Few writers have mentioned Cyrus Lee, the iceman, but in the confusion of that moment, it is possible several persons saw the outlaws and gave the alarm. This could account for the difference in newspaper reports at the time and this version of the alarm.)

After the first shot he gained a station on top of the awning and pumped bullets quickly through the window of the bank eighty yards away. The first shot pierced the plate-glass window front and slightly wounded Broadwell.

"I'm shot," he cried.

Miller was joined by others in the attack. The patter of bullets became a shower and then a storm; but the desperadoes bided their time and made no present attempt to fight or flee, though bullets hustled in from all parts of the square before them.

Meanwhile all went well with Bob and Emmet Dalton, and their visit to the First National Bank had proceeded most favorably, as far as their interests were concerned.

When the two men entered the bank, cashier Thomas G. Ayers and W. H. Shepherd, the teller, were in the front room behind the counter, and J. H. Brewster was transacting business with the former. They covered all three of these gentlemen with their Winchesters, and addressing Mr. Ayers by name, directed him to hand over all the money in the bank.

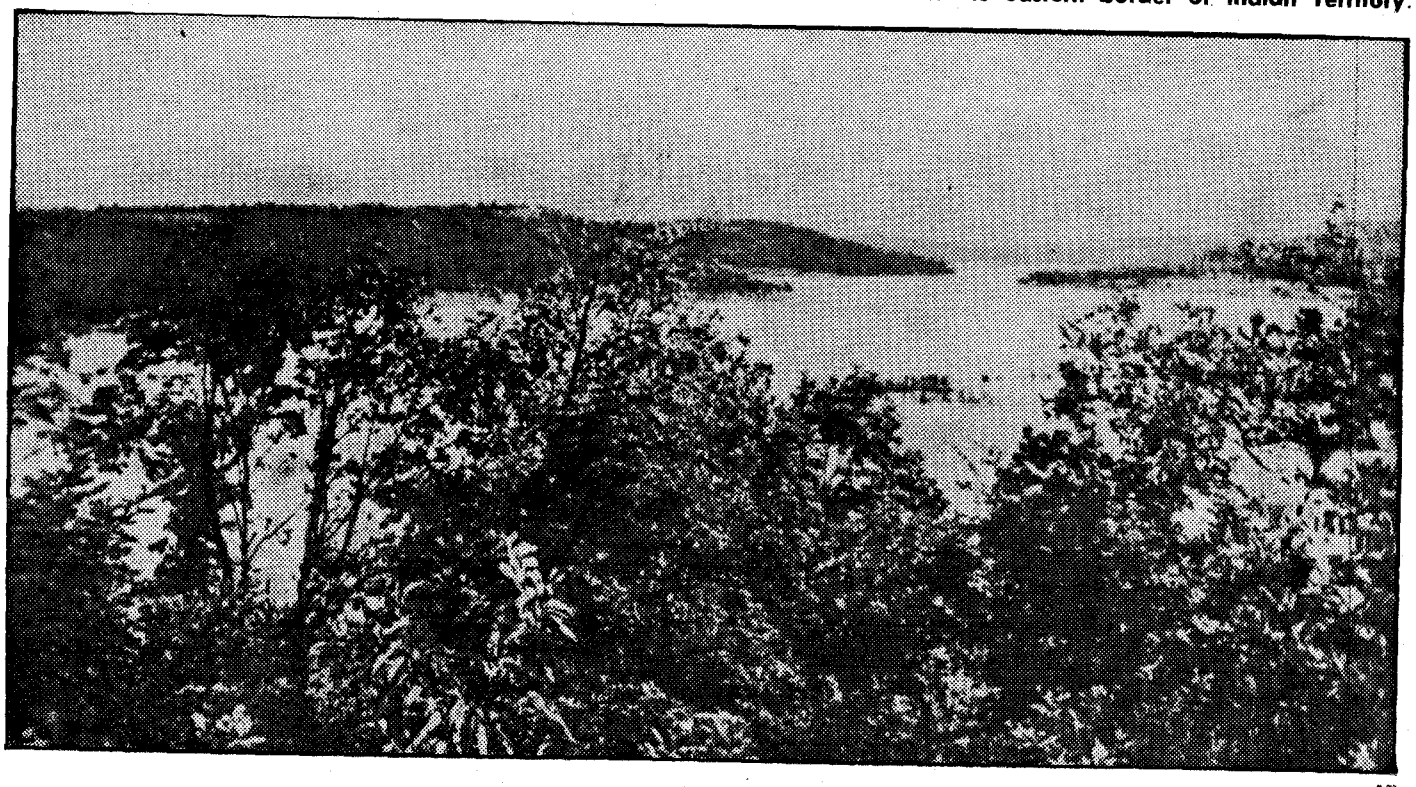
Dick Broadwell was a former cowboy who joined the Daltons for excitement.

At the same time one of the men, keeping his Winchester at ready command, ran into the back room and drove Bert S. Ayers, the bookkeeper, into the front part of the building where the vault is located.

Cashier Ayers very deliberately handed over the currency and gold on the counter, making as many deliveries as possible, in order to secure delay in hope of help arriving.

The bandit then ordered Mr. Ayers to bring out the money that was in the

The Daltons found their best hideout in the wild country of the Cookson Hill on the eastern border of Indian Territory.



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vault. The cashier brought forth a package containing $5,000 and handed that over. About this time the fellow who was behind the counter discovered where the money was located, and proceeded to help himself to the contents of the burglar-proof chest, all of which, together with the money taken by the first burglar, was stuffed in a common grain sack and carefully tied up.

They then undertook to put the three bankers out at the front door, but a shot from the outside, just as Mr. Ayers reached the pavement, evidently changed their plans, for the fusillade of lead which swept up the square, made sheer madness any attempt to cross it in safety to their horses in the alley beyond.

Bob and Emmet accordingly turned and went out of the rear entrance of the bank, intending to go north in the alley to the first street, where the engine house fronts, then west to the business houses fronting the square from that direction, and then unperceived south to their horses in the alley.

They let the Ayers, father and son, and Shepherd go.

Chapter XIII

THE noise of the first shot had brought every man in the business center of the city into immediate action.

From every advantage point a rifle or pistol sent lead hurling at the robbers now caged in the Condon Bank, but Bob and Emmet Dalton were not forgotten.

It had been their plan, as the wounded Emmet confessed, to rob the banks without losing or killing a man.

"Bob wanted to show Coffeyville what he could do," gasped Emmet in explanation — and he did.

The brothers had no sooner gained the alley than they met Lucius M. Baldwin, a twenty-two year old clerk, whose widowed mother lives in Burlington, Kansas. Baldwin had gone to Isham's hardware store at the first alarm and there snatched up a pistol, for all the hardware dealers of the city made free to all comers their stocks of firearms.

Baldwin hastily ran through the store, out in the alley behind, with the intent to take the Daltons in the rear.

One of the robbers ordered him to stop, but Baldwin did not hear the command, and mistaking the parties for men who were guarding the bank, continued to advance toward them.

Just then one of the robbers drew up his Winchester and exclaiming, "I have got to get that man," fired. The ball entered Mr. Baldwin's left breast, just below the heart, and he fell dying on the spot.

Several persons who were in the alley without arms, seeing the condition of affairs, took refuge in an adjoining building, while the robbers ran northward in the alley to Eighth Street and thence west to Union Street near Mahan & Custer's store, the one with the sack keeping in front of the other, the latter carrying his Winchester at a all times ready.

Bob's plan of escape was working well so far. He joined his brother Emmet in a run and they soon gained the north end of the alley, the rattle of firearms in the square lending their heels swiftness.

Going west they ran in the center of the street. When they reached the

Grat Dalton in coffin at Coffeyville.

square they saw armed men pouring lead into the Condon Bank in a noisy stream. They hoped to cross unseen, and might have done so had it not been for the irresistible instinct to kill.

George Cubine, who worked in the shoe-shop of D. W. Cubine, his uncle, near the northwest corner of the square, pistol in hand, stood in the walk in the front of Rammel Bros.' Drug Store looking south in the direction of the entrance to the First National Bank, awaiting the exit of the robbers.

By the side of Cubine, who had in old days been a personal friend of the Dalton brothers, stood unarmed Charles Brown, a fellow shoemaker and an old, harmless man. Cubine's back was turned to the Daltons, but Bob could not resist the temptation to stop and shoot.

The bullet crashed into Cubine's heart and he dropped dead on the walk. Brown stooped to pick up the revolver from his companion's nerveless hand, and as he straightened his body another bullet from that same deadly Winchester hit him and he fell on Cubine's body.

The delay, though short as it was, cost Bob a moment of time and drew on him the attention of the citizens which had chiefly been directed to the robbers in the Condon Bank.

As soon as Cashier Ayers, Bert and Shepherd found themselves in the street, driven out of the bank by the robbers, they ran into Isham's store adjoining. There the cashier caught a rifle from the hands of a man, and just as the two Daltons ran across the street, north, he caught sight of them from the door of the store.

At that very minute poor Cubine fell mortally wounded, followed almost instantly by old man Brown. Seeing this, Cashier Ayers knelt to shoot. He was within the door and almost hidden from observation by articles exposed for sale.

But Bob Dalton's quick eye saw him — the only thing in all that multitude of things that flashed in general view. The distance was fully seventy yards. Ayers had already aimed, yet in an inappreciable space of time that deadly Winchester came to Bob's shoulder and Ayers fell forward helplessly on the floor, a bullet in his head, his unused rifle in his sprawling hand. Blood spurted from the wound as if from a fountain.

Dalton laughed, and with his brother ran westward to the rear of the buildings, which there faces the square, and turning to the south they ran to the alley, where their horses were tied, Bob Dalton carrying in his arm the sack which held the stolen treasure.

Meanwhile, the three desperadoes in Condon's bank had kept silent, though the fire was terrific. With dogged tenacity they were waiting for the expiration of the time which the cashier said the time lock had been fixed for.

Dalton's first rifle shot was to them the signal for escape. They prepared to run out with such money as they had. All the town was firing at these robbers behind the plate-glass windows.

As soon as the shooting had begun, liveryman John Kloher, the best shot of the town, seeking a rifle, was given one by Barndollar from his own store. Gun in hand, he crossed to the southwest corner of the square and opened fire.

Boyish Harry Lang, undertaker Lang's son, on the east side of the square near the alley, had a shotgun loaded with bird shot. He offered it to a man who declined to shoot when he was told what the gun was loaded with, whereupon the boy himself joined in

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the general conflict, although his bird shot merely flattened on the plate-glass window.

With a shout the three outlaws ran from the entrance, and Powers caught sight of Charlie Gump, a laborer, with a pistol in hand. Crack went his Winchester; the pistol dropped, and a hole in Gump's wrist marked the bullet's course.

Volley after volley chased the fugitives. Matt Reynolds wounded Powers, who turned in his flight, made a face at Reynolds and returned the fire, wounding him in the foot. Joe Uncapper, from above the bank, wounded Broadwell with a bullet, but the man kept on and ran up the alley.

Bob and Emmet Dalton, approaching from the north in the rear of the business block facing the square, met Grat Dalton and his associates just as they all reached the barn where stood their horses. From the east up the alley came the flight of bullets. Bob Dalton tied the stolen $20,000 to the pommel of his saddle and said:

"We've got the swag, boys, and we'll keep it"; but the attack came closer. The squad on Isham's porch across the square kept their Winchesters hot.

John Kloher, running to the south of the block on the west side of the square, passed through his stable and came out behind a board fence on the alley, not fifty feet from where the Dalton gang came together.

Marshal Charles T. Connelly, taking the same course, had borrowed a rifle from Swisher's Gun Shop and came out upon the alley west of the robbers. He ran boldly out, looking westward and ignorant of the fact that the deperadoes were not fifty feet behind himself and Police Judge Charles Munn.

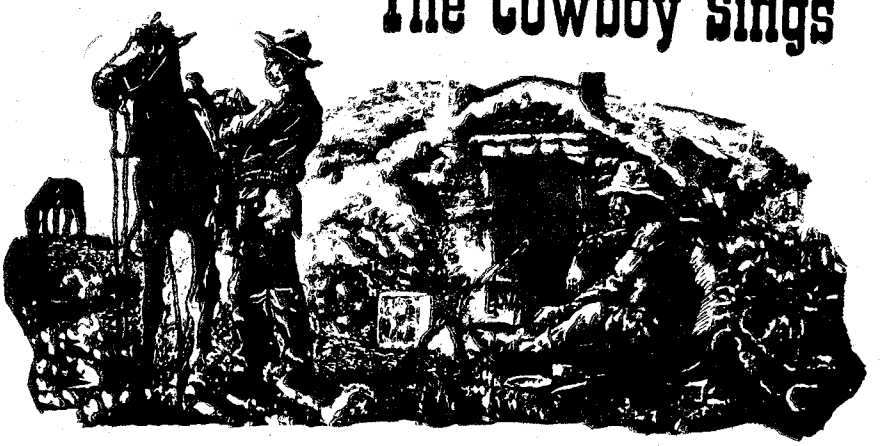
Grat Dalton raised his rifle, and fired. Connelly dropped with a fatal bullet in his breast. Grat wheeled about to face the increasing storm.

The firing was so brisk that the outlaws did not dare to mount their horses and attempt escape. Bill Powers shot and killed two horses attached to an oil tank because their plunging disturbed his aim.

From his position behind the fence nearby Kloher took aim at Bob Dalton, just as he was ejecting a shell. Dalton caught sight of him and worked with such incredible rapidity that when he fell with a bullet from Kloher's rifle in his bowels he discharged his reloaded gun. The bullet sped harmlessly in the air. There was a convulsive motion and Bob Dalton was dead.

(Editor's note: This version of the shooting of the outlaws varies considerably with the one given by many writers. These writers have the Daltons killed by men shooting through

The Cowboy Sings



COWBOY BALLADS are among the best-liked American folk songs today. The nostalgia and melancholy of these songs, or the rollicking rhythm, as the case might be, are as appealing to modern city folks as they were to the lonely cowpunchers who crooned them in the night watches of long ago.

It was the cowboys who had to stand night guard who developed the cowboy songs, and sang them for two definite reasons. First, they sang to keep themselves awake. Guarding a herd during a trail drive, or perhaps standing watch over a large band of horses, their chief concern often was to keep themselves from falling asleep on the job. Perhaps they had already done a hard day's work, and then must take a three or four hour turn at night duty as well. The soft darkness, and the quiet movements of the resting animals, were lulling, and the cowboys had to work at keeping themselves alert. So they sang endlessly.

The cowboys' voices raised in melancholy rhythm also served a purpose in keeping the animals quiet. A herd would lose its restlessness and settle down peacefully for the night when the sound of mournful singing drifted through the deepening darkness. Especially after the dreaded stampede did the cowboy ballad have a definite function in calming nervous cattle. Several of the cowhands would lope slowly around the massed herd, singing as they rode, and the jittery animals, influenced by the peaceful rhythm, would quiet down and forget the sudden fear which had driven them on a mad rampage.

A short song was no good. It had to be long, for the boys had a lot of time on their hands. Many songs took a half hour or more to get through. The cowboys improvised continually, so that no two versions of the standard ballads were the same. As to rhyme and rhythm, they didn't worry about that. Stanzas were all lengths, and so were lines, and the melody differed with the individual singing it. The ballads heard on today's stage, TV and radio have a finish and technique entirely foreign to the original products sung on the wide ranges of the West.

Since they sang so much while at work, the cowboys also enjoyed singing in their social hours. They liked to learn new songs, and were like housewives exchanging recipes, as they relaxed around evening campfires or in the bunkhouses. Partners on night guard would teach each other songs they knew, as they met on their lonely rounds through the night.

A good many of the songs were the sentimental type, and told long stories. There was the dolorous lament, with a refrain repeated over and over. There were songs expressing passionate love of their land, and loyalty to friends, sentiments of which the ordinary cowboy could sing when he could not possibly speak of them. There were folk songs, brought over from the old country, renewed and carried on in the cowboy fashion. And then, for cowboys had to laugh or they could not stand their hard, lonely life, there were the boisterous, rollicking songs of humor, of cowboys thrown from their horses, or the other things that make men laugh.

All his moods appeared in the songs that the cowboys sang long ago, as they appear in the songs of cowboys today. All America listens today to cowboy songs, and likes what it hears.

"LARIAT" JOHNSON

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the rear windows of the Isham store.)

Grat Dalton caught sight of the assailant behind the thin fence. He lifted his rifle, but again Kloher's Winchester spoke first and Grat Dalton fell dead with a bullet hole exactly in the center of his throat.

Emmet Dalton jumped to the saddle on Red Buck, his big bay racer, and transferred the money to his saddle. Bill Powers tried to mount his horse, when a shot from the squad on Isham's porch caught him in the breast, and tossing his gun up with a convulsive motion, he fell dead near his leader.

Dick Broadwell reached his saddle in safety and led Emmet Dalton in the race for the western end of the alley. A hail of bullets flew up the narrow alleyway. Broadwell reeled and blood spurted from his mouth, but he kept his saddle, crossed Maple Street, and spurred his horse toward safety.

Then Emmet Dalton, boy as he was with the down of his twentieth year on his lip to mark his youth, did as incredible a thing as men ever looked upon.

He reined his horse in before he had reached the exit from the alley, and in all that terrible, constant fire which fed the narrow crossway with leaden bullets, he deliberately rode back the whole distance to where his brother Bob lay dead, dismounted and tried to lift him upon the saddle of his horse that he might bear him away.

A bullet from a Winchester shattered his right arm near the shoulder, making a mere mass of splinters of the bone.

Bob's body dropped and Emmet, holding the rein as best he could, sought to use his left hand. A load of buckshot struck him in the back and side. Carey Seaman, a barber, fired the shot. There was a flash, a flame, a cloud of smoke, and Emmet Dalton fell unconscious by the side of his brother, his arm shattered, his thigh broken, and a dozen buckshot in his back.

Dick Broadwell rode on into the country half conscious, bleeding from a dozen wounds and swaying in his saddle. The direction of his flight was soon discovered. A mounted posse gave chase. A mile from the scene of the fight, near the gate of the creamery on the Independence road, they found him dead on the roadside, the bridle of his mounted horse in hand. How he came to his death is told in the following chapter.

We desire to state here, in order to contradict some unfounded reports that had been sent out by excited newspaper correspondents to the effect that the citizens were prepared for the attack, that when the robbers were discovered in the bank, there was not a single, solitary armed man anywhere upon the square or in the neighborhood.

Even Marshal Connelly had lain his pistol aside, and was totally unarmed when the alarm was given. Every gun that was used, with the exception of that brought into action by George Cubine, was procured in the hardware stores and loaded and brought into play under the pressure of the great exigency that was upon the people.

The firing was rapid and incessant for about three minutes, when the cry went up: "They are all down."

In an instant the firing ceased. Several men who had been pressing close after the robbers sprang into the alley, and covering them with their guns ordered them to hold up their hands.

Three of the robbers were dead and the fourth helpless.

Between the bodies of two of the dead highwaymen, lying upon his face, in the last agonies of death, was Marshal Charles T. Connelly, the bravest of all the brave men who had joined in resisting the terrible raiders in their attempt to rob the bank. Dead and dying horses and smoking Winchesters on the ground added to the horrors of the scene.

SADDLE RUSTLERS

Horse stealing isn't too much of a problem in Idaho — but when it comes to saddles, that's a different story. In a few weeks time over one-hundred saddles were stolen in one North Idaho area.

Law officers are still perplexed. Why no horse stealing, but plenty of saddle rustling?

—Ferris Weddle

It took but a few minutes to discover who the desperadoes were. Tearing the disguises from their faces, the ghastly features of Grattan Dalton and Bob Dalton, former residents of Coffeyville and well known to many of our citizens, were revealed. The other dead body proved to be that of Bill Powers whilst the wounded man was Emmet Dalton, the youngest brother of the two principals of the notorious gang.

The wildest excitement prevailed. Marshal Connelly breathed a few moments, when his brave spirit went out without a struggle. Emmet Dalton was carried to Slosson's Drug Store, and subsequently to Dr. Wells' office. At first he denied his identity, but realizing that he was recognized and likely to die, he admitted that he was Emmet Dalton.

It is impossible to describe the scenes that followed. Excited men, weeping women and screaming children thronged the square.

A few cool-headed citizens kept disorder from ensuing. The dead and dying citizens were removed to their homes or other comfortable locations. The dead raiders' bodies were thrown into the city jail. Guards were thrown out, and the city sat down in sackcloth and ashes, to mourn for the heroic men who had given their lives for the protection of the property of their fellow-citizens and the maintenance of law in their midst.

Chapter XIV

THE smoke of the battle with the bandits had blown aside, but the excitement occasioned increased until it reached fever heat.

The trains over the four principal roads leading to Coffeyville brought thousands of visitors to the scene of that bloody conflict between a desperate and notorious gang of experienced highwaymen and a brave and determined lot of citizens, who had the nerve to preserve their rights and protect their property under the most trying circumstances.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, noon, on that eventful Wednesday, that is, as soon as the telegraph had carried the news over to Parsons, Supt. Frey, of the M., K. & T., at the head of fifty heavily armed men, came down on a special train that ran over the thirty-one miles between Parsons and Coffeyville, in thirty-two minutes. When they reached their destination, however, they found that the brave little city had, unaided and alone, conquered and laid in the dust its criminal invaders.

Telegrams and letters offering assistance and extending condolence to the four stricken and bereaved families were received in great numbers from all parts of the country.

Those of the citizens who were not in the fight felt justly proud of those who were, and the latter meekly bore their laurels and assisted in restoring order and preserving the peace.

By comparing watches, it was discovered that less than fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time the Dalton boys entered the banks until four of their party were dead and the remaining one grievously wounded and in the hands of the officers.

Not over fifteen guns were actively engaged in the fight on both sides and the engagment lasted about ten minutes. Eight persons were killed and three wounded.

There were no "stray shots," either, no "accidental shootings." The fellows who held the guns were cool and collected.

The citizens of Coffeyville who were killed were not innocent bystanders. They were quiet and steady people

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A typical posse in the Indian Territory, the type that spent months trying to track down the Daltons without success.

adept in the business of resisting lawbreakers, and they knew how to do their duty, though it cost blood.

The facts about Broadwell's slaying were only fully revealed later in the day.

It appears that when Broadwell — the only one of the desperadoes who managed to leave the fated alley, astride of his horse — rode on at the top of his mount's speed toward safety, he had to pass the back of G. W. Russell's lot, on the same alley, west of Maple Street.

Just at that moment, the young son of Mr. Russell had run to the fence, a heavy Colt revolver in his hand, intent upon doing his share in the fight that was raging but a few yards away.

He espied the rider rushing toward him, urging his horse like mad and flourishing his trusty Winchester; and as the man passed him, not five feet distant, the lad let go his revolver once, twice, thrice.

The robber uttered a yell as if touched in a vital part, but containing his break-neck riding, contenting himself with discharging his Winchester behind his back, without even turning his head.

Not half a mile farther, the pursuing posse found him dead on the roadside, still holding the bridle of his faithful horse.

The young fellow's aim had been true, and the size of the wound in the man's abdomen was clear evidence of the kind of weapons that had done the dreadful work — a Colt revolver of the very same calibre as the one in the hands of T. N. Russell.

The body was brought back to town, and the four desperadoes, after having lain for a couple of hours piled up promiscuously in the narrow little city jail, found common lodgment in four black-varnished coffins.

They were laid out side by side in front of the barn near which their horses had been tied. They looked very ghastly and unheroic. Here they were photographed.

Some handled the bodies in the coffins, and whenever Grat Dalton's right arm was lifted a little spurt of blood would jump from the round black hole in his throat.

So they remained all night, and the morning dust lifted by the feet of crowding bystanders settled thickly on the corpses and open coffins. Myriads of flies, called out by the warmth of the sun and the smell of blood, gathered on the living and the dead, but the crowd took no heed of the time until noon, when there came an undertaker who closed the coffin lids.

Early that afternoon the bodies of the robbers were given burial, and although the Dalton family own a lot in the cemetery there, they were buried, two coffins in a grave, in the Potter's field, within a stone's throw of the grave of poor Charley Montgomery, the first of the victims of their murderous guns.

Shortly after his surrender, Emmet Dalton had been removed to a barely furnished room over Slosson's Drug Store. There was much talk of lynching and Sheriff Callahan, of Montgomery county, who had arrived at once from Independence, the county seat, was watchful during all the night.

Once there was even a pretense of an attempt at action, but, let it be said to Coffeyville's great honor, it came to naught. Still, during the first days of intense excitement, any move on the part of the sheriff to have the wounded desperado transported out of the city's jurisdiction would have been stubbornly met with determined resistance. What saved the boy's life, however, was the well-substantiated rumor that he had but a few hours to live; and in fact, the doctors' verdict was that Emmet's chances of surviving were about five to a hundred against.

In spite of his exhaustion and loss of blood, Emmet had already made some rambling kind of a confession, very contradictory in its details. He denied his participation in any other

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Buffalo Wallows

■ *Early travelers on the western prairie were at first puzzled by deep cuts frequently found in the heavy sod far from any stream or water course. One spring a hunter, stalking a small band of buffalo, advanced under cover to within a hundred yards of the group. Two bulls were industriously digging at the sod with their short, heavy horns and throwing the loose dirt back over their bodies. When they tired of the play, others took their places. In a short time a trench was started. The animals were shedding, and since there were no tree trunks against which they might rub off their loose hair, they were making a place. Like all animals that shed hair or wool, the buffalo likes to roll in the dirt, and the wallows were as popular among them as the rolling place is with horses and mules.*

Buffalo wallows served the pioneers in many ways. At times sufficient water collected in them during a heavy rainfall so that a horse could be watered. They afforded ideal cover for hunters, and some of them were deep enough to afford protection from the cyclones that swept the prairie.

Wallows had their dangers, too, as many a trail driver learned when, in riding out a stampede in the darkness, he suddenly felt the front feet of his horse give way under him. Even today one may find them in high mesa country along the Platte, where the land has not been cultivated.

JAMES HINES

affairs, but admitted that Bob, Grat and their two lesser associates were in the robbery of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas train at Adair, in the robberies of the Santa Fe trains at Wharton and Red Rock, and in the California robbery.

At first, he tried to deny his identity and said that his name was Bailey, but so many came who knew him that he abandoned it. Those of the desperadoes who had been killed were brought before him and he identified rightly, his two brothers, but said that Dick Broadwell was Texas Jack and that Bill Powers was Tom Evans, alias Tom Hedde. Afterward he admitted that he had lied, and the identity of every member of the gang was fully established. Others disputed Grat Dalton's identity, but there now remains no question but that the outlaw is one of the dead.

Emmet Dalton passed this first night in continuous pain. Amputation of his arm was suggested, but he would not consent. At noon of the next day, he was removed to the Farmers' Home, the little frame boarding-house the Dalton brothers used to patronize on their nightly excursions, and there he lay in the front room of the smaller building, for the next five days, exposed to the gaze of hundreds.

It was there that Ransom Payne visited him on the following Saturday.

He found the wounded lad surrounded by his aged mother, wrinkled and bowed down beyond her years, unspeakable sorrow mirrored in her eyes dim with crying; by his sister, Mrs. Whipple, a comely young woman, with dark energetic features; by honest Ben Dalton, the type of the sturdy farmer of those parts, and finally by Will, the Californian, suspected of but finally acquitted for participation in the Tulare county hold-up.

As soon as Emmet, who had by this time surprisingly rallied and showed undoubted signs of recovery, saw Payne approach his bed, he stretched his hand, which the officer kindly pressed, and cried:

"So you have got us in, after all!"

Then, feeling that he could talk freely in the presence of a man who knew so thoroughly every detail of his criminal career, he made the following statement, which has certainly the appearance of ungarbled truth. He said:

"On the first of October, 1892, I met the boys south of Tulsa, and they asked me how much money I had. I told them about $20. I asked them how much they had, and they said $900. I asked them what they were going to do and they said this town, Coffeyville, had been talking about them, and some of the people had been trying to get them captured. I told them I knew it was a lie, that they used to have lots of friends here.

"Bob said he could discount the James boys' work and go up and rob both banks at Coffeyville in one day.

"I told him I did not want any of it at all. He said I had better go along and help and get some money and leave the country; that if I stayed around here I was sure to get caught or killed.

"On the morning of October 3rd we saddled up north of Tulsa in the Osage nation and rode about twenty miles toward Coffeyville and we talked it over that day. I tried to prevail on the boys to give up the plan, for the people in Coffeyville had done us no harm. They said if I didn't want to come, they would give the town a round up. I told them if that was the case I might as well come with them. I did it because of the love of my brothers, and I knew that I would be chased just as hard if I didn't come as I would be if I did, and I had no money to get out of the country.

"We camped in the timbered hills on the head of Hickory creek, about twelve miles from Coffeyville, on the night of the 4th, and in the night we saddled up and rode to the Davis farm on the Onion Creek bottoms, and this morning (the 5th) we fed our horses some corn. I asked them if they were still coming up here. They said they were. I told them it would not be treating the people right, as they had always befriended us.

"I asked them how they were going to do it. Bob said that we would ride in about half past nine o'clock in the morning, saying that there would not be so many people in town to hold up, and he wouldn't have to hurt any one.

"He told me how he would like to have me go with him, because I was quick on foot, and that he and I would go to the First National Bank, and let the others go to C. M. Condon's. He said we would ride in and hitch at the old C. M. Condon building. He said we would hitch there so that people would not see us until we got right into the banks.

"When we got to the lumber yard we saw that the street was all torn up, and he said: 'Let us ride down in the alley and hitch.'

"All the five horses belonged to Bob. He bought one on the 2nd, and others next morning. I am a first cousin of Bob and Cole Younger. My mother is a sister of Cole Younger's father."

Later in the day, Payne had a long talk with Ben Dalton, who showed no hesitancy in expressing himself concerning his brothers. He spoke somewhat in this wise:

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"I was sick in bed at our home on the farm, four miles north of Kingfisher, when we received the news of this awful affair, but managed to come with mother and the others. We had not seen the boys for a long time, and I had no idea where they were or what they were doing. I never had much in common with the ones who lie here dead and badly wounded, as I am a farmer and try to be a good citizen. I wish you would state that mother and I have no ill feeling against the people of Coffeyville and no words of censure. They simply did their duty, and while we naturally deplore the loss of our boys, we also sorrow for the citizens who gave up their lives in defense of the town. Emmet tells me he has been treated better than he hoped for by your people, and we are feeling sad but not angry."

On that same afternoon, George Broadwell, of Hutchinson, a brother of Dick Broadwell, one of the dead outlaws, and E. B. Wilcox, the bandit's brother-in-law, arrived from Hutchinson. Mr. Broadwell is a salesman for the Boston Tea Company of Chicago, while Mr. Wilcox is a grocer in Hutchinson. Mr. Wlicox said of the dead man:

"We were as greatly shocked by this occurrence as you, and entirely ignorant of Dick's being with this gang. We had not heard of him since May. He was never wild or a drinker or gambler, and although a cowboy, we always thought him to be straight and law abiding. His mother and sister Jennie, George and my wife compose the family, and all live in Hutchinson."

The grave containing the coffins of Broadwell and Powers was opened and Broadwell's coffin taken out. The body was then clad in a new suit of clothing, placed in an expensive coffin and reinterred. It was thought at the time that the bodies of the other bandits ought to be exhumed and a careful examination made of their clothing, as there might have been money or valuables sewn in the lining of the garments, but the idea was not acted upon.

The body of Lucius H. Baldwin, the first victim of the outlaws and a most worthy young man, was shipped to his mother at Burlington, Kansas, on the following morning. George Cubine was buried that same afternoon, and all the stores of the town were closed and draped in black. The funeral was very large and most impressive in its simplicity. Mr. Cubine was a member of the M. E. Church.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Company kindly furnished two coaches, free of charge, and placed them at the disposal of the family and friends of the dead Marshal Connelly, for the purpose of conveying them to Independence, where the funeral occurred on Friday.

The remains of the courageous old shoemaker, Charles Brown, were sent to Harley, S. D., where his wife resides.

All the wounded citizens, including cashier Ayers, who was thought to have been fatally shot by Bob Dalton's unerring Winchester, recovered from their injuries.

Finally, at a very early hour on the Tuesday following the great tragedy — the 11th of October it was — Emmet Dalton was taken to Independence to jail by Sheriff Callahan, without objection by the citizens. William went along. Now that all the Dalton crowd had gone the citizens felt relieved, as

Killing of Frank Dalton, Deputy Marshal, caused Bob to become a deputy.

their presence kept the town full of undesirable visitors who were apt to cause trouble. It was thought then that Emmet would recover, and so he did.

Chapter XV

A week hardly elapsed after the terrible events of the 5th of October, 1892, had taken place, than an alarming rumor gained ground all over Southwestern Kansas.

"The Dalton gang had not been wholly exterminated; the survivors were coming on to wreak their vengeance on Coffeyville!"

The report started from the robbing of the Missouri Pacific train at nearby Caney, a small place a few miles from Coffeyville, during the night of October 13th.

Just as the train drew up at Caney at 10:15 o'clock that night, two masked men, heavily armed, climbed on the locomotive tender from the front of the combination baggage and express car and covered Engineer Eggleston and his fireman with their rifles.

The locomotive engineer was ordered to pull slowly to the switch, where there was no danger of molestation.

At the whistling post the outlaws ordered the engineer to stop and made the fireman uncouple the express car from the rest of the train. This was done so quietly that no one in the coaches was disturbed.

The engineer then pulled ahead with the express car. When a deep cut half a mile farther on was reached the engine was halted.

Express Messenger J. N. Maxwell, who had witnesed the uncoupling, had in the meantime blown out his lights and barred and barricaded the doors.

The order to open the car elicited no response, and the robbers began firing into the sides of the car.

Maxwell answered the shots with his revolvers for a few minutes, but finally received a bullet in his right arm, which disabled him. The robbers ordered him to light his lamps and open the car door, and as soon as he had done so they entered the car, with the engineer in front of them as a shield. Maxwell was then forced to open his safe and deliver his watch and personal property. The men backed off the car and disappeared in the darkness.

Messenger Maxwell declares that the robbers secured less than $100 all told. The men engaged in that night's work were thought immediately to be those pals of the Daltons who had not reached Coffeyville in time to take part in the tragic raid on the fifth.

It was understood to be sufficient evidence that the gang was being rapidly reorganized and was moving upon Coffeyville with the avowed purpose of avenging the death of their pals.

Couriers arrived in Coffeyville at an early hour the next morning, bearing this important news, the word was passed around, and in the shortest possible time the people were armed and ready to defend their homes against the invasion of the threatened mob. Since the Dalton massacre many persons in Coffeyville openly condemned the manner in which this notorious gang met its death, and several sympathizers have been arrested and confined in jail.

All of the rifles in the town were in readiness, and every man stood waiting for an attack. A car from the M., K. & T., at Parsons, stood at the depot barricaded and armed.

In the Coffeyville homes, women and children were frightened over the outlook of another bloody encounter with the bandits. Still, the mayor of Coffey-

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ville, after having conferred with the railroad officials, wired to Parsons that the people here could care of themselves, as the number of the attacking party was greatly magnified, and that a matter of a few hours would result in their capture.

"Coffeyville people," said he, "have shown their ability to care for themselves."

Ben and William Dalton, and many of their sympathizers, had been loitering about Coffeyville for days. When Emmet Dalton's wounded body was removed to Independence, Ben and William and their mother accompanied him. Since then nothing had been heard from them. That evening a bonfire was started on the plaza of the town to furnish a reassuring illumination.

The information of the approach of the Daltons had been conveyed to the people of Coffeyville by the force under Detective Dodge, of the Wells-Fargo Company, who is scouring the Indian Territory for members of the gang.

One of his men heard it and wired the mayor of Coffeyville, who asked for help from Parsons and had it kept there in readiness. The plan was for one of the surviving Daltons and forty whites and half-breeds, completely armed, to ride into Coffeyville at 9 o'clock on that night and wipe out the place. No mercy was to be given, according to Dodge's information.

There was every reason to believe from the actions of some of the men who had visited Coffeyville that if Emmet Dalton recovered, some steps would be taken by his friends to liberate him. The people of Coffeyville would see to it that he got his just desserts, even if they again had to resort to arms.

The following letter, received by John Kloher, the man who is most justly credited with having killed three out of four of the Dalton gang, shows at least that all of the gang is not dead:

"Arkansas City, Kan., Oct. ——, 1892. To John Kloher —

Dear Sir: I take the time to tell you and the citizens of Coffeyville that all of the gang ain't dead yet by a ——— of a sight, and don't you forget it. I would have given all I ever made to have been there the 5th. There are five of the gang left, and we shall come and see you all some day. That day, Oct, 5, we were down in the Chickasaw Nation, and we did not know it was coming off so soon. We thought it was to be Nov. 5. We shall have revenge for your killing of Bob and Grat and the rest of them. You people had no cause to take arms against the gang. The bankers will not help the widows of the men that got killed here, and you thought you were playing ——— when you killed three of us, but your time will soon come, when you will have to go into the grave and pass in your checks for the killing of Bob, Grat, Joe Evans and Texas Jack, so take warning. We will leave you in the hands of God for this time.

Yours truly,

DALTON GANG

"And sympathizer of this gang of outlaws."

But the Daltons never appeared.

Let us now close this minute record of one of the briefest but bloodiest careers of crime in the old West with the opinion of Superintendent Murrary.

"The Dalton gang were desperate, reckless men. They never hesitated to shoot. Their character was known all over the West. It was one thing to talk about facing them and another to do it. The Daltons did no work in the East. They seldom, in fact, got very far away from the lairs in the territory. The Coffeyville people made a clean sweep of the worst members of the gang.

"There is a certain bravado that glorifies characters such as the Daltons in the minds of tough men, and they are easily rallied around a leader bent on crimes that involve daring. The 'mad men' in the country who are liable to rob trains are narrowed down to Chris Evans and John Sontag. Under the leadership of George C. Contant, alias Sontag, they robbed the Southern Pacific train between Visallia and Fresno, August 4th. Four people were killed in the fight which occurred. Chris Evans and John Sontag got away and are in the mountains back of Visallia. There is a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for their capture. It was this gang that committed the famous express train robbery at Western Union Junction. Their depredations have been many.

"The other celebrated train robbers are either dead or in prison. Captain Bunch, Rube Burrows, Jim Burrows, and Rube Smith are dead. The Pegleg gang in Colorado are in the penitentiary. The Cooleys, who were graduating from henroost robberies into much more serious crimes in Pennsylvania, have met with a check in the killing of one of their number.

"But none of those gangs ever equaled, in such a short space of time, the daring criminality of those four young men who are now lying stiff and stark, in their coffins, in the Potter's field by Coffeyville, Kansas."

RW

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REWARD FOR JUAN ESPINOSA'S HEAD

(Continued from Page 32)

Some people like to believe that Uncle Dick figured outstandingly as a leader in the capture of the mean Espinosa.

Uncle Dick, in his own words, expressed himself as having played only that portion of the capture as is brought out in this story. Jenks, in later years, verified the same facts.

Such was the band of hell-bent frontiersmen that organized and set out with blood in their eyes to put a quietus to the bloody rampages of Espinosa. He was doomed for one of the most gruesome captures ever recorded in the history of the entire scope of the old West!

Jenks with his organized band of variable characters roamed the mountains and hills and searched for a chance to pounce upon Espinosa and his band. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains were rugged and they traveled for days without a sign of a human being.

Espinosa had not become aware that Jenk's band was out to get his hide. He made his final and last foray at Canon City. He raided the entire area, took all the things he wanted, paid his final respects as was customary. He took his departure in a bowing-out sort of stage gesture and galloped out of town, his band of ruffians following closely behind, headed for the hide-out in the Sangre de Cristo Range.

Jenk's men were looking for just such circumstances as the crafty Espinosa had pulled at Canon City. They got the news of the raid soon and immediately cut the outlaw's trail, splitting forces to prevent his possible escape.

Uncle Dick Wooton had taken his departure for the Sangre de Cristo Mountains also. His business on the trail, however, was not to capture Espinosa but to assist a wagon train in distress in the mountains.

On the trail, he stopped for the night at a road house. A crude bar was a part of the establishment.

Espinosa and his nephew were at the rough-hewn bar, finishing off their drinks. The two leisurely swigged down the last bit of the hard liquor and strolled for the door. Neither Uncle Dick nor the desperadoes paid any attention to each other. Outside, Espinosa and his nephew mounted their horses and rode away into the night.

NEXT morning early, Tom Tobin and a few members of the force, who were following hotly upon the outlaw's trail, approached the road house. Uncle Dick asked who they were looking for and Tom Tobin told him.

Uncle Dick remarked that the outlaw and his nephew had been there the night before and left. He pointed to the direction in which they had taken the trail.

Tobin and his men followed the course which had been pointed out to them. Suddenly, some distance ahead, they saw smoke rising from a clump of timber.

Tom Tobin crept forward toward the smoke. Through the low-hanging branches of the timber he could see the camp.

Espinosa and his companion sat in a maze of campfire smoke, with a few cooking utensils lying scattered around. A coffee pot was on the fire, and the two outlaws seemed at ease, whiling away time. Tobin's mouth flew open as he viewed the scene in front of him.

He had not calculated on seeing such a bold view of the outlaws.

Tobin, the tough mountain man, grinned a strained grin. He leveled his rifle across a log, took careful aim, and cut down on the ill-fated outlaw. The rifle exploded. The much-hunted Espinosa crumpled over! The second shot placed the nephew of Espinosa in the same eternity.

With the blast of the first shot, the two outlaws' saddled horses, which stood nearby, reared up, nickered in fright and raced away.

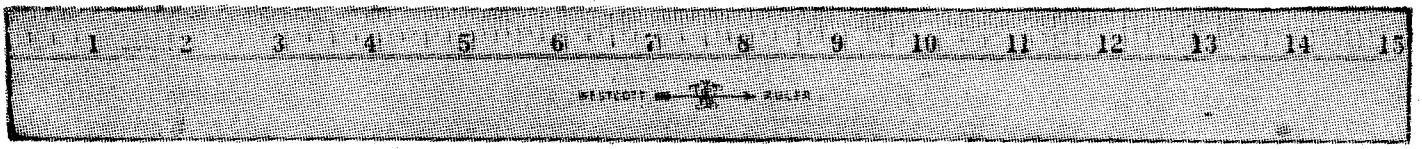
Then Tobin, was confronted with another problem — that of collecting the reward money! He was aware that officials ordinarily demanded proof before payment of such fees. He realized, also, the corpses were too much of a load for his tired horse.

He removed his hunting knife from its sheath at his side, severed the heads of both victims, pitched them in a gunny sack, and strapped them securely on his saddle. After a short consultation with the other members of the pursuing force, he delivered the two heads to proper authorities at Fort Massachusetts, located at the base of Wet Mountain, for his reward money.

Such was the fate of the Don Juan Espinosa, the Spanish hidalgo, who let failing finances drive him on a crooked trail that eventually brought his death — in the most gruesome sort of way!

RW

Juan Espinosa's gun, used for over ten years in his wild and bloody career of murder and robbery in Sangre de Cristo region and along the Santa Fe Trail. During that time it is said this gun caused the death of over a hundred people.



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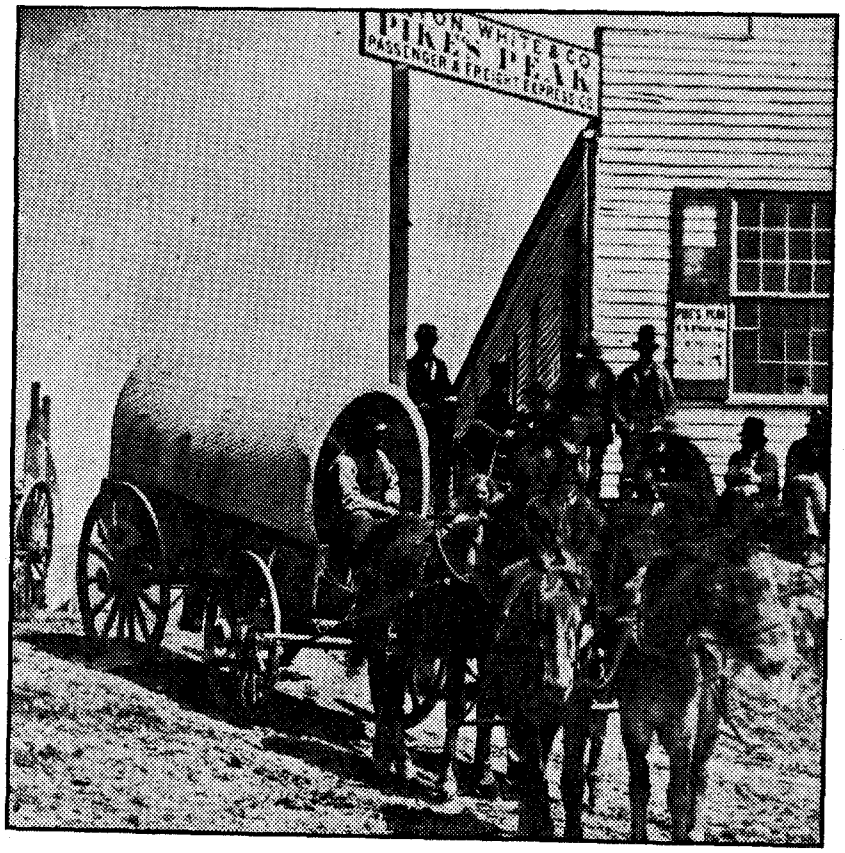

Pike's Peak Or Bust!

In the wild rush westward, which some have dubbed "Pike's Peak or Bust," every kind of wagon and cart was used. Contrary to the general belief, most of the travelers westward didn't use the big prairie schooner type of wagon. There were several reasons. The most important was that such a wagon cost a large sum and most of these rushing west didn't have much money.

Another reason was that the smaller wagons could travel faster and were harder to spot by the Indians. There are a number of cases where these smaller wagons with a fast team outran Indians, something nobody could do with a large prairie schooner wagon. If a man had no intention of taking furniture with him, and didn't plan to establish a home in the West, a fast pony was often used. The rider lived off the land, which wasn't difficult with game everywhere. Forts were close enough together where he could buy salt and sugar.

Bill Farway traveled from Independence, Missouri, to Colorado on one pony in record time. "Indians never bothered me," he wrote. "They are only interested in wagon trains. What would they get running down a man on a horse? Nothing. Horseback is the safest way to travel across the praries."

Even buggies and carriages were used. John Bright and his wife traveled from Fort Leavenworth to Colorado in a buggy and reported they weren't attacked by Indians. Reverend James Boley, Methodist minister in Springfield, Illinois, drove his wife and two young children across the plains in a carriage to take a position as a missionary on the Ute reservation in Colorado. "It is a wonderful trip," Reverend Boley wrote to his brother. "Estelle and the children enjoyed it. We lived on prairie chickens, quail and elk meat and feasted like kings."

The picture of the small wagon above was taken by the famous photographer, William Jackson, at St. Joseph, Missouri, as the lone man on the wagon was starting on his trip to the West.

ONE LAST GAMBLE

(Continued from Page 41)

WITH the news of the gold strike in California Cora realized at once there would be wonderful opportunities for a skilled gambler, and Bella knew there would be woman-hungry miners in San Francisco, who would have the price. There wouldn't be much left when Charley and Bella got through. They set sail for San Francisco. He was thirty-three and she was twenty-two.

Their dreams were quickly realized in the Gomorrah-by-the-Gate. Cora made life miserable for the faro bankers and Bella quickly made a fortune as a madame of a brothel on Pike Street, (which is now called Waverly Place). This handsome pair became a familiar sight on the San Francisco scene, and it was no surprise when they pulled up in front of the New American Theatre that Thursday night, November 15, 1855.

All of San Francisco's society was there to see The Ravels who were appearing in the new play: "Nicodemus; or, The Unfortunate Fisherman". It was a fine theatre in which to stage the play and was considered one of the most ornate and finest in the West. It had a large orchestra pit for the lower priced seats; the more expensive and fashionable seats were in the first balcony.

At the rear of the orchestra seats were draped boxes designed for ladies of the demi-monde, or at least those not a part of Bay City society. The bejeweled matrons and their escorts flocked to the balcony. It was there that U.S. Marshal William H. Richardson and wife sat, along with a lady friend.

RICHARDSON noted a man in the pit staring in the direction of Richardson's wife and her friend. After a few minutes of this, when the ladies became embarrassed, Richardson left his seat to learn the meaning of this man's conduct. He huffed and puffed and finally apologized when he was told that the man was not looking at Mrs. Richardson but instead at the entrancing Bella Cora, who was sitting directly behind the Richardsons!

"An abandoned woman permitted to sit with decent people?" the Marshal roared at the theatre manager. "I demand that she be ejected at once!"

Richardson's loud demands attracted the audience's attention. He continued to insist that Bella Cora be removed but the manager said simply that she had a ticket for a first balcony seat and

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she was entitled to use it. He refused and walked away. Richardson's raging temper wasn't helped when several in the audience, including the Coras, laughed at the U.S. Marshal when he returned to his seat, defeated and seething.

Richardson's obvious insults had rankled Cora but he was by nature a quiet man, and he made no comment on Richardson's inexcusable conduct. But by next day, the incident had become a canker which ate at Cora's sense of dignity. He was walking down Montgomery Street the next afternoon when he met Richardson. Cora couldn't resist the opportunity to chuckle and whisper a stinging phrase at the pompous law officer.

Richardson let the remark pass without reply.

FATE had decided that these men, who had never even formally met, were destiny's sons and their futures already mapped. The men met again that same night.

Cora was sitting in the Cosmopolitan Saloon engaged in a game of backgammon with a friend, Dr. Mills, when Richardson and some friends began drinking champagne at the bar. Mills, hoping to mend the feud between the men, introduced Cora to Richardson, who then invited the gambler to share a drink. Not long afterwards, the pair, apparently on friendly terms, left the saloon. But neither one could resist the opportunity to goad the other, especially since they both now had a few more drinks than was good under such delicate, explosive circumstances.

As they reached the street, Richardson, red-faced and suddenly surly, made a disparaging remark about Cora's profession, and Cora quickly replied with the same stinging remark that he had made that afternoon when they met on Montgomery Street. Richardson immediately threatened to slap Cora's face. Apparently rather than fight, Cora turned away and re-entered the saloon, followed by Marshal Richardson.

"Have I any friends in this room?" Cora said, according to sworn testimony of Dr. Mills.

"I promised to slap this man's face and I might just as well do it now," Richardson roared as he stood near the bar.

FRIENDS of both men intervened and prevented a fight. Both Cora and Richardson left the saloon without any further incident that night.

Richardson got an early start the next day, visiting e ery saloon along Montgomery and other San Francisco streets. By the time that the old Jack Daniels whiskey had reached every pore, Richardson was loud in his remarks about Cora and he told all who would listen that he was going to have revenge. Richardson had walked along Kerney and had just wobbled onto Clay Street when he came face to face with Cora, who was walking with a friend by the name of Ragsdale.

Cora immediately offered his hand, which Richardson took and shook warmly. The men seemed to have settled their differences over a drink at Hayes' Saloon and several others at the Cosmopolitan, where the men parted.

It was about seven that evening that Cora was having a drink at the Blue Wing when a messenger brought a message that a friend was waiting to see him outside. Cora set down his drink, left the saloon and didn t return. When some friends went to look for him, they found the street seething with an angry, milling mob.

Richardson had been shot dead. Cora was under arrest for his murder.

SAN FRANCISCO of the Fifties was a volatile city, easily aroused to passions. And that night the fire bell of Big Six Engine Company tolled ominously. Sam Brannan harangued the restless mob into reforming the Vigilance Committee which had been disbanded in 1851 after it had cleaned up the City. But fifty armed guards posted in front of the jail where Cora was prevented any mob action that night, and they bided their time until after a coroner's inquest had been held.

By the next day, it was dangerous for anyone to defend Cora, and many openly whispered that Bella Cora had instigated the murder. Shouldn't they jail her too, some wondered. The coroner's verdict was pre-ordained as no one dared openly defend Cora. The evidence was clear that both men had been armed, and that Cora had knocked both a knife and pistol from Richardson's hand before drawing his own weapon and shooting the Marshal.

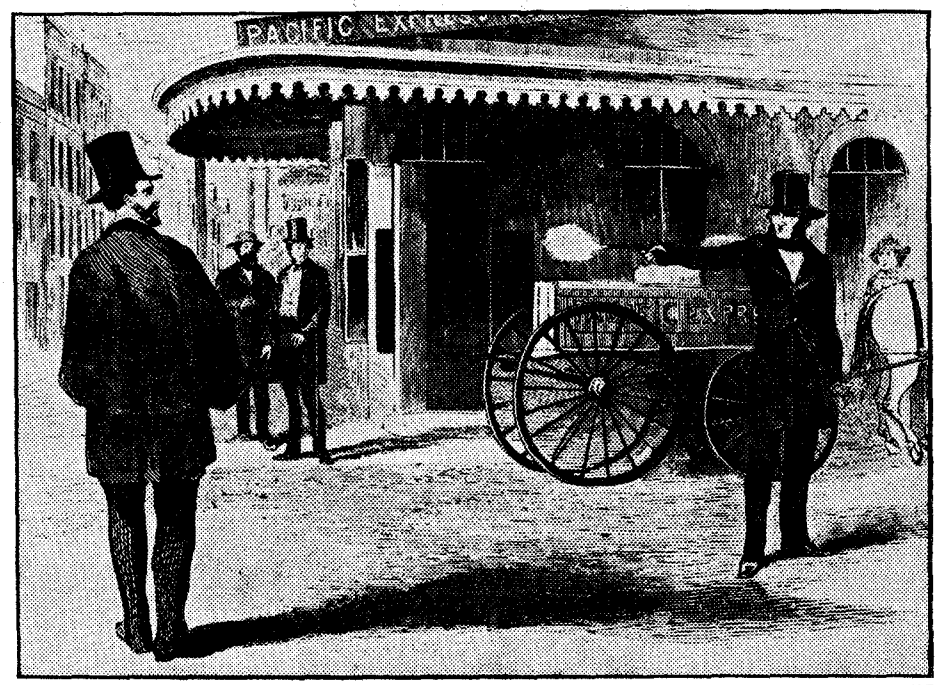
But the mob rulers didn't want to be confused with the facts.

Bella Cora moved quickly to the defense. She contracted Colonel E. D. Baker, San Francisco's best criminal lawyer, who demanded $30,000 to accept the case. Bella handed him $15,000 as a retainer. Baker tried to withdraw from the case shortly afterwards when the wrath of the city turned against him for defending Cora. He tried to return the fee to her but she refused to accept the gold. Before he was able to convince her, Baker had lost the money playing faro and had to go ahead with the case.

IT was January 3rd, 1856, when the trial finally began. The courtroom was heavily guarded and everyone who entered was searched.

Cora sat unsmiling but seemingly calm all through the trial. Richardson, who was known to be mean as a bilious gun when drunk, was depicted as a defender of womanhood, stainless of all sin. Cora, on the other hand, was vile and debased in every way. The trial lasted for eleven days. The jury deliberated for 41 hours, and twice asked to be relieved of their duties, before the jurge declared that the jury was hopelessly deadlocked and unable to reached a verdict. Cora was remanded to jail to await a second trial.

An artist's version of the shooting of James King by Casey on San Francisco street.



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The jury's last ballots showed eight voted for a murder conviction and four for manslaughter. The mob growled at the apparent loss of their victim. It seemed that he would be acquitted when a new trial convened in May.

But there were strange forces afoot which were to shape Cora's destiny, though he had no hand in them whatever.

THOUGH it was years before the great War between the States would erupt, feelings were already tense in San Francisco as to which side California should favor. One faction, headed by Judge Terry, espoused the Southern causes, and James Casey, a rather unsavory ex-editor, was among his followers. Equally vocal and leader of the Union causes was the editor of the Daily Evening Bulletin, a man with the unlikely name of James King of William. He singled out Casey for a particularly vitriolic attack, exposing Casey's prison record and ballot box stuffing activities. When that edition hit the streets, Casey waited for King to emerge from the newspaper offices. He threw aside a short cloak, pressed a pistol against King's chest and fired.

That was the shot that touched off the city and as Cora said when Casey was brought to jail under heavy guard: "You have put the noose about the necks of both of us."

What little law and order had been present before was washed away in the tide of hate that swept through San Francisco. The revitalized Vigilance Committee seized the council chambers of the City Hall and for all purposes took over control of the City. Within 48 hours, 2,600 men had joined the Committee and the rest that refused were boycotted. The Vigilantes were organized into heavily armed companies of 100 men and San Francisco became an armed camp under martial law.

BUT the Vigilance Committee actually stopped neither murder, gambling nor robberies. What good it accomplished was in spite of the violence, not because of it. Now it set the Death Watch. James King of William had no chance of surviving his wounds, and all of the Vilgilantes were put on the alert for orders. It was Sunday, the 18th of May about 10 o'clock in the morning when the Vigilantes assembled into companies and marched toward the jail holding both Cora and Casey. A brass cannon was placed against the jail door. Company after company of Vigilantes marched in front of the jail, not a word being uttered. There was just the dull reverberation of marching feet. A sharp order to halt was given, then the leader made demands for the immediate delivery of both Casey and Cora. The officers protested mildly, then obeyed.

Cora and Casey, guarded by 2,000 men, were taken to Fort Gunnybags. They were tried by the Vigilance Committee and to no one's great surprise were both found guilty of murder. There were no dissenting votes. James King of William had died on Tuesday afternoon and the City went into deep mourning. It was bruited about that when King's funeral cortege passed Fort Gunnybags, his and the murder of Richardson would be avenged. Armed men patrolled the streets, and there was virtually nothing done while the final arrangements were made for the fiery editor.

COWBOY FASHIONS

■ *Among other distinguishing marks of early cowboys was the way in which they wore their spurs. In the plains country spurs usually were buckled on the outside because plains cowboys, never much for fooforaw, always stuck pretty closely to rough, practical equipment. California and Pacific Coast riders had a habit of buckling their spurs on the inside. Most of these cowboys sported a silver concho on their spurs and if the spurs were buckled outside, it would throw the concho to the inside where it would not be seen. Hence the reversal of the usual buckling. Professional bronc riders, however, were always an exception to this rule. They invariably wore the buckles on the outside as a safety measure to prevent the buckle catching in the cinch of a bucking horse and causing a bad spill.*

JAMES HINES

Before the mourners had assembled at the Unitarian Church on Stockton Street, the sound of hammers was heard in Fort Gunnybags. Two platforms, which would extend from two second floor windows, were being constructed. These were hinged in such a way as to drop away when the signal was given. Above both of the platforms two nooses dangled from heavy beams. This contraption would provide full view for all of those wanting to take part in the Roman holiday. It was a cunning device, designed to serve as a lesson to all.

AS the funeral cortege began to form, a hack raced at breakneck speed down Sacramento Street and stopped in front of Fort Gunnybags. Bella Cora, heavily veiled, stepped from the hack and pushed into the jail. She demanded to be taken to Cora's cell. When asked why, she replied that she wanted to marry him so that she could legally bear his name, even after his death. The request was granted and she was taken to the cell.

Father Accolti was comforting Cora when Bella arrived. He agreed to perform the rites and they were married by 12:30. They stood close together whispering as the minutes ticked by. The clatter and rattle of the two platforms being tested made it difficult to hear, then bells began tolling. They marked the end of the funeral services and the beginning of the cortege which would pass the Fort within minutes.

Guards came to take Cora away. Bella clung to him sobbing until the last possible minute. It was one o'clock and the time was at hand. The huge armed guard came to present arms as the men walked out on the platforms, the nooses adjusted and their arms and legs bound.

Casey, bareheaded, nervous and holding a white cambric handkerchief in one hand, asked to speak. His rambling, whining remarks went on for seven minutes. Cora stood silent and still.

White caps were put on both men. The bells continued to toll, then there came two loud taps of the Fort's bell. The men below uncovered. It was 1:21 exactly. The platforms dropped away and two limp forms dangled from the ropes. A white cambric handkerchief fluttered to the ground.

Bella Cora claimed her husband's body and arranged for private funeral services. Seven carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery. For the rest of her life, Bella Cora always dressed in deepest mourning clothes. She lived alone, but for a few servants, and always referred to herself as the widow of Charles Cora. Despite a move by the "decent" women of San Francisco to have her run out of town, Bella Cora stayed and gave away most of her fortune to worthy charities of the City.

It was Wednesday, February 17th, 1862 when Bella Cora died and was buried next to her man in Calvary Cemetery. Above their graves is a headstone which stretches the width of both and is chiseled into two figures — a pair of young lovers, standing with heads bowed under a weeping willow tree.

RW

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THE DEVIL'S JAW
(Continued from Page 27)

Calmly Captain Randall continued rescue and survival efforts, paying scant attention to the pirates. Dutch Charley went below to loot the vault. When the purser refused to divulge the combination, he was murdered and the pirates began looting the terrified passengers and raiding the ship's liquor stores.

Without any regard for the 800 passengers, most of whom survived the initial crash, the wreckers filled two lifeboats with bullion, jewelry and cases of liquor. The boiling surf quickly upended the boats, and all occupants were drowned. Other looters were afraid to leave the ship and turned to an orgy of drinking, raping and looting even though the ship was being wrenched apart beneath their very feet. It was a night of horror and death, many of the women jumping overboard rather than to submit, and many of the men were killed without cause or provocation.

ODDLY, Captain Randall did what he could, going about assuring, seeing that the boiler safety valves were lifted to prevent an explosion even as the ship settled by the stern and broke in half.

A few looters tried to get ashore but their crafts were swamped. Even those that neared the shore were drowned by the weight of the money belts, swollen with stolen gold.

Ironically, the shooting and shouting during the ship's pillage attracted a passing steamer, the GOLIATH, commanded by Captain Salisbury Haley who stood by all night waiting for the morning fog to burn off. When he saw the broken backed ship, Captain Haley immediately began rescue operations. A sailor swam to the YANKEE BLADE with a thin line with which a hawser could be pulled back, and a boat guided between the vessels. Returning, the sailor alerted Captain Haley of the mutiny and piracy aboard the wrecked vessel.

A lifeboat was rigged to run between the two ships. The pirates, ignoring the cries of the women and children, crowded into the first boat. But when they climbed the Jacob's Ladder, Haley's sailors, armed with belaying pins, quickly subdued them and clapped them in irons. The rescue continued until all of the thugs were in custody, then the passengers and crew were taken off. The YANKEE BLADE was breaking up fast but the GOLIATH

Shoshone Warriors

One of the smallest and most mysterious of the Western Indian tribes were the Shoshones, sometimes called "Snake" Indians. When Lewis and Clark went into what is now Oregon, they were the first white men to come in contact with this tribe. They found they were small in number and probably the best fighters of all the Indian tribes. This was due to the fact they got plenty of training fighting other tribes who were constantly trying to wipe them out.

The description of the Shoshones written by Lewis in his journal gives interesting facts about these Indians. "The Shoshones with whom we are now are about 100 warriors and three times that number of women and children. The warriors are among the finest horsemen we have seen, and in battle one Shoshone is equal to two other Indians.

" . . . From the middle of May to the beginning of September they reside on the waters of the Columbia . . . as the fish disappear on the approach of autumn . . . they cross the ridge to the waters of the Missouri, down which they proceed slowly until they are joined by other bands, either from their own nation or the Flatheads with whom they associate against the common enemy. . .

"In their intercourse with strangers they are frank and communicative, perfectly fair in their dealings, nor have we during our stay with them found one single act of dishonesty . . . They have always abstained from begging anything from us. In their conduct toward us they were kind and obliging.

"The chastity of the women does not appear to be held in the highest estimation. The husband will, for a trifling present, lend his wife for a night to a stranger . . . yet strange as it may seem . . . any connection of this kind not authorized by the husband is considered highly offensive, and quite as disgraceful to the husband's character as the same licentiousness in civilized societies. . ."

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took survivors off, landed them down coast, then returned for more. Although hundreds were trans-shipped ashore, an estimated 400 people lost their lives in the tragic grounding.

IT was nearly sunset when the GOLIATH had taken aboard its last load of human cargo and a huge greenish-black comber struck the YANKEE BLADE. Both halves of the ship slipped to the bottom, 82 feet below.

Captain Randall was among the survivors. Inexplicably, there was never any effort to hand the pirates over to authorities and not one was ever captured or made to answer for his crimes.

There was much speculation about the tragedy. Had the YANKEE BLADE foundered because of a navigator's error; an undetermind, uncharted current caused by an underwater earthquake; had someone jiggered the compass so that the YANKEE BLADE would strand on this Hatteras of the Pacific and was Captain Randall a part of the conspiracy; or was it the most daring, planned attempt by a gang of stage robbers to overtake the treasure known to be aboard?

Most of these questions remain unanswered. Whoever was involved, there is no question that 400 lives were lost and there was a daring attempt to steal a vast treasure — which may never have been recovered.

But even after a century of conjecture, there are at least three clues to be considered seriously. About 10 years ago a diver claimed to have located the hulk but wouldn't return because of the currents, and wouldn't divulge his secret because of the attendant dangers.

In 1950, a San Francisco salvage diver also reported he had located the barnacle-encrusted vault of the YANKEE BLADE but before he could cut into it, rip-tides tore him away from the treasure. In a return dive, the diver couldn't locate the vault because a scuttled barge had sunk there, crushing and scattering whatever remained of the water-eaten hulk and rusted vault.

But long before, there was a more revealing incident. In 1856, a coastal newspaper reported that a certain "Captain Randall" had been awarded $80,000 as his share of salvage from a sunken ship near the Devil's Jaw.

Was it the same Captain Randall of the YANKEE BLADE? Did his share represent all of the treasure? And if it didn't, who got the rest? What of the diver's reports of a few years ago?

Before this tragic mystery is solved, someone will have to pry the secret from the Devil's Jaw, or perhaps the devil himself.

RW

AN INDIAN FANDANGO

(Continued from Page 33)

In the evening, when all are assembled, the "band" (which consists of about a dozen men, with reed whistles, and wooden castanets, with which they beat the time) begins a monotonous few-few with their whistles. The dancers follow their leader with the castanets, and with them keep time with a perpetual *hi-yah, hi-yah,* until they are out of breath. Then they take their seats for a rest, and listen to their orator for the occasion.

THESE fandangos are generally kept up for a number of days, and, it is at such times that many an Indian youth and maiden fall irretrievably in love, and seek to unite their hands and fortunes in wedlock. When this is understood, and the union receives the approbation of their parents and friends, both are allowed a personal inspection of each other in private. If this proves satisfactory, the fortunate lover gathers together all his worldly wealth, and repairs with it to his expected future father-in-law.

The old man generally appears surprised, hesitates, inspects the candidate for his daughter's hand from head to foot, then the amount of earthly goods the lover has brought him, as an equivalent for his daughter's hand and heart. After some eloquent pleading, the old man's thoughtful face generally relaxes into a smile, and as soon as he has accepted the presents, the ceremony is ended, and thenceforward they are considered man and wife.

Strange as it may seem, the Indian men will not infrequently gamble away their wives, as they do other kinds of property, (for they are inveterate gamblers). They are far too apt to consider the wife but little better than a chattel for barter and sale. Quite often a given number of Indian men agree to fight for a certain number of Indian women, on which occasion each party puts up equally.

As soon as either side is victorious, the women, who have been awaiting this "hazard of the die" as interested spectators, arise, and without hesitancy, or question, accompany the victors and are apparently contented with the result. To obtain women was frequently the only cause for war among them.

And when any particular tribe ran short of squaws, it unceremoniously stole some from an adjoining tribe, which, on the very earliest occasion, returned the doubtful compliment, and sometimes with considerable interest. Polygamy is quite common, some chiefs having from three to seven wives, the number being limited only, (as among the Mormons) by their ability to support them.

RW

From the book, "In the Heart of the Sierras," copyrighted by J. M. Hutchings.

Bride being sold by her father to a hopeful groom who is offering many beads.

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STREET OF A THOUSAND SINNERS

(Continued from Page 23)

footracer. He claimed to have been one of Quantrill's men but because of his age in 1872, there is some doubt about this.

Thomson was a footracer. In the 1870's foot races were even more popular than horse races and big sums were bet on them. Thomson was fast and did win races honestly, but if he couldn't win them honestly he had no scruples about winning them through other means. He was a jovial, and good natured man, with a bawdy sense of humor, and most people liked him, despite his laziness and lack of any moral standards.

Mattie Silks saw him race in Abilene and she promptly lost her heart to him. Thomson was married, but had not seen his wife for years and wasn't a man to take matrimonial bonds too seriously. The only thing he took seriously was an easy life, and he was smart enough to know that he had found it when Mattie fell into his arms.

Cort Thomson's loyalty to Mattie's love was never very strong. When he had money, he didn't bother with her but spent it gambling and with other women, but the minute he was broke, he would run to Mattie, make love for a few days and she would give him whatever he asked and he would be gone again.

When Mattie came to Holladay Street, Thomson came to Denver, spent his time in the Webster saloon and dance hall, ran a few races, and got money from Mattie to carry on his escapades. And he was responsible for one of the strangest gun battles in the old West.

Among the Madams Mattie brought to Holladay Street was Kate Fulton. Kate was young, pretty as a picture, and a successful Madame at 594 Holladay Street. Mattie was happy with her until she noticed Cort Thomson was spending an unusual lot of time with Kate in her house.

The feeling between Mattie and Kate got so bitter that all Holladay Street waited for the explosion. It came on August 15, 1877. Thomson had won an exciting foot race and Mattie threw a shindig for him at the Denver Gardens. Kate was there and Cort Thomson paid her considerable attention. So much that Mattie flew into a rage, slapped Kate and challenged her to a duel.

This callenge, which Kate accepted, threw all Denver into a scintillating excitement. Duels were unusual in the West and one between women was something unheard of. To further infuriate Kate, Mattie chose Cort Thomson as her second and Kate's feelings didn't improve when Thomson readily accepted the honor.

THE duel was set for the next morning at dawn in a clump of cottonwoods on the outskirts of Denver. Kate picked Sam Thacker, a gambler, to be her second, but Kate didn't recover from the humiliation of seeing her loved one rushing to Mattie's side to be her second.

The ancient code of a duel was followed to the letter. At dawn, Mattie appeared with her second and a moment later Kate drove up in a carriage with her second. A doctor was there, as they were in all duels. The ability of either woman to handle a six gun was questionable, but since it was a matter of honor, this subject wasn't brought up.

The required thirty paces were stepped off and the two female antagonists stood back to back with instructions that at the thirtieth step, they were to fire. By the time they started stepping off the thirty paces, newspaper reporters were there in a group and a large crowd of curiosity seekers stood at the edge of the clump of cottonwoods.

Despite the number of spectators, it has never been fully established just what did happen when the thirty paces were stepped off. Mattie fired and missed Kate. Kate took aim, squeezed the trigger. Her gun roared but the bullet didn't go in the direction of Mattie. It headed straight for Cort Thomson, Kate's erstwhile lover, and hit him in the neck.

With a scream of anguish, Mattie fell on the prone body of Thomson, but her grief wasn't necessary. The bullet only hit the flesh of Thomson's neck and he was taken to Mattie's house on Holladay Street where she nursed him day and night. When she was finally convinced the wound wasn't serious, she took a small derringer from a drawer and started out to look for Kate Fulton.

She never found Kate. Kate disappeared the day of the duel and was never seen again in Denver. So the big question that puzzled and excited all Denver was never answered. Did Kate Fulton, in her anger against Thomson, deliberately aim at him or was she such a bad shot that her stray bullet caught Thomson in the neck.

The town was divided half and half on the question. Those who claimed she fired deliberately swore she aimed at him. The other half who claimed it was only a wild shot said that her markmanship was notoriously bad.

To this day that question has never been answered.

No police action was taken against either Mattie Silks or Kate Fulton for the duel, which was a crime in Colorado. Mattie Silks and Holladay Street had certain immunity from the police. Aside from large pay offs to the police, Holladay Street was an ace in the hole for the City Dads. If they needed extra taxes, all they had to do was to slap them on the houses on Holladay Street. The Madams paid without too much protest.

Then, too, many of the city fathers were customers of Holladay Street. In January, 1877, the *Rocky Mountain News* carried the curt announcement that there could not be a meeting of the City Council the night before because most of the members were attending the opening of a new Parlor House on Holladay Street.

Mattie Silks remained the Queen of the street and under her skillful guidance it became the banner street of sin in the West. In those four blocks it was estimated there were 454 white angels of sin and 20 colored ones. It got the name of "The Street of Sinners" by adding the number of girls with the customers, which combined total probably exceeded a thousand on any given night.

IN 1880, the reign of Mattie Silks as Queen of Holladay Street was challenged by a newcomer. This newcomer, Sarah Jane Rogers, known to history as Jennie Rogers, was a tall, statuesque blonde, easily the most beautiful Madam in the West. She came to Denver from Pittsburg, via St. Louis, where she had achieved considerable fame as a Madam.

VALUE OF EDUCATION

Lucky Dan Bent was a successful Montana miner, who'd bet on anything. He and a companion had been partaking heavily from the flowing bowl when their conversation turned somehow to religion.

"Betcha you dunno the Lord's Prayer," Lucky Dan's companion challenged, laying out a considerable bundle of cash on the polished bar.

"I do too," Lucky Dan retorted, covering the large bet. He started to recite: "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ." And so on.

His companion's eyes widened, then he began to laugh. "Damned if I thought you could do it, Dan. But you know it word for word. You win the money."

BOB YOUNG

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Mattie Silks welcomed such a distinguished Madam to the street, but Mattie should have suspected something in her first deal with Jennie. Jennie wasn't interested in renting a house. She offered to buy it from Mattie. Mattie was a little puzzled, but agreed and Jennie paid her $4,500 cash for 540 Holladay Street. Jennie purchased two adjoining houses on Holladay Street and Mattie suddenly woke up to the fact she had a contender for the honor of Queen of Holladay Street.

Jennie had ambitions but she lacked the money to carry them out. Her former lover, who had been Chief of Police in St. Louis, visited her in Denver and had a simple answer to her problem. This former Chief of Police was a master at blackmail. He knew where the skelton lay in the closet of a wealthy Denver citizen and this citizen put up $20,000 cash for Jennie to remodel her houses rather than have this skeleton exposed.

Jennie employed the famous architect, William Quayle, to remodel the houses and they became the most luxurious brothels in the West. Jennie rode through the streets of Denver in her two wheeled tandem, drawn by two prancing white steeds. Her emeralds and diamonds were famous in the city.

Mattie caught her breath, squared away, and accepted the challenge of this seductive, statuesque blonde. There were hair pulling contests on Holladay Street between the two, and Mattie usually won despite her small size. Time and again the two were hauled into police court and fined, but the fines were never great.

AND for the next quarter century the contest between Mattie Silks and Jennie Rogers continued, with neither woman gaining a decided advantage. Holladay Street prospered under this contest. The houses became more luxurious and trade flocked to the street from all parts of the West. So infamous became the street, that in 1889 the supporters of Ben Holladay petitioned the City Council to have the name of Ben Holladay taken away from the street.

The council agreed and it became first Walnut Street and then Market Street. Cort Thomson's running days were over and Mattie had bought him a cattle ranch in Kansas. A few years later Thomson died of food poisoning and Mattie had to get another lover. She had many after that, never keeping one much longer than a few months.

She became interested in race horses and her stable was one of the most successful in the West. And all the time Holladay Street buzzed and hummed with gold dollars flowing in the pockets of Mattie and Jennie. In 1909 the feud between the two ended when Jennie died of Bright's disease, leaving a fortune of over a million dollars. The fame of the street began to decline, and by 1917, its heyday had passed.

On January 27, 1929, at the age of 83, Mattie Silks died, and was buried beside the grave of Cort Thomson, and with her death the memory of "The Street of a Thousand Sinners" faded rapidly and today its glory is only a historical memory.

RW

BLOODY TRAGEDY OF THE GERMAINE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 11)

They stayed huddled together, not knowing what would happen to them next. At noon rain started to fall and they had no protection except two thin blankets which kept no rain off of them. It rained well into the night and the girls lay in the mud, clutching each other and shivering from the cold, and sobbing.

THESE seventeen Cheyennes, led by Kicking Horse, were a part of Gray Beard's band of marauding Cheyennes that had been making raids in Kansas. From the military records, and from information gotten by the military from the Cheyennes, the route Kicking Horse and his Cheyennes took with their four captives can be traced with accuracy. They went south and got to the Arkansas River near Pierceville. Here the Cheyenne warriors left the squaws and the four captives to ride to Pierceville, attack the stockade, burn the stores and steal the cattle of Sam Bancroft.

They returned to the squaws and the captives with the cattle, and butchered them for another Cheyenne victory celebration. But the Cheyennes didn't linger long at the camp. The attack on Pierceville brought soldiers from Fort Dodge and the Cheyennes crossed the Arkansas, traveled only at night, got to the Canadian River, crossed it, and then took a tortuous route over mountains, through deep canyons, across salt plains to throw the soldiers off their tracks.

Addie and Julia didn't fare badly. The little squaw who had saved Addie's life and claimed the two girls as her own watched over them like a mother hen. She prepared their buffalo meat especially for them, seeing that it was well cooked, and once when she got some flour, she made a mixture of tallow, flour and salt for them. This was a delicacy to the Indians and to the starving little girls it seemed the same. The other squaws developed a hatred for the girls and tried in every way to make things hard for them, but the little squaw proved more than a match for her jealous compatriots.

KATHERINE and Sophia didn't find it so good. They were largely on their own. Seventeen year old Katherine had spunk. She angered the squaws by insisting on roasting her own meat, refusing to eat the half cooked buffalo the squaws dished out to the Indians. The Indian bucks tried to scare Katherine, but she only laughed at them. At the Canadian River they threatened to throw her in the river to drown.

With a laugh and a wave of the hand, she dived into the water, swam expertly across, turned and swam back stopping in the middle of the river for some expert diving. After that the braves had great respect for her and they let her and Sophia alone.

On September 25th the band of Cheyennes reached the north bank of McClellan Creek in Texas, a few miles north of the Texas town of Pampa in Grey County, due south of Liberal, Kansas, and 230 miles from the scene of the massacre of John and Lydia Germaine and three of their children.

Kicking Horse ordered camp to be made near the creek, but as he talked he glanced at the ground and what he saw caused him to give a quick order and the band rode away at top speed. What alarmed Kicking Horse was the charred remains of a campfire and his keen eye saw at once it had been left by a detail of U.S. soldiers. His order sent the Cheyenne band in the direction of the Staked Plains, the hideout of the Cheyennes.

But as the horses raced toward the southwest, following hidden trails, Addie and Julia Germaine began to cry. Their little bodies bounced crazily on the ponies. Kicking Horse rode up to the husband of the squaw who had protected the two little girls and shouted an order.

THE husband of the squaw grabbed the reins of the pony the two little girls were on and led it away from the Cheyenne band. Katherine and Sophia saw the two little sisters being led away. They saw the squaw that had protected them following her husband. After a half hour Katherine and Sophia saw the squaw and her husband rejoin the racing band and the two older sisters were certain Addie and Julia were dead.

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But they weren't. Kicking Horse had ordered them killed, but the little squaw fought with her husband and finally the husband agreed to leave the five year old and seven year old girls to shift for themselves, which under any circumstances was almost certain death. Addie and Julia were too young to realize their tragic situation. Holding hands the little girls walked until they came to a small creek. Here they quenched their thirst and then continued walking not knowing where they were going.

They were hungry, but there was nothing to eat. They kept walking until the first shadows of twilight began to creep through the bushes and high grass. Addie had an old shawl around her back and Julia carried a piece of blanket, taken from the back of the Indian pony. These were the only covers they had for the night, which was chilly. They crawled under a pile of leaves and put the shawl and piece of blanket over their half nude bodies. They clutched each other to keep warm and cried themselves to sleep from the gnawing pangs of hunger.

THEY were wakened an hour later by the sound of some animal pawing at the leaves. The moon had come out and they saw a prairie wolf. This didn't scare them. They were too young to know hungry wolves attacked humans. They saw other wolves peering at them and kicking leaves over them.

Addie said to Julia, "They nice dogs . . . they will mind and protect us."

Seven year old Julia nodded and the little girls held themselves tighter and went to sleep, certain that the big dogs around them would see that no harm would come to them. None did that night. They woke with the dawn and the wolves were gone. They were weak from hunger and they didn't know where to go or what to do.

They started walking hand in hand, and near a creek bank they found an old camp of soldiers. Pieces of hardtack lay on the ground and with this some scraps of meat. The two little girls grabbed the hardtack and the meat. They didn't eat all of the meat and hardtack. They kept some for later in the day. That afternoon they found some blueberries and wild grapes.

The next day they still had some of the hardtack and scraps of meat. They ate sparingly of these. They had found some wild onions and devoured these and they tried eating blades of grass. The grass was bitter, but it satisfied their hunger for a time. The days passed and these two little girls, one seven and the other five, walked without knowing in what direction or where they were. They walked largely in circles. Twice they came on old camp sites of soldiers and found more hardtack and scraps of meat.

Little Wolf proved to be friend of the terrified girl captives at Indian village.

At one camp they found a horse blanket and this kept them warm at night. The wolves still lurked around them as the slept, but they both were sure these animals had come to "mind" them. One day they ran abruptly into a small black bear. They were too young to know what a bear was and they weren't afraid. Because of this the black bear followed them, seemingly puzzled at seeing such a thing as humans who paid no attention to him.

AT Fort Wallace, a hunter Fred Conklin, rode into the fort on October 4th to report that he had found five bodies on the north fork of the Smokey Hill River, about fifteen miles from Fort Wallace. Major Harry A. Hambright, commander of Fort Wallace, sent 2nd Lieutenant Christian C. Hewitt with a detachment from Company K 19th Infantry for the bodies. The Lieutenant found the five members of the Germaine family where they had fallen in death. Near the burned wagon was the family Bible which listed the names of all the children.

As the names of Addie, Julia, Katherine, and Sophia were in the Bible and the bodies of these four weren't found, Lieutenant Hewitt surmised that they

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had been captured by the Indians. Traces of the foot prints of the four were found around the wagon, which gave added proof of their capture. Arrows taken from the dead bodies were Cheyenne. The five bodies were taken to Monument Station for burial.

The news of this massacre was published in the Topeka *Commonwealth* on October 9th. The story stirred up a hornet's nest of anger among the citizens of Kansas. State Senator John A. Edwards demanded that the military to something to protect the citizens of Kansas, and General John Pope, commander at Fort Leavenworth, dispatched General Nelson Miles with the 6th Cavalry to follow the Cheyennes, capture the marauders and free the captives.

THIS order of General Pope was to have an important bearing on what happened to Addie and Julia. For weeks the five year old and seven year old girls had wandered over the wild country bordering the Staked Plains, moving always in a circle, meeting no human being, which wasn't unusual in that country. They were almost naked and their little bodies were almost skeletons.

At first the two hadn't comprehended their situation, and each day they had been sure they would meet some nice white man or woman, but now weeks later, this illusion was gone. Addie was mentally disturbed and cried most of the time. Julia tried to comfort her, but sobs broke from Julia's little throat. Both were weak and on November 7th, they couldn't walk far because their tiny legs had no strength.

They sat down. A prairie wolf came near them, but they paid no attention to the animal and after a while it ran away. All animals had treated them like that. Then Julia saw the Indian pony and the man on it. The pony was coming toward them and then there were other ponies with Indians on them. The little girls didn't try to run. They didn't even try to get up because they didn't have much strength.

The Indians got off their ponies. They were jabbering excitedly among themselves. Then they picked the little girls up and put them on their ponies and the Cheyenne braves rode to the camp of Gray Beard's 200 marauding Cheyennes and their squaws. Kicking Horse and his Indians had rejoined Gray Beard with Katherine and Sophia, but as it was night, neither of these girls had the chance to see their two little sisters.

ROASTED buffalo meat was given the little girls by the squaws. They ate it with a ravishing hunger and then

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fell asleep. They were awakened a little after dawn with dog's barking, squaws screaming, and rifle and musket fire. At dawn Lt. Franklin D. Baldwin in command of ninety-eight men from Company D 5th Infantry and Troop D Sixth Cavalry, a part of General Miles' forces, attacked the camp.

They didn't catch the Cheyennes completely off guard. The squaws had warning enough to carry out their part in any attack—get all the Indian ponies away so the Cheyennes could put up a running fight with their ponies always available. Katherine and Sophia were with the squaws so they never saw Addie and Julia. Little Addie was sleeping under a buffalo robe when the firing started. Julia had gone to the creek at dawn for a drink. Lieutenant Baldwin and his men attacked from the east. The Cheyennes anticipated this and moved back, only to strike at the flanks of the soldiers, sending them reeling back.

FOR five hours the battle continued, with the soldiers outnumbered two to one. The rough terrain and the bushes made the cavalry horses useless and the cavalrymen fought on foot. At the end of the five hours the Cheyennes fled, leaving their wigwams, food supplies, everything at the camp.

They fled on their ponies for the Staked Plains. When the soldiers took over the camp they found the five year old Addie hiding under the buffalo robe. She was a pathetic sight. Her small skeleton-like body, which seemed only a bundle of bones, had only a thin strip of torn blanket around her waist. Julia was found at the creek where she had been hiding in the water. Her small bone-racked body didn't even have the strip of torn blanket to hide her nakedness.

The little girls sobbed hysterically when they saw the white soldiers. They quickly wrapped their bony bodies with what clothes they had. Doctor Junius L. Powell who was with the detachment with an ambulance, took the girls in the ambulance to Camp Supply. Here the officer's wives took over the girls, saw they were fed, made clothes for them, and quieted their fears.

Then Doctor Powell, with a soldier escort, started for Fort Dodge with Addie and Julia. The hundred miles was covered in good time. The officers and men at Fort Dodge took up a collection to buy the girls dresses and to pay for their trip to Fort Leavenworth with Doctor Powell. At Fort Leavenworth they were turned over to General Pope on December 1, 1874.

Addie and Julia were told about the deaths of their father, mother, brother and two sisters and that the bodies had been buried at Monument Station, but the little girls were still to stunned and mentally disturbed to realize what was being told them. They were put in the care of the kindly Patrick Corney, blacksmith at the Fort, and his wife.

KATHERINE and Sophia arrived with Gray Beard's 200 Cheyennes at the secret hideout of 300 lodges in the Staked Plains of Texas. The entrance into this village by Gray Beard and his warriors had a macabre touch for Katherine and Sophia. As the Cheyennes neared the village, they put on their war paint and feathered war bonnets and arranged their trophies. The scalps of John and Lydia Germaine, Stephen and his two sisters were placed on the ends of rifles to show that five victims had been scalped.

Katherine and Sophia were placed on the ponies of the Cheyennes who had claimed them, and the band rode wildly into the village, shrieking war cries and firing their revolvers. The village raced out to meet them and took after the two white girls who had been thrown from the ponies. Their dresses were torn into shreds as squaws grabbed for them to claim them as their servants. Wasita, a burley squaw, wife of the 40 year old Ni-ho-e claimed Katherine. Niti-ei, another burley squaw, wife of Bear Shield, grabbed Sophia and fought off the other squaws who tried to get her.

There was no sleep for Katherine or Sophia that night. The Cheyennes celebrated with war dances, whiskey, and a feast of buffalo. The next morning the two girls were put to work, carrying fire wood. The wood was tied in bundles on their backs. Wasita, the squaw who claimed Katherine, had a violent temper and on that first day she gave Katherine a whipping with a lariat. However, her husband, Ni-ho-e, proved to be kinder and stopped Wasita

Fort Dodge, Kansas where Germaine girls were taken after deal had been made with the Cheyennes for their freedom.

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from beating Katherine.

Niti-ei, Sophia's squaw, was surly and expressed her anger by vicious slaps. Yet with all this meanness, the two squaws did show some kindness to their white slaves. They made moccasins for them and dresses from deer skins. Both the girls had bad sores from the long riding. The two squaws gave them buffalo tallow to treat the sores. Katherine proved to be an expert seamstress with the Indian bone needle and thread of buffalo sinew. She delighted the squaws by making them bright colored clothes and bright colored trimmings for their buckskin dresses.

UP to this point no Indian had tried to molest Katherine, the only one of the four girls old enough for sex, but Wasita decided that it was time Katherine was mated with a young buck. Katherine slept in the center of the lodge near the fire. One day Wasita brought a young buck into the lodge and pointed to Katherine. Katherine knew what that sign meant. She leaped to her feet, attacked the young buck, who was rather shy, with a fury that sent him running wildly from the lodge. He never returned to continue his sex attentions, and Katherine, who had mastered the Cheyenne language, announced to one and all that any buck trying to molest her would get worse that this buck got. The Cheyennes respected Katherine's courage and independence and contrary to what has been written, no further attempts were made by any of the Indians to molest her.

Scouts brought word that General Miles and his troops were approaching the Stalked Plains. The band of Cheyennes fled to Chief Stone Calf's village on a tributary of the Pecos River in the Staked Plains of New Mexico. Then Chief Gray Beard took half the band and Sophia to a secret hideout near the Rio Grande, while Katherine remained with Chief Stone Calf.

General Miles learned from Mexican train drivers that Gray Beard and Stone Calf had two white girls as prisoners believed to be the Germaine sisters. General Miles knew the impossibility of any military action against the Cheyennes in the Staked Plains country where the Indians had the advantages of deep ravines, huge caves, and country impossible for any army train with supplies to pass over.

ON December 20th, Chief Medicine Water and his Cheyennes had surrendered to General Miles, and from Chief Medicine Water General Miles learned that the Cheyennes in the Staked Plains were having a hard winter and most were on the point of starvation. The general also realized that any attack on Gray Beard or Stone Calf might endanger the lives of the Germaine girls. So he sent a message to Stone Calf and Gray Beard offering them food and supplies if they surrendered to the government and returned to the reservation.

Stone Calf was ready to surrender, but Gray Beard held out for better terms. General Miles sent Stone Calf a picture taken of Addie and Julia and on the back wrote a note to Katherine and Sophia, telling them that their two little sisters had been rescued and were safe at Fort Leavenworth.

The negotiations with Gray Beard went on until February 22, 1875, when General Pope was notified by Brevet Brigadier General Thomas H. Neil, who was with General Miles, that Gray Beard had agreed to surrender and that an ambulance was being sent to bring the two white captives to the Cheyenne Agency.

HORSEHAIR RIATAS

■ *Horsehair riatas are part of Western tradition. For years they have been made by Mexicans and Indians. They were used extensively by the early cowboys. The West, however, did not originate them. Horsehair ropes were common in Europe and other parts of the Old World. In spite of their long history hair ropes have practical drawbacks in working cattle. They are often too light for a catch rope, especially when it is necessary to throw them far enough to make long catches. They have a tendency to kink and become rough with use. Though they undoubtedly served their purpose in the old days, horsehair riatas have just about been pushed out of the Western cow-country picture by modern, specially treated hemp ropes.*

JAMES HINES

On February 26th Katherine and Sophia were delivered by ambulance to the U.S. Troops. Katherine sat in the ambulance with Chief Stone Calf on one side and Ni-ho-e, her Indian foster father, on the other side. Sophia was between Chief Gray Beard and Bear Shield, her Indian foster father. At the army camp wagon loads of provisions were awaiting the Indians.

The starving Cheyennes gulped the food down without waiting for it to be cooked. The army cook prepared a sumptuous meal for Katherine and Sophia. After the Cheyennes had gorged themselves with the uncooked food, a dance was given in honor of their former captives. It was an impressive and strangely touching ceremony. The two girls sat on a high pile of buffalo robes, the guests of honor, while the Cheyennes danced around them. Wasita and Niti-ei, the two squaws who had claimed the white girls and hadn't always been kind to them, were uncontrollable in their grief.

THEN the two girls were taken to the Cheyenne Agency at Darlington, Indian Territory, where the formal ceremony of surrender of the Cheyennes was to take place. Soldiers and civilians lined the road to the agency for a half mile to cheer the two girls as they rode past. After the formal surrender, the two girls were sent to the Mission school at the agency. Katherine was now 18 but weighed only 80 pounds. Sophia weighed 60 pounds, but both girls were in good health and physical condition.

Many Cheyennes visited them at the Mission School. Chief Stone Calf and their Cheyenne foster parents brought them gifts of forty buffalo robes and four mules. These were sold and the proceeds given to the girls. The soldiers and citizens gave benefit entertainments for the girls, the proceeds of which were given to them.

In September, 1875, the girls were sent to Fort Leavenworth and General Miles was appointed their guardian by the government. General Pope was able to get a congressional grant of $12,500 as a trust fund for them, this sum taken from the financial allotment of the Cheyennes. Attempts to find the Cheyennes guilty of the massacre of John and Lydia Germaine and their three children were not successful. Kicking Horse had fled to the Dakotas and most of the guilty Cheyennes had gone with him.

In September, 1876, General Miles was sent north and Patrick Corney and his wife, who were guardians for Addie and Julia, were appointed guardians for Katherine and Sophia. The four girls were given a good education. Addie graduated from the State University at Lawrence and became a teacher.

All four married and raised families, but the horror of that morning of September 11, 1874, when they saw their father, mother, brother, and two sisters scalped by the Indians, and the terrifying hours of their captivity, always remained a dark cloud on their memories.

RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 4)

and after the wars was sent to a reservation in Oklahoma. Tom Boles was a U.S. Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas with headquarters at Fort Smith. He was appointed by President Chester Arthur in 1882.

Q. Was Pat Garrett a recognized peace officer at the time he was appointed sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, or was he only a cowboy and a political appointment? Dale "Chip" Walker, 2172 Magnolia Dr., Simi, California.

A. Pat Garrett was born in Chambers County, Alabama, April 23, 1854. The family moved to Louisiana and young Pat continued on to Texas where he first worked as a cowboy and then became a well known buffalo hunter. In 1878 he went to New Mexico to serve as a stock detective. He had a good reputation as a peace officer when he was appointed sheriff of Lincoln County.

Q. There was a hold-up of the Cenral Pacific Atlantic Express November 5, 1870, near Verdi, Nevada, executed by the J.T. Chapman gang. One of the hold-up men was A.J. Davis. Could this have been the Jack Davis of the Sam Bass gang? Reginald G. Longsdale, Hotel Dakota, Central Park West, New York City.

A. This could hardly have been the Jack Davis of the Sam Bass gang as in 1870 this Jack Davis was only a kid. He and Bass didn't start their careers of crime until 1876.

Q. Is it true that Mysterious Dave Mather, the notorious character of Dodge City and other parts of the West was a direct descendant of Cotton Mather of Puritan fame? Mrs. Thelma Grey, Hotel Philips, Kansas City, Mo.

A. Mysterious Dave Mather always boasted he was a direct descendent of the famed Cotton Mather, who over 300 years ago was active in putting down witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts. There was never any proof of this relationship, and it could be added that if Mysterious Dave was a descendent of the great Cotton Mather, the nefarious life and crimes of this 19th century descendent didn't compare very well with the piety and tolerance and high character of his great ancestor.

Q. Is it true that the Indians had a form of parimutuel betting for their horse races in the old West? Carl Thayer, 19 Sixth Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A. The Indians did have a primitive form of the parimutuel to handle their bets on the horse races, which was the great sport of all the Plains Indians. They would spread robes and blankets down and each robe or blanket represented a horse in the race. Whatever the Indians wished to wager on any specific horse, they would put on the robe or blanket alloted to that horse. The wagers were robes, ornaments, moccasins, weapons — anything he might possess. At the end of the race the winner took everything from all the blankets, including what was bet on his horse.

Q. Could you tell me if there ever was a battle between the U.S. Army and Indians at Table Rock, near Medford, Oregon. Don Johanson, 1228 So. 56th Street, Richmond, California.

A. In August, 1853, the Modocs went on the warpath in Oregon, charging the white men with stealing their lands by treachery and dishonesty. General Joe Lane, who became the first governor of Oregon, was sent to take command of the troops. For two days General Lane and his men searched the wild country around Table Rock, and on the third day suddenly came face to face with three hundred Modocs under Chief Running Bear. The Modocs dived behind trees and rock and the battle continued for four hours. General Lane was wounded, and when the Modocs learned he was in command of the troops, they asked for a peace conference as the Modocs had great faith in the integrity and honesty of General Lane. The peace conference was held at Table Rock on September 10, 1853, and the Modocs who were treated as equals by General Lane, agreed to return to their villages.

Q. Is it possible to write to an Indian on a reservation for information? Lewis G. Puckney, 24 Friston Street, Fieldham, London, S.W. 6, England.

A. The Indian is an American citizen and certainly has no restrictions on communication with anybody on any subject. You can get the adresses of the different reservations by writing to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C.

Q. Could you tell me where I could obtain pictures of Western gun fighters? Robert Trisillo, 702 Fayette Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A. We have received many requests for this information. The finest collection of Western gunfighters is the famed Rose Collection, now owned by Frontier Pix, P.O. Box 1136, Ruidoso, New Mexico. The Kansas Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas, recently published a book on Kansas with many rare and interesting pictures of the cattle towns and the gunmen of that era.

Q. How many men did Bat Masterson kill? T.N. Cash, 3736 Ingold, Houston, Texas.

A. This is open to argument. It is certain that he did kill Sergeant King in Mobeetie. Most writers claim he killed Walker, who shot his brother, Ed, but newspaper accounts in Dodge at the time do not bear out this claim. It is difficult to tell how many men those Western peace officers killed as in many cases they didn't boast about it. However, Bat Masterson cannot be called a gunman or a killer. Bat never said how many men he had killed, but left the impression it wasn't any great number.

Q. I found this tomahawk while on a trip in Washington. How old is it? Larry Powers, General Delivery, Picher, Oklahoma.

A. This undoubtedly was a tomahawk made by the white men and sold to the Indians in the 1870's and 1880's. The design of the tomahawk is similar to the hatchets used by the early settlers. The hole in the top for smoking shows that it was made to be sold to the Indians.

Q. What is the legend of Phatty Thompson's cats? Mrs. Irene Sobel, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A. Phatty Thompson was a freighter in the Dakotas and was a man of unusual imagination. He was what was called in those days a "shotgun" freighter, which meant he bought, hauled, and sold his own merchandise. He conceived the idea that the dance hall girls in Deadwood needed pets to while away their lonely hours. So he bought fifty cats in Cheyenne for 25 cents each, loaded them in a huge crate, and started for Deadwood. On the way, the wagon tipped over and the crate fell to the ground, breaking open, and the cats scurried in all directions. But he was a patient man. He spent a week coaxing his cats back in the crate by offering them food. He got to Deadwood with this cargo, sold the cats to the dance hall girls for from $10.00 to $25.00 cash each, which netted him a neat profit.

Q. Is it true that Indians had fraternal organizations and secret societies in their tribes? John L. King, 16 East 63rd Street, Kansas City, Misssouri.

A. Among the Plains Indians the joining fever was always strong. Each tribe had their secret orders which were similar to our fraternal organizations. These societies had oaths and they played an important part in the regulations of the morals of the members. For example, the Pottawatomies had the Fish Clan, the Eagle Clan, the Bear Clan, the Wolf Clan, and many others.

Q. Why did the Indians call the Oregon Trail "The Great Medicine Road of The White"? Allen Foray, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

A. Because of the graves that marked almost every mile of this Trail. The physical frailty of the white man, and the number of death among them from disease, always puzzled the Indians, who because of their adjustment to the hardships of the West, seldom died of illness, except the diseases given them by the whites. At times the Indians also called the Oregon Trail "The Road of Death."

Q. Does the expression "Brand Blotter" in the old West mean what it says? Art Conyers, Cheyennne, Wyoming.

A. Exactly what it says. A Brand Blotter was a horse or cattle thief who blotted out a brand by running a hot iron over it, leaving only a large scar. In time this scar became the mark of a cattle or horse thief and animals with such scars were confiscated by the Cattlemen's Association.

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Galen Duncan
Box 34 A
Pylesville, Maryland

I need book "Cherokee Nation". Also, I have some Indian and Civil War clippings I wish to exchange for any inexpensive original item to put in a Civil War scrapbook, and a pair of Salt and Pepper shakers from Nevada.

Milton A. Graves
5610 Leslie
W. Nashville 9, Tenn.

I have an authentic map of some early western gold mines, some Civil War coins and some pictures by Charlie Russell the western artist. I would like to know if anyone is interested in such articles.

Homer E. Vandivet
Box 516
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I wish to obtain back copies of various men's adventure magazines, in good condition only. List copies by titles and dates and price wanted. I will buy or trade other such magazines for them.

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WHEN HELL CAME TO RAWHIDE

(Continued from Page 16)

hide than they were of their own activities. When Riley Grannan arrived and immediately paid $40,000 for a corner lot on which to build Rawhide's greatest saloon the outside world knew that everything must be well. Would Grannan, the world's greatest gambler, take such a chance if Rawhide wasn't as solid as aces full over kings?

Behind him, too, was George Graham Rice, who had been hiding in the sagebrush while the heat cooled off from the failure of the L. M. Sullivan Trust Company. But he blatantly promoted the Rawhide Coalition and the Black Eagle, with the help of Nat Goodwin. By rapid buying and selling, they maneuvered the prices of stocks like a monkey on a stick, and made money on both fluctuations.

But few cared where a man came from. It was what he was now that mattered in Rawhide, and there were few doubters. Everyone wanted to believe that fortunes lay near at hand for everyone who would work for them, and even for those who wouldn't.

And luck seemed to favor the boom camps. Like the old fable, Rawhide's main road had a large boulder in the middle of the road which nobody bothered to move. Everyone was too busy. One miner, tired of having to dodge the rock, decided to do something about it himself, if not for anybody else. He set a charge 'neath the boulder and touched it off. The fragments assayed out at $300 per ton which more than repaid him for his efforts.

And everyone wanted to believe such things.

During March, 1908, the Rawhide Coalition miners set a charge on one of its claims on Grutt Hill, about fifty-odd yards from the main street of the town. They were following a small, paper-thin seam but giving promise of more. The blast uncovered a natural cache of highgrade ore, so rich in fact that an estimated $14,000 worth of jewelry ore was thrown about the area. Much of it was lost.

ONE large chunk was blasted down the street and went through the window of the First National Bank of Rawhide. A bank official who was quite naturally an amateur prospector himself, picked up the ore, examined it, and had it weighed and later when an official from the Coalition came into the bank, the banker deducted the cost of the broken window and paid the mine officer an addititional $8 for the piece of ore!

No one doubted such a story, even then.

In ten days after his arrival, Tex Richard had his saloon completed. It measured 30 by 100 feet. Richard had five bartenders, two faro tables, two roulette wheels and a half dozen other games. On opening night Richard sold more than $2,000 worth of booze and scooped up an estimated $25,000 from his gambling tables. Astute as he was about many things, proved by promoting the first million dollar boxing games, Richard was a sucker for a "sure thing."

Many of Rawhide's claims abounded with big quartz crystals, which occasionally had some gold around their bases. But most were barren and discarded. Some wise guy assiduously collected these crystals and had sign painters gold leaf them, making them appear as one crystal which grew into pure gold. One of the artists was so skillful, these frauds were named after him: Cooganite. Tex made himself look like something of a simpleton when he proudly displayed a fine sample of Cooganite for which he had paid $50. A friend finally whispered the word, and Tex's sample quietly disappeared.

Visitors to Stingaree Gulch had to detour around Richard's Northern Saloon until he thoughtfully cut a passageway through his building, a move which enhanced his business as well as that of the girls who occupied the line. The Gulch rivaled San Francisco's Barbary Coast, Chicago's Custom House Place and New York's Bowery. The red-gartered girls, probably five hundred of them, came from every state and nation in the world, giving Rawhide and the Gulch a real cosmopolitan atmosphere. Scantily clad girls worked in Kelley's, Zanzibar and the Squeeze Inn, selling booze and other custom on a percentage. Some made $200 a night. The cribs were so close to the surface mines that it was difficult to keep the miners' minds on the job.

VIRTUE is frequently a secret, or at least little discussed, but whisper or shout a doubt and everyone talks about it and is interested. So it was with Elinor Glyn, the neurotic English novelist, who had just written "THREE WEEKS," which had been considered by some as immoral and banned here and there. Mrs. Glyn, though she usually dwelt within the marbled halls of Europe, wanted to show she was as raw as the life she wrote about and announced a trip to Rawhide, Nevada, surely the rawest of the West. Since her book, "THREE WEEKS" dealt with the problem of a married woman's fling with illicit love, the residents of Stingaree Gulch looked forward to her visit. THAT was a subject all of them understood.

And the men of Rawhide were equal to the occasion. So was she. Later she wrote, after living under the zinc roof of a shanty, she had met men that might have stepped from the pages of "THE VIRGINIAN."

Mrs. Glyn was given a formal reception accompanied by the salute of 21 champagne corks and the formal presentation of a six gun as a token of their esteem.

"We give you this here six gun, Elinor Glyn, because we like your darned pluck. You ain't afraid and we ain't either."

This Old West touch thrilled her but when acting Governor, D. S. Dickerson, pinned a deputy constable's badge on her frilly blouse, she nearly swooned with a case of female exhaustion. The badge allowed her to arrest any boy, under 16, within the state of Nevada.

But she wasn't allowed to revive from her state of constant ecstasy. At a dinner a little later, the table was decorated with flowers that had been safe-handed by a callow youth who had ridden 90 miles just to place these hand-picked yellow daisies on the red checkered oil cloth before her.

Death Valley Scotty, who in this instance represented himself as a desert bandit something akin to Valentino in "The Shiek", offered her the comforts of his desert castle where she would be treated royally and returned safely the next day. But she declined on the advice of more conservative Rawhiders.

A set of jerrybuilt shacks were set on fire so she could observe the volunteer fire brigade in action. And during the guided tour of Stingaree Gulch and the saloon row, a gang of masked bandits swooped down on them and ordered them to raise their hands. But when they found out who she was, they recoiled in mock horror. "She's too hot for us."

Snapper on the series of hoaxes was the fact that a gang of real thugs held up Tex's saloon and got away with several thousand dollars.

Rawhide might not be short of ideas as to how to entertain their guests and publicize their paper city, but they were desperately short of water, despite the fact that few drank much water. The first major blaze which broke out July 20, 1908, was quickly isolated when hundreds of volunteers simply lifted and carried away buildings adjoining the blaze. The fire was controlled in a short time.

It was a little more than a month later that the big fire hit Rawhide, and when the fire bell began to toll it

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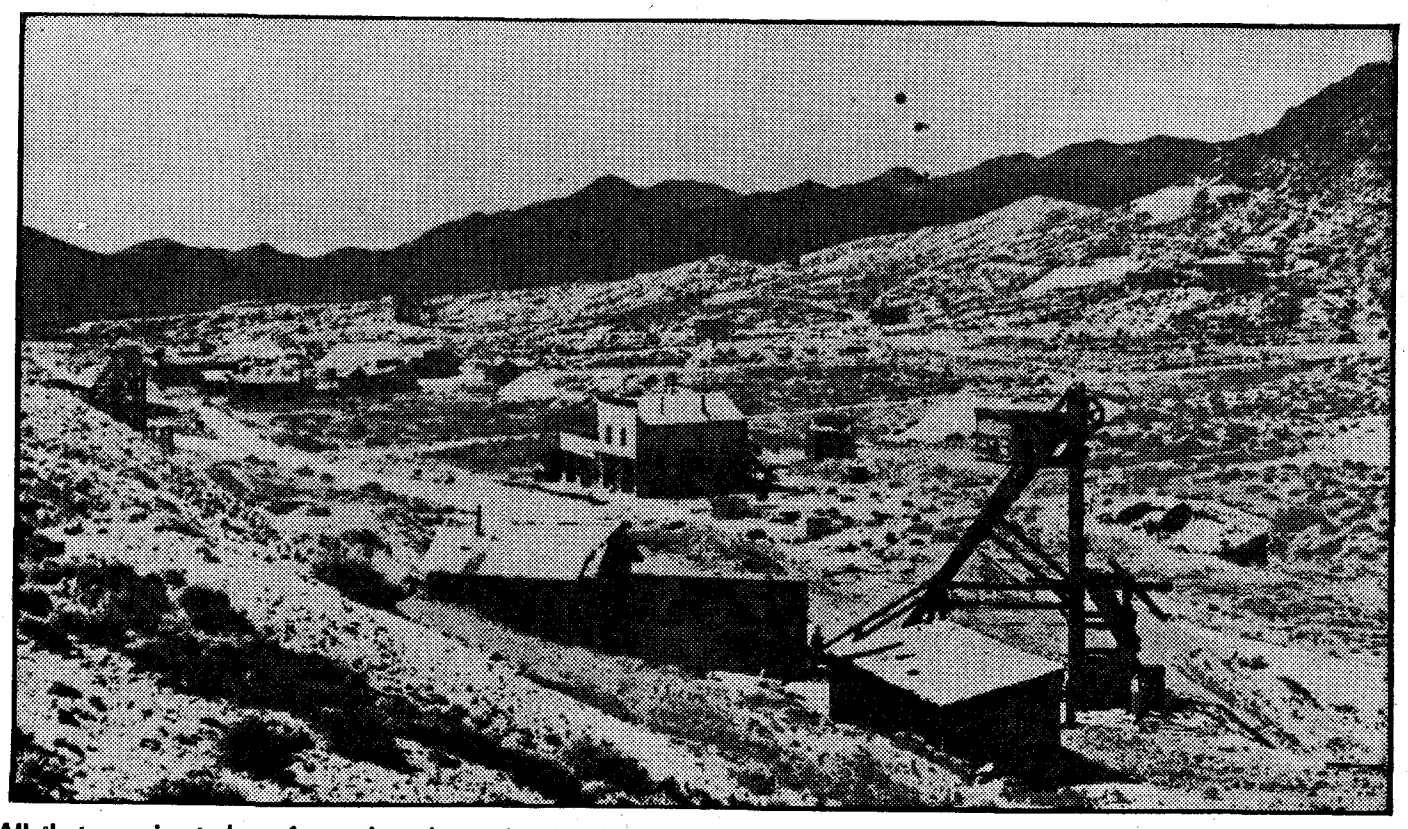

All that remains today of one time rip-roaring Rawhide are one or two wooden buildings and rusty mining equipment.

was also tolling the death knell of the city itself. Or at least so it seemed. According to legend a gasoline stove in the main street drugstore exploded, igniting the interior. With a brisk wind blowing, as it always did in Rawhide, it was less than an hour that the entire business district was on fire.

There wasn't enough water to control the flames and the firefighters began to dynamite buildings. Building after building was demolished to deprive the fire of something to feed on. Flames and smoke soared hundreds of feet into the air and the sky went dark with the smoke. The heat was so intense that boards and sheets of tin were flung into the air, carried by thermals then dropped back as they hit cooler air.

DESPITE the desperate situation, there was one touch of humor. One of the saloons near Stingaree Gulch had offered the use of its huge six foot safe as a depository for the fancy women's money and regularly there were thousands of dollars deposited. Everyone considered the money completely safe as the strong box appeared to be impregnable. As the flames approached, depositors wondered what would become of their hard-earned money. But one man, owner of the bar, knew exactly what to do. "C'mon help me move the safe," he shouted. "We'll get it out of the way of the fire."

A few jumped to the task but most shook their heads, thinking the safe would be too heavy to move. But four men clutched the sides and easily moved the safe out of the way, and saved the money contained therein. The safe, which no one had ever bothered to test, was made of papier-mache. It was typical of Rawhide itself.

EVEN before the last spark had been damped down, orders were placed for lumber and other supplies to rebuild the entire town. The telegraph office was swamped with offers of help for the Rawhiders but Tex Richard set the theme:

"Rawhide can pay for everything itself. We won't accept any charity."

Community funds were quickly raised and the town was rebuilt at record speed. But it was an almost futile gesture. The gold ore seams thinned out as they went deeper; the surface values had been about all. Promoters had skimmed the riches without any regard for future development and the town that had zoomed from nothing to 10,000 in about three months began to fade.

Rawhide wasn't done yet, however. There were robberies, bank failures, stock swindles, fires and the usual miseries of a desert boom camp. But, when a flash flood swept down Main and Nevada Streets gathering up houses, tents, merchandise in the gout of water the time of decline had actually come. One of the buildings caught up in the tide was the small Fountain Saloon which was filled with customers when the flood struck. With the bartender, the drinkers clung frantically to the bar and any other solid hand hold. The building twisted, turned and floated on the crest of the wave for about a block, then was dropped at Regent Street. The bartender declared a round of drinks on the house and immediately began to dole out the needful.

And needful it had to be as Rawhide was about done. The Fountain Saloon, though later known as the Unsinkable Saloon, was typical of Rawhide, "business as usual despite hell or *high water.*" No longer now were there enough customers. Only a few hundred stayed, then it dropped to less than a hundred and not long afterwards, Rawhide was barren. For many, many years the Grutt brothers retained mining interests in Rawhide but perhaps a more persistent visitor to what remains of Rawhide was the Gum Shoe Kid.

The Kid during the big fire had buried a cask of whiskey to save it from the flames. With all the buildings burned down, the Kid was never able to relocate his barrel of busthead, but for several years would go back to vacant, deserted Rawhide armed with a sharp steel rod to probe for it.

"It isn't that I want to drink," the Gum Shoe Kid always said. "It is just that I wonder what happened to it."

A lot of other people wonder what happened to Rawhide too, but they all agree it was a great time while it lasted.

RW

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ABILENE'S STAMPEDE OF DEATH

(Continued from Page 19)

Somewhere on the way to Texas in the Indian Territory, McCoy happened to meet a man named Thompson who was driving a herd of two thousand Longhorns up the trail. Thompson was as yet undecided on a shipping and selling point but he was determined to find a market somewhere for his cattle. His outfit contained twenty cowboys and a remuda of one hundred saddle horses. McCoy, the cattle wise promotor, saw a golden opportunity and a potential customer in the chance meeting and immediately began to talk convincingly of the brand new market at Abilene. In the end he sold Thompson on the idea and Thompson pointed his outfit in the direction of the Kansas market.

As has been pointed out McCoy was a promoter extraordinary. As soon as he completed the verbal deal with Thompson he put spurs to his horse and galloped back to Abilene post haste, for he had suddenly conceived the idea for a publicity stunt such as never had been seen in any cattle mart anywhere.

Once in Abilene he sent wires to eastern cattle buyers appraising them of the coming of Thompson's herd to the new cattle terminus. He then began preparations for the big show. The day the herd was due to arrive he persuaded the Union Pacific Railroad to run a special train. The passengers were cattle feeders, packing house members and officials of the railroad. McCoy hired a brass band for which he erected a bandstand. Since the advent of the railroad the little prairie village of Abilene had begun to swell into a boom town. It now contained sod residences, several business houses, a fine hotel erected by McCoy and of course the inevitable saloons and dance halls.

IN the meantime, back on the trails Thompson was enjoying a highly successful cattle drive. As the great herd wound its way toward Abilene, no Indians molested it. The weather was perfect, the grass lush and abundant and the wa.e plentiful. The cattle thrived and fattened.

As Thompson and his outfit neared the prairie settlement, McCoy rode out to meet him and acquaint him with the publicity stunt he had in mind, which was to parade the two thousand head of Longhorns from the Texas cattle ranges through the main part of Abilene. Thompson who knew the unruly nature of the wild range cattle demurred but was out talked by the persuasive McCoy and in the end reluctantly agreed to the unique parade.

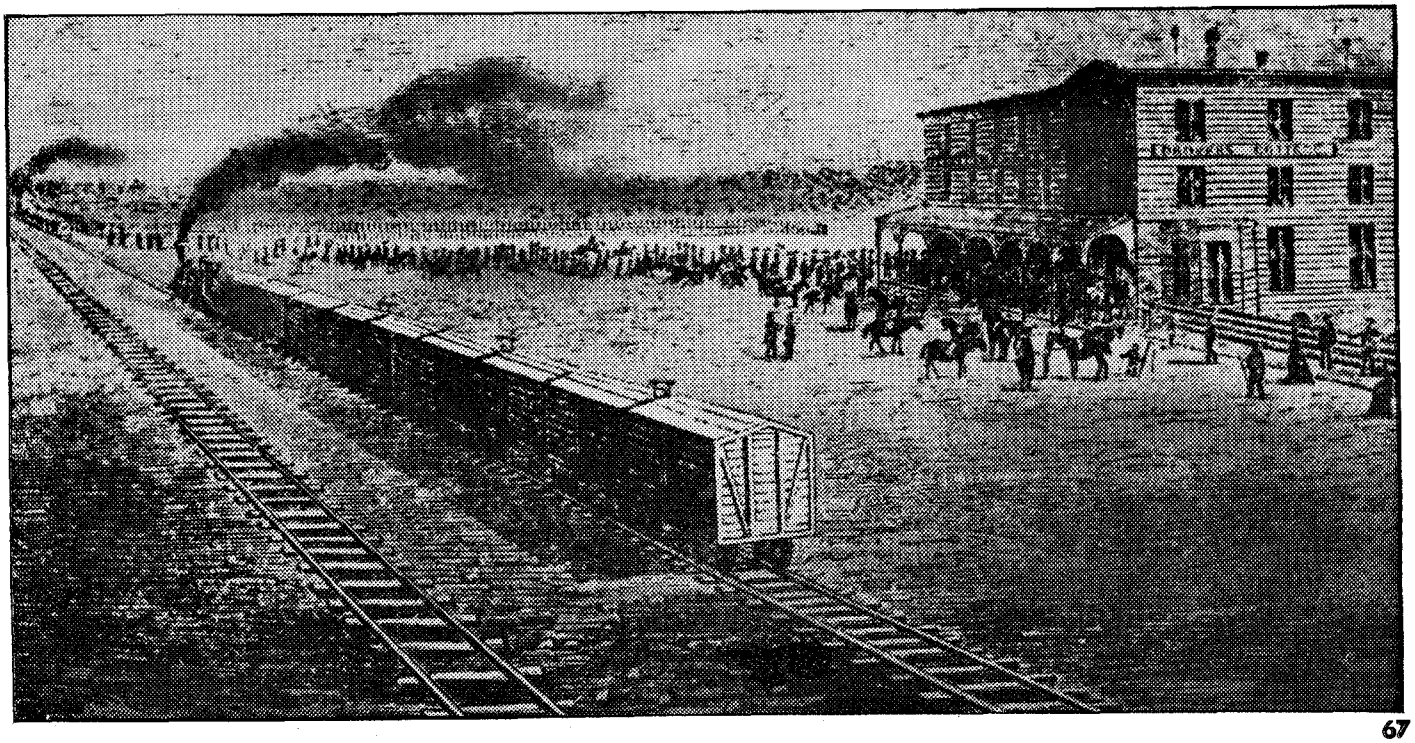
A mile from town Thompson and his riders strung the herd into a long, thin line and proceeded to drive them in that formation toward Abilene. The great mass of long, rangy cattle moved docilely along at a stately pace so long as they were on the open prairie. As they entered the edge of town the completely alien and mysterious sounds, odors and signs of civilization began to play on their nerves and fierce tension gripped them. Their flanks heaved, their scraggly tails twitched, their eyes moved uneasily and their nostrils flared. They sidled and crowded together nervously.

The citizens of Abilene, although they had been warned that the cattle might stampede, were present enmasse to witness the show. They were amply rewarded for suddenly the great moving herd of cattle, their huge, wide horns reaching skyward, filled the streets, herded by twenty trail drivers, heavy and long of hair, thick of beard and clad in full cowboy regalia.

Although tense and agitated, a fourth of the great herd walked quietly into the square and past the bandstand. It was then that the jubilant McCoy decided that music was in order and signaled the band leader. His action had a catalytic effect for as strident and spirited music ruptured the air, panic swept through the herd with the swiftness of a brush fire. The leaders spun and headed blindly toward the open prairies. The air became suddenly heavy with pounding hoofs, rattling horns and suffocating dust. Thompson's cattle, in a split second, had stolen McCoy's show and were staging one of their own, a stampede square in the very heart of Abliene!

Panic possessed, the great pulsating mass of cattle raced ponderously but swiftly through town, overrunning anything that happened to be in their path. A group of running steers hit the bandstand, crumpling it like a

Stockyards and depot at Abilene at heyday of the cattle business, but by time cattle boom broke McCoy had lost fortune.



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match box beneath a locomotive wheel. The musicians luckily escaped before the hit but many lost their instruments. Wagons were caught in the bovine maelstrom, smashed to bits and the teams absorbed by the rushing Longhorns. The dust billowing from the hoofs of two thousand cattle darkened the town and the rumbling sound of the great stampede shook the earth like thunder. In spite of the disturbance no one was killed and only one man injured. While running to gain his horse he was struck by a wagon pulled by a runaway team and sustained a broken arm and ribs.

THOMPSON'S herd was not loaded that day. It took a hard 24 hours work on the part of the drovers to round up the cattle, for some in their mad panic had run as far as ten miles from Abilene.

Some of the cattle were injured but none were lost entirely. Good will was speedily restored when McCoy made good the losses of the townspeople and the musicians.

Just as he had guaranteed Thompson, McCoy had buyers on hand who were eager to invest in Texas beef. In fact the Thompson herd was sold before it ever reached Abilene to three men who rode out to meet the outfit and contracted for the cattle to be delivered on the railroad. Although, as has been pointed out, the unique parade had unexpected and somewhat violent results, Abilene was firmly established as an accessible cattle mart and became a booming cow town. Hundreds of thousands of Longhorns wound their way up to the Chisholm Trail in the years of the great trail drives. And as for the enterprising McCoy — his name went down in golden letters among the empire builders of the cattle industry.

RW

NELLIE CASHMAN'S SECRET MINE

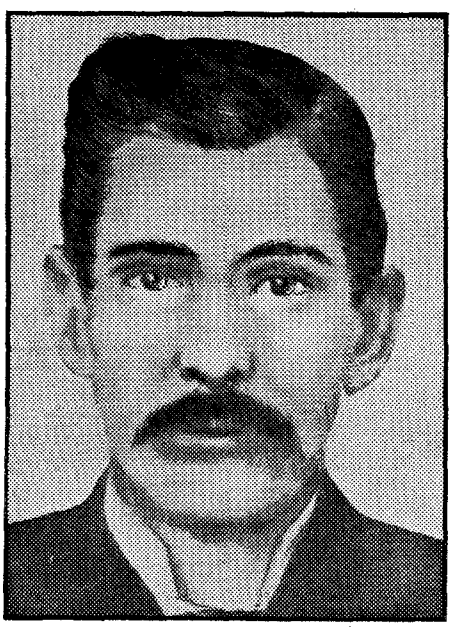
(Continued from Page 39)

There was much about Gomez and his nuggets she didn't understand, but there was enough mystery to interest her in going to Lower California to find out.

Tombstone gave the four a tumultuous and boisterous sendoff and as the stage rumbled down the street, they heard such cries as "Suckers . . . good luck," and "Don't eat all the gold nuggets you find." The stage took them into Sonora where they got a boat to cross the short space of water to Lower California and to the town of Mulege. It was a sleepy Mexican town, not greatly changed from two hundred years before.

The country around the was typical of Lower California — sand dunes and deserts, and here and there, for no known reason, a valley of fertile land and green crops. Tom Kirk, leader of the three men, was an experienced and shrewd gold prospector. "Looking for gold nuggets in those sand hills will be like looking for the proverbial needle in the hay stack," he said. "If nuggets have been found around here, somebody in this town should know about it."

Doc Holliday, friend of Nellie Cashman.



The four remained in Mulege for a week. Nellie worked alone, not only questioned the peons living there but went into their homes. At the end of the week Kirk and the men had not found one person who had seen any nuggets.

"All right, Nellie," he said. "We have no choice but to search those sand dunes and ravines. You working with us?"

"Looking for nuggets under sand dunes," Nellie said, "can be just plain foolish."

"Agreed," Kirk countered. "You got any better suggestion?"

"No," Nellie answered. "I'm staying in this town."

"You got as good chance to find nuggets as we have," Kirk said with a laugh. "Maybe we have been damn fools following this crazy rainbow. I have a feeling we have."

KIRK and the two men went out onto the sand dunes and desert, scoured the land for nuggets, digging deep in whatever gravel beds they could locate. They found nothing. Nellie Cashman spent a week in Mulege. She had noticed one thing about the people in the town the men overlooked. While they didn't seem very ambitious, they were all well fed and had nice homes, and there was very little sickness.

When Nellie Cashman talked with them about their food and good health, they smiled and answered that Father Pierre took care of them. When asked who this Father Pierre was, they said he was at the French Mission in Golo Valley. This mission had been started by the French during the reign of Emperor Maximilian and had remained after the French had been run out of Mexico.

Nellie Cashman got a guide and started for the French Mission. It was twenty seven miles from the town of Mulege. The first ten miles were only barren desert and sand dunes, and then suddenly, as happens in that strange land, the desert gave way to a deep and fertile valley, dotted with homes of farmers.

Father Pierre, a tall rawboned priest with a kindly face and kindly eyes, greeted Nellie with, "Ah, my child, you have come to visit us? Or perhaps you are troubled?"

"No, Father, I am not troubled," Nellie said. "I have heard of your kind work and I have come to visit you."

"You are welcome, my child." Father Pierre had a puzzled look in his eyes. "You may stay as long as you wish."

Nellie Cashman was given a room and absolute freedom. For days she wandered over the valley, and then she went beyond the valley, looking for an old dried up river bed or trace of lava. On the seventh day she stood near what had many years before been a river bed.

As she stood there, she was conscious somebody was near her. She turned and saw Father Pierre. "Ah, my child," he said kindly, "you came to Mexico with three American men looking for gold nuggets. I knew that when you came to Mission."

The father turned, waved his hand toward the valley. "Look, you see peace and happiness. How long will this valley and the town of Mulege know happiness if the gold seekers from your country come here? They will destroy everything. They will not find much gold, but they will take all they find. There will only be starvation and unhappiness for these people who live in this valley and in Mulege. God placed the gold here, and any man or woman who takes it will have to answer to God. This gold means food and warmth and medicine to these people."

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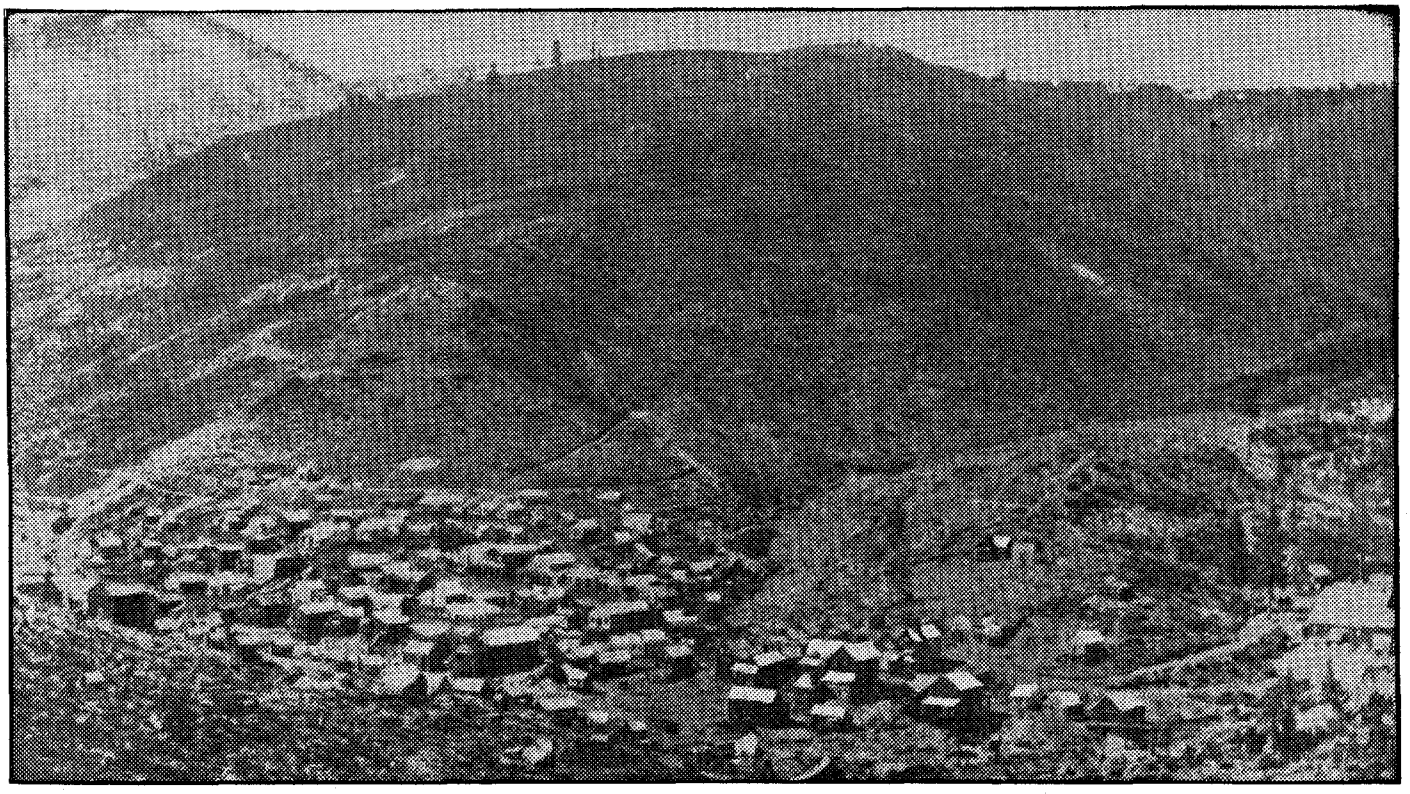

Silver City in 1867 where Nellie Cashman learned much about finding gold ore and how to properly exploit such finds.

Then Father Pierre asked, "Tell me, my child, have you found the gold?" For a long time Nellie Cashman stared at the ancient river bed. Then she said quietly, "No, Father, I have found no gold."

THE next day she returned to the town of Mulege. Kirk and the other men were there, exhausted, tired and discouraged and humiliated. "What did you find?" he asked Nellie Cashman.

Nellie Cashman was in good spirits, seemed elated about something which she didn't explain. She said to Kirk, "Like you, I found nothing."

"We better start back for Tombstone and get the big horse laugh," Kirk said.

The four returned to Tombstone. They got the horse laugh and it was several weeks before any of them could walk down the street without some wisecrack being hurled at them. The only one of the four that didn't show any concern over these remarks was Nellie Cashman. She seemed strangely contented and happy about the whole thing.

Did Nellie Cashman find the source of those gold nuggets? If she did, she never admitted it — and yet at no time did she ever deny that she didn't find this gold strike. It is safe to assume that the warmhearted Nellie Cashman, seeing the prosperity and happiness those gold nuggets gave to those people helped by Father Pierre, and knowing from experience what a gold strike did to a community, with thousands of greedy humans rushing to take over everything, would hesitate to inflict this sorrow on those people who were so happy under the guidance of Father Pierre.

What about Pedro Gomez? Nobody ever knew where he came from or where he went. He was never seen again. His appearance in Tombstone was something like that of a phantom.

When gold was found in Alaska, Nellie Cashman went into that cold and rough country to find more adventure. She died in Alaska in 1920.

RW

THE FOUR THEY HANGED!

(Continued from Page 29)

So secretly were the mob's plans laid and carried out that Sheriff W. L. Hobbs and his deputies received no warning that "Judge Lynch" planned to reap swift vengeance in Yreka that night.

The men congregated in small groups throughout the town to await the hour of reckoning. Unwitting townsmen, caught abroad, were halted in the streets and compelled to join the stalking band. The lynchers wanted to be certain that no one grew suspicious and tipped off the sheriff and his men before their gruesome act was consummated.

Men who had no idea of what they were being drawn into suddenly found themselves an integral part of the small army that waited impatiently for the clock to strike the final hour. No doubt, some of the town's citizens tried to persuade the eager men to forego their lust for vengeance, once they discovered what it was all about. But the mob wanted blood and murder. Decent citizens had suddenly been turned into mad killers.

At 12:30 A.M., the final details of the plan were set into motion and Yreka was to witness a night of terror the town was not soon to forget. A man was sent to call out City Marshal Parks.

"There's a couple of young bucks brawling down at the foot of Miners Street," the marshal was told. "You'd better get down there and break it up before somebody gets killed."

The marshal headed for Miners Street. When he got there, he found the fight to be nothing but a sham. A put-up job. Someone had wanted to get him out of the way. These thoughts prompted him to some fast action. He hurried to Engine House Number One with the intention of ringing the fire

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bell to alert the sheriff and his men to possible danger.

But when he got there, he found that his move had been anticipated. The ropes leading up to the bell had been tied. Parks then rushed on toward the jail firing his revolver into the air as he ran, hoping that his warning would come in time to stop whatever dirty work was underfoot.

MARSHAL PARKS' warning came too late. By the time he got his first premonition of danger, the mob had already gathered in such numbers that the officers were powerless against them.

At one o'clock, the groups that had been scattered throughout town converged. Part of their number went to the railroad depot and returned carrying an old rail. They took it to a spot directly across the street from the courthouse and laid it between the forks of two locust trees to form a gallows.

The men had on masks by now. There was something terrifying, insane about them as they moved methodically to carry out their carefully devised plan. Part of the group entered the sheriff's office, which was located in the courthouse, and awakened Sheriff Radford.

"Hand over the jail keys," they demanded in a body.

Radford had a reputation for being fearless, and he lived up to it that night.

"I'm not handing these keys over to anyone," he answered. "The first man who makes a move toward those jail doors gets his brains blown out."

Deputy Sheriff Henry Brautlacht, who had been sleeping in the jail since the commitment of the four murders, heard the commotion taking place in the outer office. The first thought that entered his head was that one of the confined men had made a break for it. Drawing his revolver, he fired two shots out of the window as a signal to City Marshal Parks and Sheriff Radford. He then took out his keys and opened the jail doors.

The mob, seeing their chance to enter, stormed past Radford, ignoring his threats. They were onto Brautlacht in an instant, wrenching the keys from him. He was shoved to one side as the throng pushed past him into the jail.

None of the keys on Brautlacht's ring fit the separate cells inside. But that didn't slow them down. They had come prepared to enter under any circumstances. Men armed with sledge hammers stepped forward and, with deadly purpose, shattered the lock on the first cell door.

The first man to fall prey to their blood-lust was Lawrence H. Johnson. He was in jail for the stabbing of his wife. The murder had taken place in Etna on the evening of July 28th. The mob entered his cell and put a rope around his neck. They then led him outside and across the street to where the iron rail was in place and awaiting the first victim.

"My God! Have mercy," Johnson pleaded. "Give me a fair chance."

But the mob's ears were deaf to his pleas. They wasted no time stringing him up on the hastily improvised gallows. Johnson died from strangulation within a few minutes.

Their appetites whetted by Johnson's death struggle, the mob quickly reentered the jail and broke open the cell of William Null. Null was confined for the shooting of Henry Hayten at Callahan's on April 21st. There had been a fracas between the two men over some mining property. When the mob descended on him, Null begged them to allow him to make a statement. The mob was in no mood to listen. Time was too valuable to waste on statements. Null was soon swinging alongside of Johnson in the courthouse square.

Stamford, N.Y., July 18, 1886 — Edward Z.C. Judson (Ned Buntline) died of heart disease at his home here, Friday afternoon (July 16th). He was 64 years of age.

The crazed lynchers rushed back to the jail, their blood running hot with excitement. They burst into the cell of Louis Moreno next, and the swift hand of vengeance was laid upon him. He was charged with the killing of George Sears on August 5th. The mob placed a rope around his neck and dragged him from the jail. They strung him up without ceremony and left his body swinging with those of Johnson and Null.

THE last of the condemned men to pay the penalty was Garland Semler. He was the youngest of the four, being no more than nineteen years of age at the time of the hanging. He was charged with the killing of Casper Meierhaus at Bailey Hill on the fifth of the month. Moreno and Semler were said to be accomplices in this murder.

Semler was barefoot and in his undershirt when the men pulled him from his cell. If he asked to be permitted to die with his boots on, the request was denied him.

Semler had more guts than his companions, in spite of his young age, or, perhaps, because of it. He entered into the gruesome adventure with a show of indifference and bravado that left no room for fear. Where the others had cowered and begged for mercy, Semler remained calmly stoic as he was led to meet his fate on the iron "hanging tree."

Just before they pulled the rope that set him swaying with the other three men, he was heard to say, "Someone tell my mother and brother that I'm innocent."

In the next instant, his neck snapped, as his bare feet left the ground.

Sheriff Hobbs, having been notified of what was taking place, came upon the scene at this point. He started for the jail door, but was stopped by a shouted command to "Halt!" from someone in the crowd. Several of the men drew their revolvers and leveled them at him.

"No sense you goin' inside, sheriff," one of them said. "The job's been done."

By the time Hobbs arrived, most of the mob had vanished into the night. Only about thirty or forty of the original group had remained to stand guard. With the appearance of the sheriff, they, too, soon disappeared into the darkness, leaving the limp bodies hanging there as mute evidence of the rope vengeance that had just been perpetrated.

Coroner Scofield was brought to the scene of the hanging to take charge of the bodies. Assisted by Marshal Parks, he cut them down and placed them side by side in the bed of a wagon. The two men then drove with them to Engine House Number One, where they laid them out in a row, "making a ghastly looking sight," was the way the editor of the Yreka Journal described it in the Extra he got out that morning, reporting the details of the lynching.

Whether Semler was actually innocent or not isn't known. His brother, who arrived in Yreka that morning, was told of the hanging as he was having breakfast at the Clarendon Hotel. He later claimed Garland Semler's body for burial.

The man who had left his team at Martin's stable shortly after midnight, returned an hour and a quarter later to claim his rig.

"I'm sorry I didn't make it back in an hour like I said," he apologized to Bob Morton, the early morning hostler.

Morton hadn't yet learned of what had taken place just a short time earlier in courthouse square.

"There's no need to apologize." Morton told him. "I'm here to take care of the customers, no matter what hour they show up."

The man paid Morton, then got into his rig and drove away. If he had been a member of the lynch mob, it was a secret he was keeping strictly to himself.

RW

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COLONEL BROADWATER AND THE ROAD AGENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

actions had become well known to the road agents. So with Moore's warning, Broadwater changed his plans.

He was tired after his long dusty trip, but he ate a hasty supper at the cafe, then struck out after dark. Shortly after midnight he was at the first river crossing. He knew he had not fooled the road agents. They had spies out continually and no one knew for sure just who these spies were, being sometimes good town folk to all appearances.

Broadwater slipped behind some granite boulders and took a short nap. At daybreak he was mounted again and some ahead he rode down a slope to see two men camped off the road. He recognized George Ives, a notorious outlaw, and a companion outlaw. There was no effort on their part to hide their obvious purpose of robbing Broadwater.

Sizing up the situation, Broadwater knew it would be useless to try to flee. So he adopted the direct course. He greeted Ives and the other outlaw with a loud "Hello." Ives jumped to his feet. Ives was tall and good looking. Somewhere in his background there must have been good breeding and education. He was a cold blooded killer, but he never committed his crime with the crudeness of the typical road agent. He was always suave and friendly.

"Hello," he called back to Broadwater. "Maybe you don't know it, friend, but you are on a dangerous road. There are road agents everywhere. If we travel together, we might give each other some protection."

It was apparent Ives had no idea Broadwater knew his identity. Broadwater made no move to enlighten the road agent of this fact. He said, "My horse is getting lame and I have to keep moving. You and your friend can catch up with me."

Broadwater urged his horse on, but before he was entirely out of sight he dismounted and made a pretense of checking the animal. The two men were dousing their campfire and packing gear. Broadwater got in the saddle and rode away. The two men had figured their ruse would work, not knowing Broadwater had recognized Ives.

Twenty miles further on was the Frenchman's ranch where Broadwater would find company and some security. He hoped to find a way to distract the robbers. Even Ives, in his daring, would not rob and kill a man without an excuse of a quarrel.

The Frenchman's shack was in a clump of willows by a river. His corral was down slope a little. Broadwater dismounted and took care of his weary horse. The horse was spent and could be ridden no further without rest and grain.

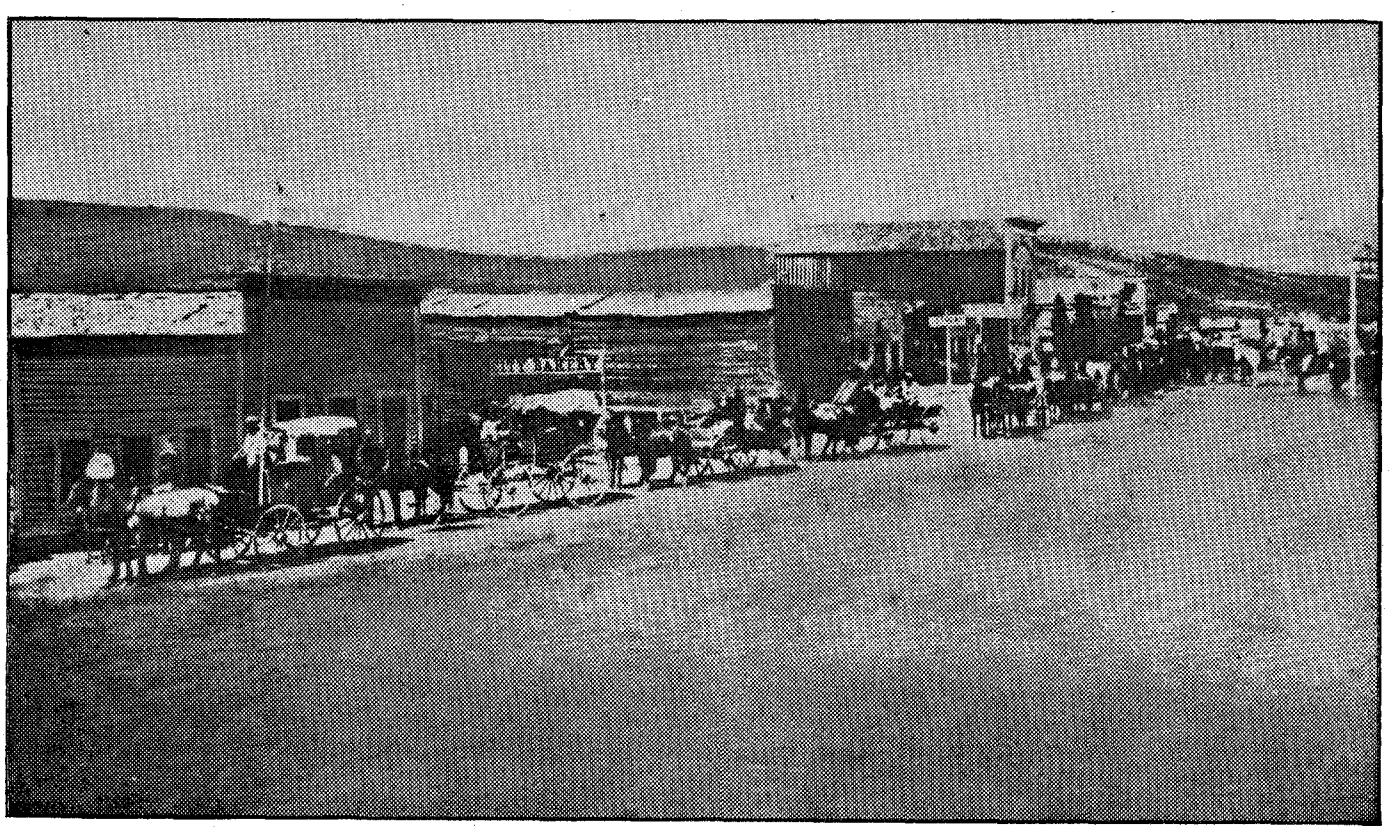
The big Frenchman greeted him cordially and mentioned that he had not expected to see the cattleman for two or three days yet. Broadwater explained that they might have company and that he had personal reasons for hurrying back to Deer Lodge.

La Fleur shrugged expansively and prepared a meal for his friend. Broadwater was eating when two men rode up in the yard and hailed the cabin. La Fleur met Broadwater's meaningful stare, and went out to tend their horses.

IVES and Company stomped into the shack. Broadwater greeted them with apparent friendliness. He had another twenty miles to go, and he would have a difficult time losing the men. Broadwater took his cup and went over to the black cookstove to refill it from the coffee pot. La Fleur had returned and was dishing up food for the two men. He muttered to the Frenchman to saddle up his fastest horse and bring him around later to the door, mentioning that he had to get into the hills to get some strays. La Fleur sensed the tension and knew that Broadwater's mind was working.

While the men were eating he slipped out and saddled the fastest horse he had and brought it around to the door. He stepped in to mention that he'd be back shortly but there were some strays just above the shack he

It was in Bannock that plot to rob Charles Broadwater was discussed and from here outlaws started operations.



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wanted to herd down before they got further away.

That was Broadwater's cue. As if jumping at the chance, he begged La Fleur to postpone his task and let him have the horse to ride on with. Broadwater reminded him that he would leave his own horse behind as collateral and pick him up again on his return trip.

La Fleur started to sputter a refusal for the sake of Ives and his pal. Broadwater knew time was short. He would have to get away before Ives could recover his wits. La Fleur's imaginative acting appeared convincing. While he shrugged his affected frustration, Ives put down his coffee cup as if to interfere. His friend sat erect across the plank table, eyeing Ives for a cue. Broadwater couldn't wait for a climax. This was his last possible chance to thwart the robbers.

He clapped his hat on and dashed out and mounted up. The horse beneath him leaped ahead. He was on a fresh fast mount. Ives had not unsaddled but had tied his mount to the hitchrail in preparation of a quick flight.

Broadwater knew the trail. He forded one river after another and made good time. He did not stop for anything and the horse bore up well. He rode into Deer Lodge a good hour before Ives and his friend came in on their exhausted horses.

It was many years later that Broadwater became associated with James J. Hill who brought the Central Railroad from Great Falls to Butte. Broadwater, in quieter times, also built the famous hotel outside of Helena where he utilized the hot springs for his huge swimming pool as a health resort.

George Ives and associates never knew about this prosperity to the territory. They were caught soon after Broadwater's trip to Bannock and hanged, along with Henry Plummer. The Vigilantes took care of things in their brief but complete way and ended by ropes the reign of the road agents.

RW

JIM RILEY'S STRANGE COURAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

Mike leisurely finished his drink and stepped outside, accompanied by his faithful shadow, Jim Riley. Man and boy started down the street together — and suddenly the sharp-eyed youth yelled piercingly: "Across the street, Mike. Bailey!"

McCluskie whirled, the shattering roar of his Colt blending with that of Bailey's. Mike and Jim were untouched by Bailey's slug, but the Texan took McCluskie's bullet in the belly and died that night in the nearby Santa Fe Hotel with his "girl" weeping hysterically at his bedside. McCluskie and young Riley left town immediately to allow Bailey's cowboy friends time to simmer down a bit after the killing.

THIRSTING for diversion and a shot of redeye, McCluskie drifted back to Newton eight days later on August 19. It was Saturday and past midnight when Mike and Jim returned to town, but the evening was still young and festive at Tuttle's rowdy dancehall in Hide Park. Untroubled by any premonition of impending doom, big Mike felt frisky as a young steer released from winter corral to open spring range.

Gayly he grabbed himself a fair partner and went stamping high, wide and careless around the floor to the lively strains of an Irish jig played by the "orchestra" consisting of one fiddle, one banjo and a sadly battered piano. Properly, the jig should not be danced by a man embracing a partner, but rules didn't faze Mike. Holding the squealing girl well off the floor in the crook of one powerful arm, McCluskie jigged away like mad to shrieked applause.

Jim Riley leaned wearily against the wall, watching Mike's inspired performance, coughing now and then into the crimson-stained handkerchief. Jim failed to notice a young cowboy at the bar hurriedly toss down his drink and duck furtively out the back door at the sight of Mike McCluskie.

Half an hour later the cowboy returned with four heavily armed friends. He stalked straight toward Mike McCluskie, gun in hand, and halted before him. "I'm Hugh Anderson," he announced grimly. "Bill Bailey was my pal and I'm goin' to blow your head off!"

Desperately, Mike tried to draw — but Anderson's first shot tore through his neck and knocked him out of his chair. A second wasted bullet drilled the dying man dead center.

THE sobbing high-pitched wail of Jim Riley rose above the shrill screams of the terrified girl and the hoarse shouts of stampeding men fighting to get out the door, or crawl behind the bar.

Suddenly the pitiful, heartbroken wail changed to a terrible sustained cry of berserk fury. Catlike, the puny consumptive leaped to the door, slammed it shut, braced himself against it and drew his gun, the fancy ivory-handled Colt of which he was so proud, the Colt Mike McCluskie had bought him.

Six times Riley fired — the rapid reports detonating like shotgun blasts in the closed, low-ceilinged room. At the sixth shot, a daring bartender jumped up behind the bar and hurled two whisky bottles at the coal-oil lamps overhead to plunge the room into darkness. Three more shots blazed from the vicinity of the card table in the corner. The gun thudded on the floor as the shooter collapsed.

In the stunned silence following the pistol fusillade, the back door was heard to open and close as somebody slipped out into the night. Men and women, crouching in corners and along the walls, rushed gasping and choking through a cloud of acrid gunsmoke to reach fresh air. Behind them, the nervy bartender who had smashed the overhead lights now lighted a wall lamp.

The scene that met the bartender's eyes was sickening, indescribable. Blood flowed everywhere, for nine men lay dead or badly wounded on the floor. Jim Riley was not among them. Hugh Anderson lay groaning beside the body of Mike McCluskie. Around Anderson sprawled his four gunmen: one dead, two shot through the lungs and dying, one gravely wounded. Near the five Texans huddled the inevitable "innocent by-stander", gut-shot and retching horribly in his last agonized moments of life. Beside the upset card table, squatting among scattered poker chips, two luckier spectators tried dazedly to staunch severe but not fatal wounds.

The entire miniature massacre had exploded, flamed and faded in less than thirty seconds from first shot to last!

Hugh Anderson was not mortally wounded. The many Texans sojourning in Newton rallied quickly to the stricken cowboy's aid, carried him aboard a train for Kansas City and guarded and attended him on the trip. At Kansas City, Anderson received expert medical treatment and eventually partially recovered.

Nobody knew what became of Riley after he slipped out into the night following the swift, savage gun fight at Tuttle's. More accurately nobody talked. Somehow Jim got out of town and disappeared, and he could hardly have managed without help. Certainly he didn't survive long, even if he escaped unwounded. And just as certainly, that must have been okay with Jim, for without Mike McCluskie he wouldn't have cared to live anyway.

RW

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MAIL ROUNDUP
(Continued from Page 6)

LIKES HICKOK STORY

Gentlemen:

I want to congratulate Carelton Mays on his excellent piece of work in his article on Wild Bill Hickok at Rock Creek. For twenty years I have been a student of Hickok legend. I have spent weeks at the Nebraska Historical Society, getting all the information I could about the Rock Creek killings. I have spent weeks in Abilene, getting the truth about Wild Bill there. I have done the same in Hays, and I went to Cheyenne for the same purpose.

What I learned about Wild Bill makes the legend of his being a knight in shining armor, as portrayed by such inaccurate historical writers as Connelly and Wilstach, pure hokum. What amazed me about Carelton Mays' article was how he followed in every minute detail the historical facts of the Rock Creek outrage as told in the court records, and all the material at the Nebraska Historical Society.

I know because I went over all those details myself, and I can only say that this country needs more such historical writing as Carelton Mays gives us to get the history of the old West in a proper perspective.

Yours truly,
John Moston Barlow,
Lawrence, Kansas

ALSO LIKED STORY

Dear Sirs:

I have just read the article on Wild Bill Hickok at Rock Creek by Carelton Mays in your March issue of REAL WEST. I had read books about Wild Bill, and I must admit that I always thought Wild Bill was quite a guy. Carelton Mays' article has changed my mind. You can't help but feel that you are getting the truth in this article. I have learned many things about the West from REAL WEST. I like the magazine fine and please keep up the good work.

Ben Agee
400 Eton Street
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Editor:

Perhaps Carelton Mays is correct in his article on Wild Bill Hickok, but why shatter a legend. God knows, we have so few real heroes today, and even if the legend isn't true, isn't it better to have children look up to such heroes rather to have them told they were bums? Maybe I am wrong, but that's the way I feel. I have three boys all under fourteen, and now I have to try to explain to them that everything they have read about Hickok was wrong. Not a pleasant job.

Mrs. Carlos Pascal
Whittier, California

So here we have the two sides of the eternal question about legendary heroes. Is it better to have an accurate story or have heroes? Take your choice.

CHILTON'S GRAVE

Dear Sirs:

In the September 1961 issue of REAL WEST Mr. F. L. King of Kansas City, Mo., was wanting information about Fred Chilton, a Texas cowboy. I visited Boot Hill Cemetery north west of Amarillo, Texas, several years ago. There was a broken tombstone with Chilton carved on it. Tascosa is on south side of Canadian River and the cemetery is north of the River, just west of Boys Ranch.

Ralph Custer
3501 S. Independence
Oklahoma City 19, Okla.

This gravestone doesn't say Fred Chilton, but it could be his grave.

PIONEER FAMILY

Gentlemen:

I find your magazine interesting as I have lived in the Southwest for most of this century. My parents came from Indiana and Illinois in the "Early Days" as they used to say. My Father was a saddle and harness maker and had a yen for fast horses, he brought some of the finest the West had seen at that time. My Mother came to what is now Nebraska as a little girl with her parents and two older brothers.

They had a "wagon" of the times and mules which I believe were rather rare. At least, he used mules on a freight line for supplies in later years. They lived in a dug-out, ate wild game, including buffalo. They organized hunting parties with what neighbors they had until the buffalo were cleaned out. Sometimes they didn't eat. They moved to northern Kansas. My mother married and came to the Indian Territory which later became Oklahoma in 1907. I'm certain they were a tough breed of people to survive the Indians and winters. Sickness and no doctors available. My mother lived to be 94.

One of the hazards that really struck fear into their hearts was prairie fires. Fires with a stiff breeze behind them would burn the tall grass faster than a horse could run. That was my mother's greatest concern. Lady Luck was on their side. By the way the wind still blows in Oklahoma and Kansas.

I hope you continue to keep to facts in your stories. There are so many tall tales told of the west on TV I have lost interest in that medium. Films have run out of facts and make no effort to keep history straight and portray many lies as fact.

I remember my grandfather said his buffalo gun weighed 17 pounds. Shooting matches were common in the early day. Mother said her father was barred from competition as no one would shoot against him. I'm sure he is giving the buffalo h—l in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Yours truly,
C. V. Canfield
1517 Nicholas
Oklahoma City, Okla.

LIKES THE STORY

Dear Sir:

I would like to thank you for your work in producing REAL WEST.

Your magazine being factual has the unique advantage of being educational as well as a lot of fun. To me it is especially important as I fell pretty hard for the brown western country on a trip I made out that way a couple of years ago. We were hoping to settle out there but the slow times, scarcity of housing and jobs and the small item of having five kids to consider forced us back to the humid east. Until the time when I can get back to that dry air again your articles fill a big void in my life.

Before I made that trip out there I used to think that it was rather unnecessary for the action in so many western movies and stories to take place in a saloon. But brother, before that trip was over I learned and learned well that life in the West is hectic.

I enjoy reading the different versions of which westerners were the villains

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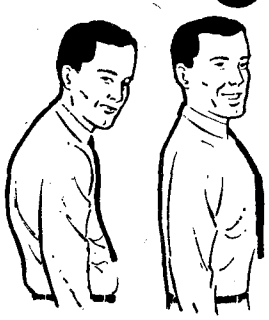

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and which were the heroes but I think that even if you lived back in the early days and were an eye-witness and neighbor of those famous characters you would never be sure if they really were good or bad.

Yours,
Dan O'Neill
R. D. #2
Delanson, N. Y.

If you read some of the eye-witness accounts of the old days, you soon find out that even then no two persons seemed to agree on anything.

BILLY THE KID'S BONES

Dear Mr. Rand:

I have been reading with great interest the story in the last issue of REAL WEST where they want to dig up Billy the Kid's bones and move them to Lincoln. I also note by the picture that grave has a stone and a fence around the grave, also there are trees in the background and what looks like a building. Could it be possible there are two Billys that are buried there?

A little better than forty years ago I was in that country getting what information I could to do a story on this same Billy the Kid, and at that time one could travel south from the new Fort Sumner on the railroad to the wide open spaces where the old town used to be. There were very few of the old cottonwood trees left along the road, and when you came to the place where the main street of Fort Sumner used to be, you found that the river had taken it.

There was nothing in sight for miles. Except the irrigating ditches and a few trees. I believe they were peach trees. There were mounds of dirt where some of the old buildings once stood. About a quarter to half a mile from where these old buildings stood is where the cemetery is or was. There was a barbed wire fence around the place to keep the cattle out and if the old man had not told me, one could never have known from the wild salt grass, sagebrush and grease-wood that it was a cemetery.

At one time it had an adobe wall around it with an arched gate but it was gone then. The old man measured off a certain distance from where the gate was and pointed to the ground and said that is the place. Pointing to another spot he tells me Bowdre lies there and O'Folliard there at the end. If I remember rightly the old man said there were either ten or twelve buried there yet and there were very few people that knew the location of the graves that were left. Nowhere inside of that barbed wire fence was there

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a marker of any kind. The Kid has been buried about eighty years now. I wonder what they expect to find when they open the grave.

Yours very truly,
George W. Viele
505 No. 2nd St.
Aarkansas City, Kansas

DEFENDS THE INDIANS

Dear Sirs:

In reading the November issue of REAL WEST magazine, I found the story "Apache Vengeance" written by John Majors very interesting. It truly shows the American Indians to be true human beings. It also shows how mean, selfish and ruthless the American white people were and still are!

America belonged to the Indians when Columbus was said to have discovered this great land. The Indians gave no trouble to the white "invaders" — not until we stole, even killed them to take control of both their homes and them.

There was and still is vast land in the U.S.A. for all races to live together in harmony. No! People who were supposed to be civilized wouldn't allow such togetherness! We killed, imprisoned, and we mustn't forget one good thing we white people did to the Indians; we gave them a few square miles of their own land and made them prisoners of their own homes. This is how we treated the people who taught us so much.

I believe, and I always will believe, the American Indians were the civilized humans, and we were the ugly savages!

Look at us now. Even today we treat other races as we've treated the American Indians. And we are supposed to be civilized!

I'd really like to know which are the savages and which the civilized.

I believe and I forever will that the American Indians had every possible right to do the things they've done in the past. I say three cheers for the true Americans! For the effort and their

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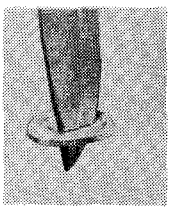

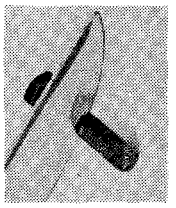

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bravery they gave to save their homes!

Truly yours,
Mrs. Shari Casining
3 N. Chenango St.
Greene, New York

What the white man did in those old days was bad enough, but what they are doing today to some of the Indians is just as bad.

KNOW THIS FAMILY

Dear Editor:

Can you give me any information on the following story or advise me who might be able to.

In the year of about 1899 my Aunt and Uncle Joel and Tilda Fry left east Kentucky and went to the state of Texas to live. They wrote to my father quite often when they first went there. Their letters were from Talco, Texas and Del Rio, Texas. They wrote my sister after Dad's death. Aunt Tilda's maiden name was Rowe. She married Joel Fry. After Uncle Joel died she married a Mr. Fitzpatric whom the family never met. I sure would love to locate some one who knew these people. We plan to spend our next vacation in Texas and would love to meet new friends or possibly relatives.

Marvin Rowe
R. 2
Calvert City, Kentucky

Some Texas readers may be able to help Mr. Rowe.

SHORT BUT NOT SWEET

Gentlemen (?)

Whoever told you you know anything about the West was pulling one of the biggest jokes of the year.

Philip Yates
Tucson, Arizona

CORRECTIONS

Dear Sirs:

In the January issue of REAL WEST there appeared a couple of articles which were questionable.

#1. The filler about the Delaware Indians on page 56. The Delaware moved to Wyoming? I have 13 years

of study and six books from the Bureau of American Ethnology in Washington that say you're wrong! The farthest west the Delaware moved, as a tribe, is Oklahoma, Kansas and Wisconsin. One may find a few stragglers in any state, but when discussing a tribe you can hardly consider the adventurous wanderings of a few dozen Indians as a movement by the tribe.

#2. The picture of the Indians on page 44, captioned "Chief Roman Nose got training from Mangus Coloradas." Which Roman Nose? It certainly can't be the one so familiar to REAL WEST readers — the Cheyenne Roman Nose. First of all, there is only one known picture of Roman Nose in existence — and it is a group picture of several Cheyenne and Sioux. Second, Roman Nose was never a chief, although several U.S. Army commanders erroneously called him one. Roman Nose was just a very brave warrior whom many of the Cheyennes looked up to and followed. Charles "Bird" Grinnell, his book, The Fighting Cheyennes, verifies this. So does Cyrus T. Brady in "Indian Fights and Fighters." We also have the word of the Bent boys — William, Charles and George. I think they knew more about the Cheyennes than anybody, especially since George was a half-breed.

Finally, I would like to take issue with W. M. Johnson of Missoula, Montana, on his statement that Joseph, Crazy Horse, Gall, etc., would have looked stupid at Gettysburg, Antietam, or San Juan. Tell me, general, if they were such terrible tacticians, then why did these Indians, notably Crazy Horse and Gall, hand the U.S. Army some of their worst defeats? What happened to Crook at the Rosebud, or Custer at the Little Horn? Why did it take us nearly two hundred years to subdue 300,000 Indians? Give me ten thousand good, mounted Indians, general, and we'll scatter a whole division of white soldiers, who are equally armed!

Keep up the good work, REAL WEST.

Sincerely,
Harry Chatfield
2652 Merritt Street
Springfield, Ohio

The Editors:

With reference to the article by Nib Dallison entitled THREE LIVES OF JOHNNY STINK, in the January issue.

It is true that John Stink was buried alive — at least one time. He was not buried on the Salt Fort of the Arkansas, but on the point of a high mountain overlooking the town of Pawhushka which was then the capital of the Osage Nation. It is now the county seat of Osage County, Oklahoma. The Osages buried their dead above ground by wrapping their remains in their blanket or tarpaulin or both and then piling rocks on the body. They later erected a small dog house over the grave. There were many such structures in the graveyard at Pawhuska. The creek which runs through Pawhuska was called Bird Creek.

In order to reach the burial ground, it was necessary to follow a rough and winding road on a roundabout way up the mountain. The story as told me was that after the mourners had departed John threw the stones from his body and walking straight down the mountain, he beat the burial party back to town.

In the summer of 1904 we held a string of cattle in the Osage country. Our camp was situated on Sand Creek, a few miles north of Pawhuska where we bought our supplies. During that period, I saw John Stink a few times.

The oil boom had not hit the Osage country at that time, but the government paid each Osage an allotment of seventy-five dollars quarterly which was interest on money owed them for the purchase of their tribal lands in the state of Kansas. Through an arrangement between the Indian agent and a general store and John Stink, the agent paid John's quarterly allotment to the store which in turn furnished him with what he wanted. He never asked for anything in the store. He simply walked around until he found what he wanted and helped himself.

John was both nomadic and hermitical. The Indians shunned him after he arose from the dead, and he would have nothing to do with white men. He led a very lonely existence indeed. His sole companions were three vicious looking dogs which were constantly with him. He would walk out into the wilderness in the upper reaches of Bird Creek and be gone for days at a time. When he returned to town he would be ravenous. He would walk into the store, pick up a large hunk of bologna, cut

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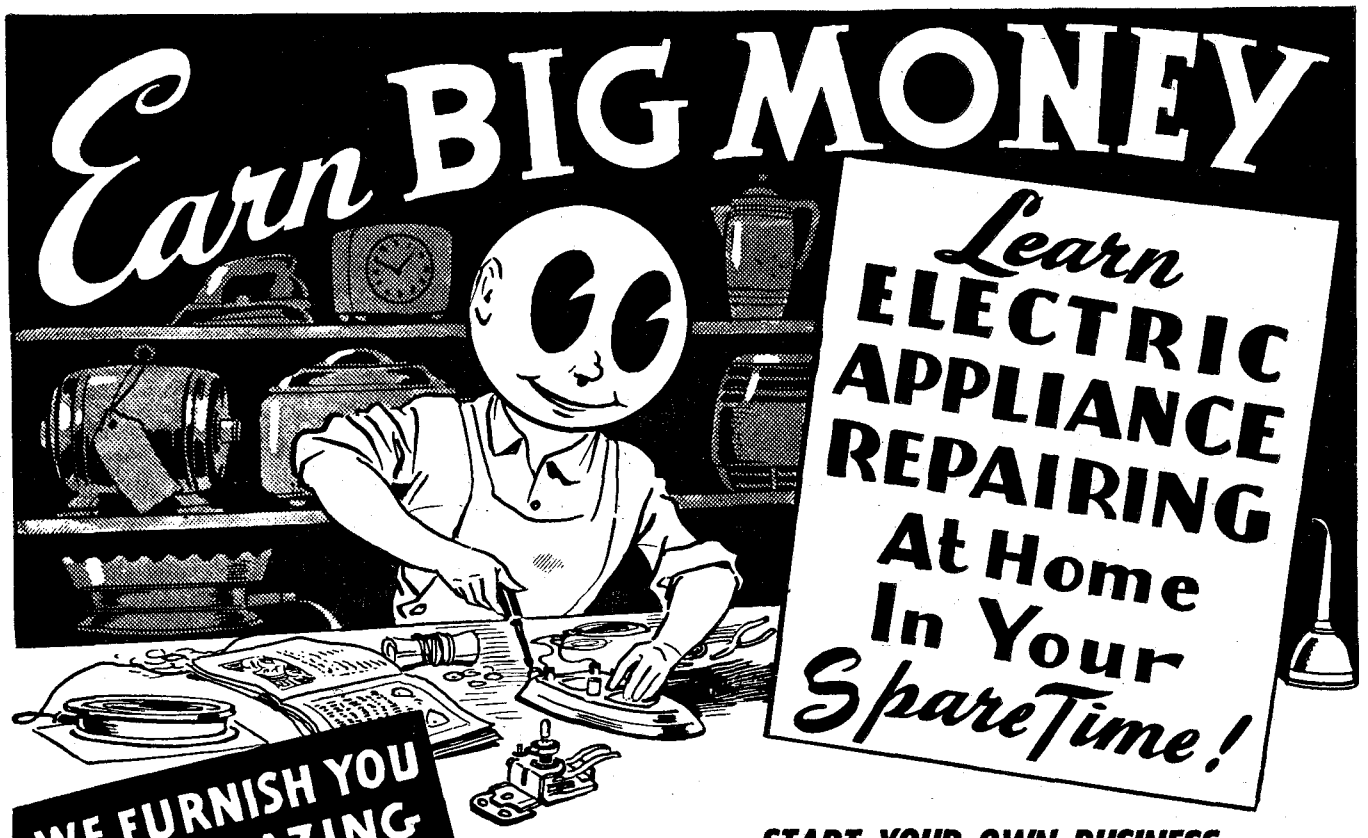

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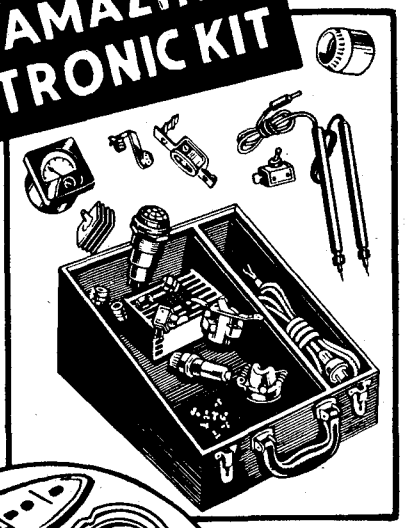

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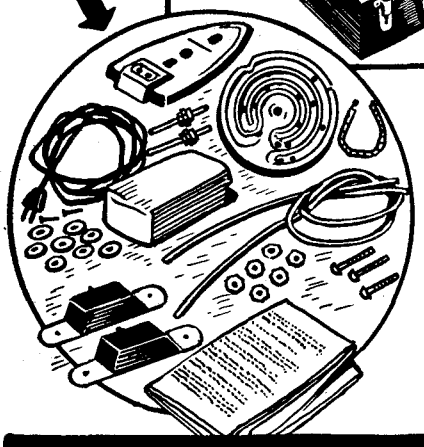

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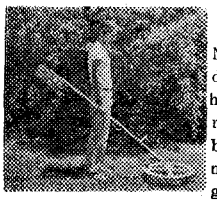

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a wedge of cheese, get a can of tomatoes or fruit, and a box of crackers. He would go to the sidewalk and sit down on the edge, and he and the dogs would devour it all.

His large pocket knife was the only implement he used in eating. He would drink the juice from the can and then tip it up and take a whole tomato or half of a peach or pear — whichever he happened to be eating — in his mouth at one time. After eating, he would toss the empty can into the street, throw his blanket roll over his shoulder and leave.

In the early forties, there appeared an item in the Denver Post, telling of his final death — if you want to call it that.

There must be many people living in and around Pawhuska who can verify everything I have said herein.

Walter Gann
31662 Scenic Drive
South Laguna, California

RED RIVER CARTS

Gentlemen:

In the January issue of REAL WEST in the Ask Questions department you have a query about Red River carts. One of these carts has stood on the Great Northern depot platform for years. The last time I was through there in the late 1930's it was pretty well dried out so maybe it isn't there now But there are surely some pictures of it in St. Cloud, Minnesota. Maybe I didn't make it clear, but the cart was at the Cloud, Minnesota, depot.

Yours sincerely,
W. Hale Oliver
E207 Augusta Avenue
Spokane 21, Wash.

BARROOM SHOOTING

Gentlemen:

I remember when I was a small boy I witnessed the shooting to death of a young bartender and part owner of a saloon in the mining town of Duenweg in southwest Missouri. There were two saloons at the time in this roaring little lead and zinc mining town. The young man was Denton Perriman, who except when drinking was an energetic and well-liked young business man of the community.

He had, however, been in the habit of discharging his revolver around and about the saloon, and not solely to keep the peace. On the day of his death at the hands of the town marshal, Al Hall and several deputies, he was doing some reckless shooting in the vicinity of his home and was exercising little or no care that his bullets did not contact the hides of citizens of the village who came into his shooting range. He declared open season upon the aforementioned officer and deputies when they arrived to quiet the disturbance.

After several exchanges of fire the would-be bad man was dead on or near his front porch. This episode served to discourage other would-be gun slingers of this rather wild mining town. It was an example of what was still happening frequently in the mining towns and cow towns of the west and southwest, although they were on the decline by the year 1909.

I remember seeing a young lady hold a gun on a young man on a street corner of this same mining town while her father horse-whipped the man for allegedly making derogatory remarks about the young lady. The young man, a clerk in a grocery store and a newcomer to town, departed the following day for parts unknown.

Charles L.Rush
Route 2, Box 30
Joplin, Mo.

WE'RE SORRY

Dear Sir:

Corrections are a bloody nuisance, I know; but people are beginning to look at me "slaunch-wise" so I guess I'd better get on with it: In Brickbats of March, you have me saying that Dad died in 1961; actually he passed away in December '57. Either the proofreader or myself could very easily and automatically have written '61 from force of habit, having done so a few thousand times during '61. If I, inadvertantly, wrote '61, I am very, very sorry. Meant '57.

Come to think of it, proofreaders don't write, they read — oh, to hell with it! However, to set the minds of my former English teachers at ease, I hasten to say that the word "forbearers" doesn't belong to me — No Siree, Bob, that one — I know — belongs to the proofreaders or sumpin' — not me!

As you know, the subject was about a dangling Hinson. Now there are two

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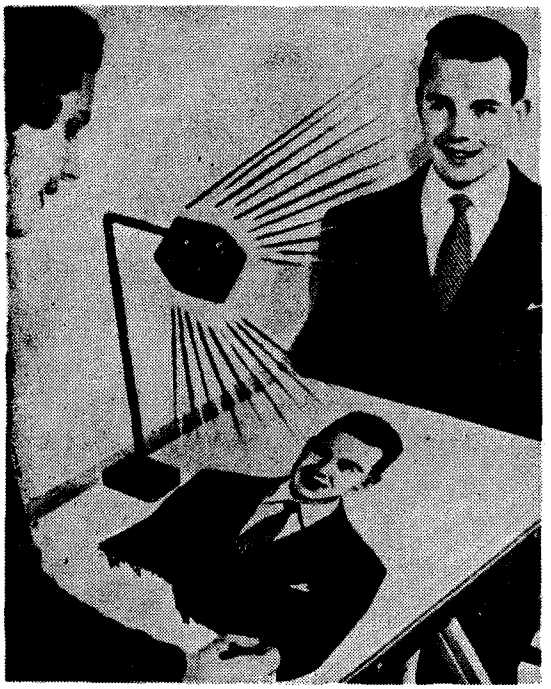

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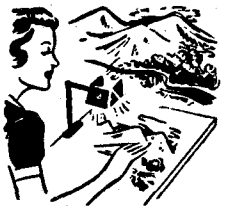

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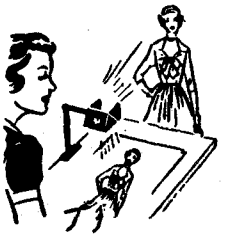

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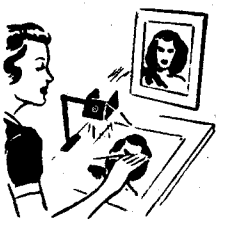

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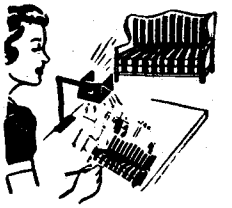

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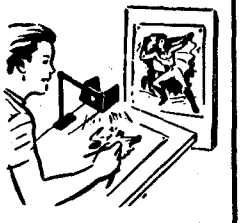

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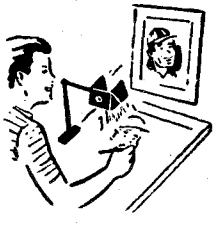

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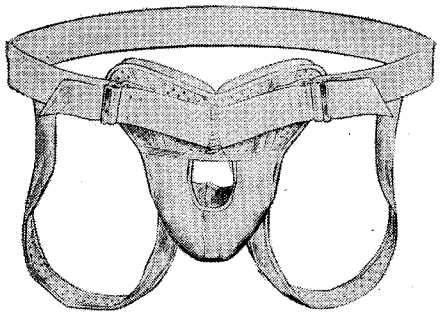

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of them. You said that there was a hanged Hinson in Montana Territory — so that's one dangling Hinson. You also said that his first name wasn't "Bush" but you didn't come on through with Hinson's first monicker. You left me dangling there. So, please undangle this second Hinson (me).

By the by, find enclosed my check for a subscription to REAL WEST — getting damned tired of being beaten to the newsstands!

Although you have competitors, your magazine differs in one major way — you make your material readable.

Also here is my public apology to my great uncle, Bush Hinson. (He didn't hang!)

Regards,
Archie E. Hinson
Box 2002, Bostonia Station
El Cajon, California

The Hinson hanged in Montana was Mike Hinson. Our proofreader advises that your copy had your father dying in 1961.

DID THE KID LIVE?

Dear Sir:

Your publication of May, 1961, page 79, "Defends Billy the Kid" by Jack Wallace was especially interesting. This was the story that we heard in the early days. Why does not Mr. Wallace write a more complete account? In the 1930's I met a mining engineer in Artesia, New Mexico, who said that he was sure he met Billy the Kid in the mountains of northeast Arizona, and in late 1939 I was in Plains, Texas, which was just a few houses and store on the Texas-New Mexico line, where I passed within four feet of Billy, walking up the middle of the road. He must have been over 80 years old but very quick in movement and with two old time "six shooters" in prominent holsters. As we passed he gave me a look that said "Mind your own business."

I was born at Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1891 so the West is not strange to me.

Very truly yours
Paul L. Menaul
Ocie, Missouri

The legend that Billy the Kid was not killed by Pat Garret but lived on to a ripe old age of a hundred or more is similar to the legends of Booth and Jesse James.

MAXIMILIAN'S GOLD

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the article by Kit Carson entitled "Mystery of Maximilian's Gold" in the January issue of REAL WEST. I found it so interesting that I tried to pinpoint, on a Texas map, certain places mentioned. According to the information given by Mr. Carson's story, I could not find them.

In the article, Mr. Carson states that the distance from Horsehead Crossing to Crane, Texas, is about 30 miles; the distance from Horsehead Crossing to Castle Gap about 16 miles. Yet, on the map that he included with the story, the distance from Horsehead Crossing to Castle Gap was shown to be the greater.

Another error I noticed was that on Mr. Carson's map, the highway running from Odessa to Crane to McCamey was numbered 51. On the official Texas highway map it is highway 365.

Mr. Carson either has his directions wrong, or his distances wrong, as the landmarks he mentions cannot possibly be located on an official Texas map using both.

I do not intend this letter to tear down his very interesting article. I merely want to know the exact locations of Horsehead Crossing and Castle Gap so I can mark them on my road map. I live not too far from this area of Texas and would like to visit these spots some time. Who knows . . . I might stumble on to something.

Sincerely yours,
Rudy Robbins
Alamo Village
Brackettville, Texas

Mr. Carson has this answer, "Rudy Robbins is right. Route 385 leads south from Odessa instead of 51 as noted on map. Otherwise the mileage is correct. Kit Carson, 805 Ortiz NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico."

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"I tried two other systems, before my buddy told me about DYNAFLEX. It *really* works—and how! I've put two inches of solid muscle on my biceps, three inches on my chest. It's like magic!" L. C., New York City

"I never thought you could build terrific muscles without exercises or weights. Started DYNAFLEX two weeks ago, and am building a *great* physique." E. G., Detroit, Mich.

"DYNAFLEX is the best yet. Only three weeks, and I have more dates than I can handle! I am telling all my pals about DYNAFLEX." F. S., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY NOW?

Pal—do YOURSELF a favor! Take a good long look in a mirror. Do you see a puny, starved body—scrawny arms—bony shoulders—a flabby stomach and skinny legs? Do girls laugh and fellows grin when you take off your shirt?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—I can add solid pounds of rippling, steely he-man MEAT to your build. I can take those skeleton arms and PACK EVERY INCH with explosive virile MAN-MUSCLE. I can take that caved-in chest and build on six rugged inches of strong sleek MAN-SIZED BRAWN. I can clothe your skinny frame with GIANT RIPPLING DYNAFLEX MUSCLES that will have the girls gasping with awe and admiration! And with NO tiring exercise, NO high-priced bar-bells or gym equipment!

Or is your problem a body sagging with soft rolls of unhealthy, unhandsome FAT? Puny muscles—sagging stomach—bloated face—arms heavy with layers of BLUBBER? Are you ASHAMED to go to the beach and let them see your "FAT-MAN PHYSIQUE"?

If so, wake up fella! THIS IS IT! I will peel off that fat and give you a lean virile DYNAFLEX BODY, armored with a sheath of hard tough handsome muscle. I can build you into a healthy, streamlined HERCULES—bursting with dynamic manly strength. I'll give you a taut rock-hard midsection—legs muscled like coiled steel springs. I can pack solid DYNAMITE into your fists and give you a rugged handsome build brim-full of the magnetic SUPER-BODY SEX-APPEAL girls are hungry for. And with NO starvation diets—NO fatiguing calisthenics—NO expensive health-foods!

HOW DYNAFLEX BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

DYNAFLEX is the modern miracle of body-building. It takes no tiresome exercises, "crash" diets, protein foods, and no weights or bar-bells. DYNAFLEX is the amazing discovery of a West German Doctor whose research into the Science of Strength found a thrilling new way to build GIANT BRAWNY MUSCLES in ten minutes a day. With DYNAFLEX you "flex" each muscle once—in a certain way—that is more effective than if you exercised that muscle 20, 30, even 100 times the old-fashioned way. With DYNAFLEX you get bigger results in ten minutes than after hours of grunting and groaning, hefting heavy weights. DYNAFLEX coaxes each muscle in your body to bring out its round, steely fullness and satiny symmetery. DYNAFLEX packs that muscle with glowing vibrant new strength and energy—FAST. In ten minutes a day I can cover your bony frame with healthy rippling muscle—give you a deep, powerful chest—solid shoulders and iron wrists—tough, slim midsection—and trim, steel-spring legs—simply thru "DYNAFLEXING" each muscle once a day! There's nothing wrong with the bar-bell and weight-lifting method . . . but why bother? Why waste time and money, why sweat and strain your way to a streamlined symmetrical SAMSON-STRONG BODY—when you can do it better—bigger—faster—easier with the DYNAFLEX SECRET?

STRONG-MAN SEX-APPEAL ATTRACTS GIRLS

Be honest. Down deep you KNOW you envy the boy with the virile, magnificent build. Every man and boy secretly desires a broad brawny back, a solid man-muscled chest, handsome he-man shoulders, arms rippling with tough, steely sinews, a narrow waist, slim hips and springy, power-packed legs. Girls go for a fellow with TWO-FISTED BIG MUSCLE SEX-APPEAL . . . and they only laugh at skinny guys or "fatso's".

Let me give you a glowing new body, brimming over with energy and irresistible inches of solid muscle on your chest—he-man appeal. I can build three inches of beef and brawn on your shoulders. I will mold you a handsome super-body of terrific strength, give you a crushing grip, legs crammed with steel springs. A lean taut rock-solid punch-proof midsection. Pack your body with energy and thrilling stamina that will have girls falling at your feet.

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES A DAY—THAT'S ALL!

After DYNAFLEX, you'll be able to roll up your sleeves and take off your shirt and, for the first time in your life, you'll be PROUD of your manly build. Yes, pal, say goodbye to your weak, flabby frame—get ready for adventure and romance with a solid physique that glows and vibrates with virile he-man appeal. You'll be really proud to have people see your MAGNIFICENT HE-MAN-MUSCLES at the beach or gym. And, when the fellows stare with envy and jealousy—when the girls crowd around to squeeze your iron biceps or touch your bulging brawny chest—when they ask in amazement HOW you did it—tell them about the Magic Secret of DYNAFLEX!

Your Pal,
MIKE MARVEL
"Builder of Champion Bodies"

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Mike Marvel System. Dept. 31, 285 Market St., Newark 9, N.J.

FREE! 'SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS'!

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MAIL MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

Check as many of the boxes you want HERE — Complete System $1.98.

- ☐ Lose fat, be trim and solid
- ☐ Build deep brawny chest, bulging with vigorous strength
- ☐ Lose fat, be trim, strong, handsome
- ☐ Mold mighty back, broad beefy shoulders
- ☐ Build muscle on skinny wrists and arms
- ☐ Develop crushing grip, two-fisted punch-power

MIKE MARVEL System. Dept. 31, 285 Market Street, NEWARK 9, NEW JERSEY

Okay, Mike! Here's $1.98. Send me your COMPLETE (nothing else to buy later) body-building course. I want to use your new secret of DYNAFLEX to win a HERCULES HE-MAN BODY in just ten minutes a day. Rush my copies of the DYNAFLEX SYSTEM and my free gift book "Secrets of Attracting Girls" on your money-back guarantee, in plain wrappers. If I don't develop a splendid physique and become more popular with girls you will refund my money in full.

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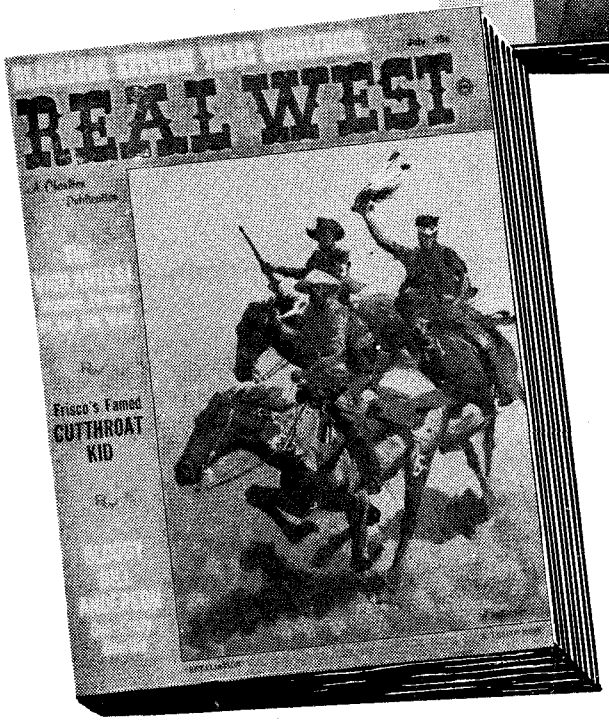

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"The Rangers mean law and order for Texas," Buck Duane's uncle tells him. "Kill a man and you're ruined. If you resist arrest, they'll shoot you. If you submit, you'll mebbe *hang!*"

But Buck *has* to kill Cal Bain. So he rides away toward the Rio Grande—to find refuge in that wild borderland country that is still untamed.

CAPTIVES OF THE DESERT

"Man, you're crazy . . . ridin' after them thievin' varmints *without a gun*," High-Lo told John Curry. His words died on his lips. Standing before them were the very two gunslingers Curry had sworn to run out of the territory! "Ride one step closer," they warned, "and you'll be feelin' some *hot lead!*"

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